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F. J. Blaker

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME IX.

PARTS XLIX. TO LIV. JANUARY—JUNE, 1870.

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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JANUARY, 1870.

NEW YEAR.

1870.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on :
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on :
Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

How many of us there are who must at some period or other have felt what is so exquisitely expressed in this and the following stanzas ! 'Enough !' yes ; and surely the one 'step,' however short in reality, would be too great, too awful, were it not for the guiding radiance that leads us on. In the dark night, long before the dawn, when the Old Year is passing into the New, the 'one step' seems almost more than we know how to contemplate with calmness. As to 'the distant scene,' it comes to us, no doubt—it *will* come, whether we ask for it or no ; for it is that, in fact, which helps to create the awe, and make us pray for the 'kindly light.'

Nevertheless the best feeling of the Christian heart is that which is here expressed : the child-like confiding trust in the guiding beacon ; the desire to rest in what is shewn forth, rather than to penetrate into what is hidden—into 'moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent.'

Great peace have they who can in God's strength master their own dark minds, and look only to the light, not to the spectres of the darkness. Heaven help them, and help us all, to tread fearlessly our appointed way. They whose work is done—they who are gone before us—have also their part to play. Their 'angel faces' come before us at these times radiant with sympathy and love. The labours we shared—the joint endeavour to promote any good work, however circumscribed—all the several 'steps' by which certain results were reached ;—how is it possible not to feel the hallowing influence of such memories—nay, such companionship ?

So again we begin a New Year, and so emphatically utter our welcome and greetings to any who may desire to begin it with us.

T.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIIUM.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

THE first suffering of the Infant Saviour is naturally the subject foremost in the Thoughts on Little Children. It is one of the simpler poems, reminding the mother who is almost angered as well as grieved by her innocent babe's pain, that he 'is as his Saviour Lord,' and that His blessed Mother patiently submitted to her sinless Babe's sufferings—

‘For why? That mother's love
Is one with His Almighty Will.’

That resignation of the will is the sole way of comfort.

But in the Christian Year, though the same thought of that suffering is introduced, it is in the deep doctrinal aspect. ‘Without blood there is no atonement,’ and thus the natural wailings and tears of infancy were not sufficient. These are the ordinary portion of childhood throughout the world; but He was born ‘under the Law,’ and therefore submitted to the legal knife, shedding the drops that marked and dedicated Him for sacrifice like the libation of wine poured on a victim's head. Again those blood-drops were the pledge, the earnest as it were, of the great Blood-shedding of the Atonement. And again, by admitting Him, the Lord JESUS, to the Israelitish congregation, His Circumcision made Him one with the ancient Jewish Church; and thus imparted to those of old, membership with Him, and participation in the benefits that He confers on us; so that He is the Salvation alike of those who lived before and after His coming in the Flesh—and His saving Love may be said to mount up against the stream of time, even as the sea in full tide drives back the current of a river. Thus both the saints of old and we ourselves equally belong to Him, and have our share in Him.

Circumcised into the Old Covenant; by His own Baptism sanctifying the instrument of admission to the New—both Covenants met in Him Who alone could perfectly fulfil either; and thus, through our union with Him, we are closely connected with the holy men of old, and ‘Saints parted by a thousand years may here in heart embrace.’ The consolation of looking back to our predecessors as examples, nay, sympathizers in our trials, is then shewn by turning the eyes of the heart-sick and weary of the faithless world back to the Father of the Faithful, who once stood alone as a believer in his generation. As to the poet, where can such a range of notes of joy and woe, of praise or mourning, be found as in David's minstrelsy? To both—in all their characters, as to all else that we love and reverence among

the saints of old—are we united by and through our Blessed Lord; and if it be a comfort to look back to such as these, how much greater that the child of tears, cradled in care and woe, lonely or disappointed, can remember that

‘The Giver of all good,
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.’

And by His example, Who suffered before He entered into His glory, we learn the lesson of mortification.

‘If thou would’st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter’s morn may prove,
To a bright endless year.’

THE EPIPHANY.

THE first half of this poem is one of ordinary human life and experience, and is easily understood; the second half is connected with the history of the world, and is less readily followed.

‘The Day Star of Faith’ dawns readily on the pure and believing heart of childhood, amid the training of home; but the keen perception becomes dimmed in the glare of earthly day, and less clear-sighted faith and hope must be our guides, and certain ones, for

‘the waymarks sure,
On every side are round us set;
Soon overleap’d, but not obscure,
’Tis ours to mark them or forget.’

And if they are well observed, the bright and vivid realizing faith (our childhood’s star) will revive in us, in the serenity of old age, as to the wise men of the East; nor leave us until ‘we have the fruition of His glorious Godhead.’

When that renewal of pure faith, almost sight, shall come, and enable us to enter into the wondrous scene of our Sovereign Master

‘Swathed in humblest poverty,
On Chastity’s meek lap reclined,
With breathless reverence waiting by,’

will it not bring back the glow of joy and love that the child feels burning within him in his wonder and gratitude for stars and flowers?

Here there is an almost abrupt transition from ourselves to the Church. There is this connection to be understood, though not expressed, that the history of the whole body is often typified in that of one particular member. The verse of entreaty—the prayer we are supposed to put up on our pilgrimage to our Lord’s Presence—goes on to plead—

‘Did not the Gentile Church find grace—
Our Mother dear—this favoured day;

With gold and myrrh she sought Thy Face,
Nor didst Thou turn Thy Face away.'

By the Gentile Church we are to understand the whole earth beyond the Jewish pale—that personification to whom the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah is addressed. In earlier purer days there was a patriarchal faith—the faith held by Melchizedek, by Job, by Jethro, by Heber the Kenite, by Jonadab the son of Rechab—the faith that together with corrupt practice we see in Balaam, and the remnant of which at the outset of the 'self-chosen ways' is to be detected in the thoughts and systems of the more ancient races—in the primitive framework of the religions of India, Persia, Greece, Rome, and the North. Like the Wise Men—like ourselves in early childhood—our Gentile mother had once had her glance directed aright; but she wandered aside from the way, into superstition and defilement; her eyes became dim, and she utterly lost the star of faith. Primitive religion—which can be traced in the earlier literature of India and Greece, and in the grand old Roman customs—vanished as time goes on, and only the nobler spirits of Greece and Rome strove hard to clear their sight by the efforts of philosophy; but the Day Star was not to be discovered again save by revelation.

Then, when Faith did dawn on the Gentile world, the shame for past idolatry equalled the joy of the present devotion. Her kings laid down their crowns, her wisest consecrated their wisdom; the choicest most precious gifts of beauty, architecture, music, art, wealth, have been laid at the feet of the Saviour.

Our forefathers gave their *best*. What do we give in offering to the Saviour? Where are our vigils and our fasts? They served Him with their whole heart; we serve Him as far as we can consistently with our own comfort.

The Lyra has a simple poem, summoning us to greet our King with the gifts that are represented in those of the wise men—the gold of love, the myrrh of penitence, the frankincense of prayer.

ST. PAUL.

THE elder poem of this day is in the first place a minute realization of the scene of St. Paul's conversion, passing midway into a meditation on the great answer, 'I am JESUS Whom thou persecutest;' and thereby bringing home to us that whatever we do unto the least of our Lord's members is done unto Himself.

'Christians, behold your happy state,
Christ is in those who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord.'

The later one dwells on the question of the stricken Saul, 'Lord,

what wouldst Thou have me to do?' It is as it were on the practical outcome of the emotion of the heart, touched by the grace of God. The first step in repentance was to Baptism, and in after hours that same Baptismal grace will still

'cleanse thee every hour,
Christ's Laver hath refreshing power.'

Next—as Saul was sent to the holy man within the city, to be recovered of his blindness and joined to the body of the saints, there to learn what he was to do—so

'Where saints are met with one accord,
The praises of high God to shew;
In meekness learn their prayer and song,
Do as they do, and thou ere long
Shalt see the wonders they behold,
In heavenly books and creeds of old.'

But again, Saul spent three days in solitary fasting, darkness, and penitence, ere the healing touch came to him. So must our self-examination go deep.

'What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?
Think, little child, thy conscience try;
Rebellious deed, and idle word,
And selfish thought, and envious eye—
Hast thou no mark of these? and yet
Full in thy sight His Law was set:
Oh! if He joyed the Cross to bear,
With patience take thy little share.'

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

THE faith of the good centurion, shining forth in the comparatively unenlightened Roman, is the inspiring thought in this poem, which begins by describing the sight of the rainbow in the north, the dark quarter of the heaven.

That rainbow (not a frequent sight) lives in the thought of the pastor as a token 'how light may find its way to regions furthest from the fount of day;' and in like manner the very dullest barest down is often full of the lark's sweet song, cheering the weary heart with cheerful notes of praise. In like manner the pastor is often comforted by unexpected evidences of heartfelt religion in the most unlikely parts of his parish, not only encouraging in themselves, but giving the hope that there may be piety as true where it is absolutely unsuspected by man. For there is often a tendency to reserve in strong devotion, and a dread of profession, lest by outrunning practice it should give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. The case of the pious judge, Sir Matthew Hale, is quoted as an instance in the note.

Such devout and anxious believers wait, like the good centurion, in silence and at a distance, longing to find a prayer their Lord may hear; but ever recommended to Him by the intercessions of the poor whom their charity has relieved, and whose grateful prayers rise up in their behalf and 'pierce the skies.' In like manner did the men of Capernaum plead for the friendly Roman who had loved their people, and further had built for them that synagogue whose recently discovered entablature, carved with the pot of manna, the ears of corn, and the vine, shews how Israelite symbolism was standing at the very door of Christian reality.

So has the work of building 'a home for prayer and love, and full melodious praise,' been acceptable ever since as an offering to the Lord. For homely as was His life on earth in His voluntary humility, He accepts the most costly offerings that can be brought to Him, for the sake—not of their intrinsic value, which is of course nothing—but of the Love that cannot be content without pouring out her best at His Feet;—such love as He commended in the Magdalen, and received from Joseph of Arimathea and the faithful women, and which now that He has left the earth, may spend the utmost efforts of poetry and art in glorifying Him. All alike these endeavours are worthless in themselves, and lost in the full ocean of His glory and love; but His mercy accepts and brightens them,

'To sparkle in His crown above,
Who welcomes here a child's, as there an angel's, love.'

It is the very same thought that crowned this day, thirty years later.

The resemblance is traced between wealth eagerly searching for the most costly gift to express affection, and the delight of children by the sea-side in storing up their treasures for the companions left at home. For alike the offering comes of Love, and is to be accepted by Love. Love on either side gives it value. Not a crown, not even the first-born offered up, can equal the Love that is ready for us—not to be bought or earned by anything we can give, only by our love itself.

So—having learnt the worth of Love, both in the giver and receiver, from the children picking up shells and pebbles on the beach—the Christian poet is reminded of the freedom of the gift by the very cries that haunt the streets of the town. The shouts that proclaim wares to be bought for nothing, bring to his inward ear the cry of Wisdom in the streets: 'Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' So even in the wilderness of the city, the very cries of mammon may bring the echo of the Saviour's invitation.

THE 30TH OF JANUARY.

THE first edition of the Christian Year had none of these State Holidays : and latterly, when Mr. Keble had studied the question of the right of the State, without the consent of the Church, to appoint services, he decided against their observance, and ceased to observe them long before they were omitted from the Prayer Book.

But for all his earlier years at Hursley, he regularly kept the day of King Charles's martyrdom, and very reverential as well as tender was the spirit in which he always regarded 'our own, our royal saint.'

To hold Charles blameless through all the perplexities of a period which could hardly have helped being one of conflict and revolution, was not possible ; but that young generation—who have been bred on writers starting from the Liberal side—can have no conception of the feeling compounded of reverence and tenderness that was bequeathed by the Cavaliers to their children, and which has not yet entirely died out, for the 'White King.' He might not indeed be sufficient in ability to cope with troubles that had been brewing for a century—not a judge of character—not firm or resolute in nature—and not original enough in mind to perceive that the 'king-craft' practised and recommended by generations of monarchs and statesmen was no better than falsehood. He was *not* many things that he might and ought to have been ; but if he wavered and contradicted himself, if he even sacrificed his friend, there was one point on which he was firm—concerning his God. For the Church and her rights, he resisted as he resisted nowhere else, and with the constancy of a man who had been her devout son throughout his reign. All along, his errors were those of infirmity and perplexity ; but the heart was faithful to his God, and full of pardon and patience ; and thus it was that he was full of that calm dignity and sweetness that so deeply impressed and filled the hearts of his supporters, and thrills in many a breast even to the present day.

So it is that the spots where traces of Charles are found are dear to us, and make our hearts beat faster, and we feel him doubly our own, as having lived on, and died for, our own identical Prayer Book ; 'the self-same devotions as our own,' refusing to interrupt our own daily service even under the shock of the intelligence of his friend's death ; and gathering comfort at the last from finding that the Lesson for the day of his death was that which he would have chosen as most precious to him—the twenty-seventh of St. Matthew.

And though our country has ceased to call the Church to offer 'her maternal tears' for him, yet still the Lesson continues to tell of the Cross, and

'Calls us like thee to His dear Feet to cling,
And bury in Thy wounds our earthly fears.'

(To be continued.)

PSALM LXXXVII.

(Fundamenta ejus)

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Among the old Judean hills
When memory turns to rove,
One thought the wandering spirit fills,—
Here dwelt the Lord we love.

Does He, still mindful of His earth,
With special love look down
Upon the land that gave Him birth,
Death, and a thorny crown?

They who with old historic lore
Their fancies would beguile,
May dream on proud Euphrates' shore,
Or track mysterious Nile.

Thyself, eternal Rome, arise,
Captive and queen of fate,
The dust of all the centuries
Now gathering at thy gate;

Though many a name of old renown
From those grey ashes spring,
Yet not for thee, imperial town,
The cradle of my King.

Heir of eternal empire, He,
Born to Creation's crown,
Enrolled, and by thine own decree,
Within a rural town.

It stands beside no ancient stream,
No river rushes by;
But the old well of Bethlehem
Has never yet run dry.

Its dimple and its sparkle bright
The shepherd minstrel knew;
And hot and weary with the fight,
Longed for those waters true.

As fresh it lay, beneath the stars,
 When to the sleeping town,
 For lack of earthly choristers,
 God sent the angels down.

Nor, Master, let it do Thee wrong,
 Exalted as Thou art,
 That where I find Thy Name, a song
 Will bubble in my heart.

M. C.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XCVIII.

HOW HENRY BORN AT WINDSOR LOST ALL.

1460-1465.

QUEEN MARGARET of Anjou, though the child of a man who had resigned a kingdom rather than prolong his people's suffering, was by no means of the same mould of meek submission.

In the dreadful rout of Northampton her boy had been her first care, and she fled at first towards Durham, but finding herself insecure there she went to Wales, and on the way was actually plundered of all her jewels and made prisoner by John Cleger, a servant of the waverer Stanley; but while her baggage was being rifled she escaped with her son, and soon after meeting the Duke of Somerset, safely arrived with him at Harlech Castle in North Wales, where a tall Welshman called Dafyd ap Jenan ap Einion was her champion, and all the Tudor interest was in her favour. A Welsh song called *Farewel iti Peggy ban* is said to have been in honour of her.

Thence, crossing the Menai straits privately, she repaired to Scotland, and had an interview with King James, who, remembering the insults that York had heaped on him, was well-disposed to take up her quarrel, and that of his cousin of Somerset. He even offered to invade England in her behalf, since he was now triumphant over all factions at home, and would have been well pleased to make Richard of York rue his insulting letter, and his support of the rebel Black Douglas. Margaret, or Somerset, had, however, sense enough to perceive that nothing could be so ruinous to the Red Rose as to be brought back by a Scottish invasion, and she therefore declined this offer, and after taking counsel with the English Lords Marchers, Clifford, Dacre, and Percy, she returned to Wales.

James II., however, resolved on an enterprise that might result to his

own benefit or to hers, as the case might turn out, namely on besieging the Border city of Roxburgh, which had been held by the English ever since the Battle of Nevil's Cross, and was now governed by Lord Falconburg, one of the Nevils of Raby, brothers to the Duchess of York. He was joined by the whole force of his realm, the Earls of Huntley, of Ross, and of Angus, the last of whom had lately married his sister Annabel, whom Charles VII. had caused James to recall from Savoy, in his displeasure at the alliance with the refractory Dauphin.

James employed against the city some of the rude cannon of the time, one piece in especial which had been made in Flanders for his father, but had never been used. It was made of bars of iron, fastened into hoops, and rendered tight by great oaken wedges. The King was inspecting his artillery, and watching the effect of the shot, when this great Flemish cannon, having been overcharged by the engineer, suddenly burst, and one of the timber wedges striking the King he fell dead on the spot, and the Earl of Angus, who stood behind him, was severely hurt. Thus, on the 3rd of August, 1460, died the second James Stewart, when scarcely twenty-nine years old, just as he had begun to heal the wounds of his distracted kingdom. He left seven infant children, the eldest of whom was only eight years old. The mother, Mary of Gueldres, no sooner learnt the direful news, than taking her boy with her, she travelled day and night to reach the camp ere it could break up in consternation, and leading the little King James III. by the hand, she presented him to the army, and as they hailed him enthusiastically she told them with streaming tears that her husband's memory would be better honoured by carrying out his designs than by bewailing him helplessly. Her spirited words so stirred their hearts, that the whole army hurried to the assault, and actually took the fortress on this very day of the widowed queen's arrival. Wark Castle had been taken by another division of the army, and then all marched to Kelso Abbey, where young James was both knighted and crowned, and then the court repaired to Edinburgh to celebrate the funeral of their king at Holyrood; but even now Mary did not sit down with her sorrow, but hastened to the aid of a queen almost as unhappy as herself.

Margaret of Anjou had just received the letters which informed her of the Act of Parliament, setting aside her son from the throne, and her husband's letters inviting her to return to him. From that moment Margaret became a lioness. That settlement, which to conscientious Henry seemed the only means of redressing a grievous wrong, appeared to her an insult to herself and an outrage on her helpless child, confirming the old report that made him an impostor. Her gentle husband was in the hands of tyrants, who had no doubt abused his meekness to make him disinherit his own child. There were many to feel with her; the three gallant young Tudors, as well as Somerset, Northumberland, and Clifford, each with the death of a father to lay at the door of the victorious Yorkists, and many more who either hated York and the Nevils on

their own account, or loved the King too much to leave him in the hands of the domineering faction which had isolated him from all his personal friends.

She hurried to the North again, and from her husband's grave, Mary of Gueldres hastened to Dumfries to meet and comfort her. The conference was, however, short, for it was but eight days after Margaret had received her husband's invitation to join him, that she was on her way, but at the head of eighteen thousand men of the north and west. The Yorkists were taken by surprise. They hurried to the defence; and while Warwick was left to guard the King in London, the Duke of York and Earl of Salisbury hastened to Sendal Castle, and the young Earl of March to Shrewsbury.

Margaret advanced with Somerset to besiege Sendal, and York decided on marching to meet her. His faithful servant, Sir David Hall, represented that his forces were so inferior that it would be much wiser to stand a siege till young March could come to relieve him; but York was uplifted by success, and answered, 'Hast thou loved me so long, David, and wouldst thou see me dishonoured? Thou never sawest me keep castle when I was in Normandy, though the Dauphin himself came to besiege me, and shall I be shut up like a bird in a cage for a scolding woman, whose only weapons are her tongue and nails?'

Out then he sallied in the midst of Christmas, and taking his post near Wakefield sent his defiance to Somerset, and fixed a day for the battle. But the revengeful lords and angry queen had brought themselves to regard York as a traitor past all terms; and on the 30th of December, before the appointed day, dividing the force into three, with Clifford on the left and Wiltshire on the right, fell upon him suddenly, so that he was 'enclosed like a deer in a park or fish in a net.'

York fought desperately, but enclosed on all sides, his state was hopeless; and a horrible ferocity had mastered the Lancastrian leaders, especially Clifford, whose father had been slain at St. Albans. On Wakefield bridge this noble found Edmund Earl of Rutland, York's second son, a youth of seventeen, in charge of a chaplain.

'Save him,' said the priest, as the boy fell on his knees, and entreated for mercy; 'he is a prince's son, and may do thee good hereafter.'

'York's son!' cried Clifford. 'Thy father slew mine, and I will slay thee and all his kindred;' and he stabbed young Edmund to the heart.

Two thousand and eighty Yorkists perished. Of Richard of York himself one account says that he died fighting bravely; another, that fierce Clifford captured him, dragged him to an ant-hill, enthroned him there crowned with twisted grass, and did him mock homage, crying, 'Hail, king without a kingdom! Hail, prince without a people!' and then swept off his head. Popular fancy and Shakespeare make Margaret participate in this horrid scene, and even offer him a napkin dyed in Rutland's blood; but this is certainly false, and all that is certain is that after the fight was over, his head was brought by fierce Clifford on

a pole to the Queen, with the words, 'Madame, your war is done. Here is your king's ransom.' She, in her wild feeling of exultation mixed with horror, burst into a laugh, and bade the traitor's head, a paper crown around it, to be hung on the gates of York. All that was forbearing or chivalrous died with Richard of York, and with old Nevil Earl of Salisbury, who was beheaded at Pontefract the next day; and room was left between the two heads for those of the two sons, March and Warwick—it was said, by Margaret's desire.

It was true that according to Margaret and Somerset, York, Rutland, and Salisbury were all under attainder, and were also in arms against the royal cause, and thus were liable to die without trial; it was true also that few women could have felt themselves and their dearest more atrociously misused and oppressed than Margaret had been by York; but there was another side to the question. York really was the direct heir: the attainder had been regularly reversed by Parliament, with the King's full assent, and the King was in his keeping, not in the opposite army. The treason was not defined; the decapitation, whether upon a living or a dead body, was an act of unauthorized barbarity, prompted by mere revenge; the murder of Rutland absolute wickedness, and Salisbury's execution a matter of doubtful justice. The feelings of the whole country were aroused. Hitherto the Red Rose had been the injured party—now it had rivalled or exceeded the other in bloodshed; for hitherto all the victims had fallen in honourable battle, and no corpse had been insulted. Wakefield was the true ruin of the House of Lancaster.

Horrible retaliation on either side had set in, and blood was held to demand blood; and yet even then the able French contemporary writer Philippe de Comines, praises the English for their humanity in this civil war, because they neither slew the wounded lying on the battle-field, nor wasted the fields and cottages of the peasants. The death of York made a terrible exchange, from the knightly noble bred in the habits of chivalrous warfare with the brave French, to his fiery son, a far abler man, but born to civil war, and brutalized by the cry of revenge and thirst of ambition. He was at Gloucester when he learnt the dreadful tidings of Wakefield, and that his mother and younger brothers had fled to Utrecht. Thirsting for revenge, he completed the muster of his adherents, and though barely nineteen years of age, shewed himself the only man of any real military instinct then in England. He marched forwards, hoping to check the Lancastrians on the way to London. On the way he was attacked by a force of Welsh under the Tudors, which he totally routed at Mortimer's Cross, on the 2nd of February, 1461, taking prisoner Owen Tudor, whom he beheaded by way of reprisals; but whether this were the father, Queen Catherine's husband, or his youngest namesake son, is not clear. On that morning, as Edward was going forth, he beheld the appearance called a perihelion—two suns on either side of the true one, which afterwards joined in one. Deeming this an omen of good fortune, he adopted as his badge a sun with streaming rays.

‘ Margaret meanwhile pushed on towards London, and Warwick came forth to meet her, bringing the King with him, as Montfort had brought another Henry two hundred years before.

The two armies met at St. Albans, February 17th, and a second battle was fought in the same streets, with this difference, that Warwick was within the town, the Queen, with the Somerset and Clifford whose fathers had here died, were outside and attacking. But Warwick’s army were chiefly citizens of London, the trained bands of whom were under a captain favourable to the Queen, and held aloof; while the rest were no match for the terrible borderers brought by Percy, Clifford, and Dacre. Not only did these fierce marauders put Warwick’s troops to flight, but they rushed through the town in search of plunder; and Henry, who according to his usual fate, was left nearly alone in the confusion to become the prize of the victor, was almost in personal danger, but he besought Lord Montagu and the old soldier Sir Thomas Kyriel to remain with him, assuring them on his royal word of his protection. The Lancastrians did not even know that he was at hand, till his servant, Howe, found Lord Clifford, who summoned the Queen, and Margaret with her son flew to him, and were embraced by him with tears of joy, after which he conferred knighthood on the seven years old Edward, who had borne him fearlessly throughout the day.

But Henry found Margaret changed; her vehement affection for him was the same, but she viewed him as a being to be protected, not obeyed, scarcely to be consulted so much as his little son. She had taken the reins into her own hands, and scouted his promise that Montagu and Kyriel should be spared. Their heads and that of Lord Bonville were struck off, and another dead weight was added to the English hatred of the foreign queen.

Margaret was out of herself; she had lost all sense of consideration, and kept no terms. She sent a haughty requisition to the Lord Mayor to provide her army with salt-fish and bread; but the Londoners were mostly devoted to the handsome and winning March, and to the open-handed Warwick, and were horrified at the thought of the two fathers’ heads at York, waiting for those of the two sons; and hearing that the two armies of March and Warwick had coalesced, they stopped the waggons at Cripplegate; and Margaret, partly in indignation, partly no doubt from actual lack of necessaries, gave permission to her soldiery to help themselves and plunder the country. The Lord Mayor and Recorder, much distressed, obtained an interview with the Queen by the interposition of the Duchess of Bedford and her daughter Lady Grey, and while he was representing to her that he was almost the only Lancastrian in London, and that she could not worse serve her own cause than by angering the citizens, the King hurried in to implore her to come and save the glorious Abbey of St. Albans from fire and plunder by her savage Borderers, who seemed to think themselves let loose for a raid in Scotland. The fire was hindered, but not the spoliation; and

Margaret thus made a Yorkist of Abbot Whethampstead, who had hitherto been a friend to the Red Rose. She had literally made St. Albans too hot to hold her, and finding that the enemy were approaching with forty thousand men, and that the city would not open its gates to her ruffianly northern spears, she drew off northwards.

Edward of March entered London on the 25th of February, and was received with gratitude as the deliverer of the city from Clifford's cruel army, and with enthusiasm as the brave son of a father slaughtered not two months back.

His splendid looks and bearing, joined with his frank free gracefulness and familiarity, transported the whole of the populace; and when the nobles, lawyers, and prelates conferred with him, they were amazed to find how much this handsome lad surpassed his father in intelligence, decision, and resources. In fact, Richard Plantagenet had never been devoid of scruples; Edward Plantagenet had none.

Lord Falconburg summoned the trained bands to meet on Clerkenwell Common, ostensibly for a muster, but really to give the Chancellor, Bishop Nevil, an opportunity of haranguing them on Edward's right, and on the impossibility of obtaining good government while Henry was continually mastered by the Queen, who had shewn herself to be in her hour of victory all that she had ever been supposed to be. The acclamations of the whole multitude shewed that their hearts were with the new hope of England, and proclaimed Edward as their king. The peers then in London met the next day at Barnard's Castle, and decided that Henry, by joining the Queen and Somerset after they had destroyed the Duke of York, had violated his engagement, and forfeited his crown to the heir of Richard of York.

Upon this, on the 4th of March, 1461, the young man thus elected rode in grand procession to St. Paul's, and thence to Westminster Hall, where he mounted the throne, which eight months before his father had only touched, and holding the sceptre in his hand announced his claim amid the shouts of 'Long live King Edward!' Thence he repaired to the Abbey, and took the sceptre of the Confessor in his hand, while the nobles took the oaths of fealty, and the people rapturously hailed him King. He was rowed back in his barge to the city, and again proclaimed formally there; and from this day, the 25th of February, 1461, the reign of Edward IV. is dated.

But he had still more than half the kingdom to conquer. The wealthy midland counties and the north loved Henry and Margaret, and they lay at York with an army of sixty thousand men. Edward only waited to gather his army, and marched after them. Margaret remained with her husband and son within York, while Somerset and Clifford went forth to the battle.

The battle which ensued on Palm Sunday, the 28th of March, 1461, at Towton on the Moor, was the most terrible in the whole war, and was fought in the midst of a great snow-storm. It began by an attempt in

early morning on the part of Lord Clifford to surprise Lord Fitzwalter, who was in charge of Ferrybridge; Fitzwalter, who was in bed at the time of the alarm, did not wait to put on his armour, but rushed into the *melée* with his battle-axe, and was killed. Warwick, learning the disaster, repaired to Edward, and a summons was issued to the whole army to get under arms, Edward bidding all depart who doubted his right, promising rewards to his friends, and commanding that no quarter should be given. 'May God receive the souls of all who die in this battle,' Warwick is reported by Monstrelet to have said; then kissing the cross of his sword, 'Let him turn back who will, for I shall live or die with those who remain with me.' And therewith he killed his horse, according to the same chronicler; a proceeding that is so improbable that it was probably the Frenchman's invention. Edward then sent Lord Falconburg forward, while it was still dark, to recover Ferrybridge. Clifford was forced to retreat, and had not gone far before an arrow-shot revenged the blood of young Edmund of Rutland.

Still the battle did not actually begin till nine o'clock, and then it raged with the deadliest fury for hour after hour. The snow was in the faces of the Lancastrians, and thus they could not see that their arrows fell short, while the Yorkists picked up the shafts and returned them. Till three o'clock the Lancastrians were unbroken; then they began to give way, and were pushed back into the river Cock, where many were drowned, and the others were slaughtered like sheep. Even when darkness came down on them the butchery still continued, and almost all the next day. Somerset and Exeter made their way to York, and took the King, Queen, and Prince, and Henry's chaplain Dr. Morton, parson of Bokesworth, with them to Alnwick Castle, which had lost its lord; for a second Northumberland had fallen for the Red Rose, and lay on the field among the thirty-eight thousand men, whose corpses were stretched amid the snow, or choking the rivers, after the most savage, most obstinate, most bloody battle ever fought by Englishmen! Edward wrote letters to his mother in London, and then entered York, under the gateway where his father's and brother's heads had hung since Christmas, and whence they, with that of Salisbury, were taken down to give place to those of Devon and Wiltshire, who had been taken in the flight. He advanced to Newcastle, searching for King Henry and his family, but they were beyond his reach, and he therefore returned to London, was received in great state, and was crowned in Westminster Abbey by Archbishop Bouchier on St. Peter's Day, 1461, exactly a year since his father had touched the cushion on the throne. At the same time his two young brothers, George and Richard, were created Dukes of Clarence and of Gloucester.

The Duchess Cecily seems to have—from the time of her husband's death—resigned her personal ambition, and led a retired life of great devotion, rising at seven, spending many hours in chapel, dining at noon, while some religious book was read aloud, which lecture she again rehearsed at supper for the benefit of her attendants. She seems to have

felt the evils of her past ambition, but she had yet to behold many dreary consequences of the pride she had taught her sons.

Meantime, Henry, Margaret, and little Edward were safe over the Border, and being comforted by Queen Mary, who ruled conjointly with the wise Bishop Kennedy, Margaret endeavoured to purchase assistance from Scotland by yielding up Berwick, and by promising Angus an English dukedom; also the two mothers agreed that the little Prince of Wales should wed Margaret, the eldest daughter of Scotland; and at the same time King Edward tried to make terms for himself by offering his own hand to Queen Mary; and not succeeding, he made an engagement with the banished Earl of Douglas, the Earl of Ross, who was also Lord of the Isles, and Donald Balloch, a great chieftain of the Hebrides, by which they were together to conquer Scotland, divide the estates between the three traitor nobles, and make Edward king of the whole island.

However, Edward was hardly firm enough on his throne for such an attempt, and the only person who stirred was Lord Ross, who proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides, whilst his son and Donald Balloch horribly forayed Athol, the Earl and Countess of which shire he tore from the sanctuary of St. Bridget at Blair, and sent off to a prison in Isla. He then tried to burn St. Bridget's Church, but each time the flames became extinguished, and as he endeavoured to sail away a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, and sunk almost all the ships that carried the spoil of St. Bridget's shrine. Fully persuaded that he was visited by the wrath of the saint, he turned back, caused all his men to strip to their shirt and drawers, and with them performed penance at the shrine. He then set the Earl and Countess of Athol free, and returned to his allegiance, thus causing the failure of Ross's attempt.

Mary of Gueldres was reported to have herself fallen in love with Somerset; but he was at this time sent on a mission to Charles VII., and Margaret resolved to follow him thither with her son, and endeavour to obtain assistance from the uncle who had parted with her so affectionately. French historians say the means were supplied to her by a French merchant whom she had befriended in her girlhood, but Scottish records declare that she sailed from Kirkcudbright with an escort of five ships of war.

She did not know at that time that Charles had already expired. He had continued very restless at the favour his son Louis enjoyed in Burgundy. His favourite Dammartin, the Count de Maine, and all those who dreaded the vengeance of the new heir when he should come to the throne, inflamed the King's mind against him in hopes of causing him to be cut off from the succession; and when Charles was suffering from an abscess in the mouth, they insinuated that his son had bribed his physician to poison him.

The idea worked more strongly than they had intended. The King brooded on it day and night, imprisoned his physician, and at length worked himself into so piteous a state of mistrust that he took no food

at all, and thus actually starved himself to death for fear of his son. He died in this lamentable manner on the 22nd of July, 1461, in his fifty-eighth year, leaving a memory loved more than it deserved in France, partly because his reign had seen the expulsion of the strangers, and still more because he had been favourable to the burgher class. The true glory of his reign belongs, however, to Jeanne of Arc, whom he deserted at her utmost need, and Jacques Cœur, whom he allowed to be basely ruined.

Margaret first resorted to Brittany, where she learnt these tidings, and also that Somerset and his companions had been at first arrested on their arrival in France, but had then been liberated, and that the new King, Louis XI., had returned from Burgundy, and was at Chinon in Normandy.

She repaired to him, and kneeling at his feet with floods of tears, implored his pity and assistance; but Louis, though treating her courteously, made her understand that she must not expect aid for nothing, and he would only lend her twenty thousand livres on condition of her engaging that when her husband should recover his throne, she would appoint Jasper Tudor Governor of Calais, and surrender it to the French on the payment of another large sum. The best thing, however, that she obtained on this journey was the championship of Sir Pierre de Brezé, the seneschal of Normandy, the same who had resented the wrongs of the poor Dauphiness Margaret Stewart. He had maintained the honour of Queen Margaret's daisy at her bridal tournament, and now devoted himself to her service as a true knight to an errant princess in distress. With two thousand foreign troops she sailed for Northumberland in October, 1462, and had landed at Tynemouth, but hearing a report that Warwick was close at hand, and finding the cannon pointed against them, they fled in a panic to their ships, leaving Margaret, her son, and Brezé, alone on the beach, and only able to obtain a little fishing boat in which to escape to Berwick; but this desertion proved their safety, for a terrible storm arose, in which most of the foreign ships, unacquainted with the coast, were wrecked on Bamborough rocks, and on Holy Isle, where the five hundred men who got ashore were all killed by Sir Robert Ogle and his force, while the little native boat was able to ride out the storm and bear the Queen in safety to Berwick.

Again she obtained succour from the Scots, and with King Henry entered England in the depth of winter, leaving their son at Berwick. Angus was collecting his troops to follow her, and she took Bamborough, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh, placing Brezé's son, Ralf Percy, and Somerset, in command of these fortresses, with French and Scottish garrisons. These of course were abhorrent to the English, who were delighted when Edward and Warwick hurried to the north. Edward, however, was taken ill at Newcastle, it was said in consequence of his unbridled excess; but Warwick, dividing his army into three, besieged all the three fortresses, and Somerset amazed everyone by not only surren-

dering Bamborough, but by himself coming over to Edward, and fighting in his cause, being probably offended at the influence of Brezé. Suffolk and Exeter followed his example, and the King and Queen were forced to retreat into Scotland, having been joined by young Brezé after much danger.

Mary of Gueldres and Bishop Kennedy seem to have come to the conclusion that the Lancastrian cause was hopeless; and the Queen had an interview with Warwick, who made further proposals to her on Edward's part; but on the 16th of November, 1463, this queen, still young, beautiful, and spirited, died suddenly, and the Earl of Angus dying about the same time, leaving only a young child as heir, the Yorkist interests gained the upper hand under the influence of the Boyds, a family who rose into great power at this time.

This apparently occasioned the removal of the hunted royal family to their faithful friend David ap Einion's Castle at Harlech in Wales, but the story of their wanderings is exceedingly confused. They were often in want of the merest necessities of life, and one meal of the whole family, king, queen, and prince, is said to have consisted of a single herring between the three; but all the time King Henry not only preserved his intellects, but his exceeding patience and sweetness, so that well might the blind poet Awdlay write

‘ I pray you, Sirs, of your gentry,
Sing this carol reverently,
For it is made of King Henry.’

Whether Margaret went abroad at this time or not is uncertain, but at any rate a fresh army had gathered in her cause in the April of 1464, and Somerset, Exeter, and Percy, were all up in arms again on Henry's behalf; the King himself in Somerset's camp on the Dilswater near Hexham. But Lord Montagu (Warwick's brother) defeated and slew Percy at Hedgeley Moor, * and then marched on with five thousand men, and fell upon Somerset's camp, April 25th, 1465, where there were only five hundred. There was a short hot contest, ending in a disastrous flight and dispersion. Somerset was overtaken and beheaded that same night, the third Beaufort who had perished; the King rode headlong northward, closely pursued by Montagu's retainers, who managed to plunder his baggage and array themselves in his blue velvet gowns, in which their master found them, and also discovered in their possession his cap of state, embroidered with two crowns in gold and pearls, and called a by-cocket.

The Lords Roos and Hungerford were also taken and executed; but Lord Gray, who shut himself up in Bamborough, would have held out for some time against Warwick, had not a wall fallen upon him, and his

* Percy's last words were, ‘I have saved the bird in my bosom,’ meaning his loyalty to King Henry, which would have been truer but for his submission at Alnwick.

garrison surrendered, thinking him dying; but the victors tended him carefully that he might be degraded from his knighthood, and carried with his scutcheon reversed, to die a traitor's death at Doncaster.

Strange to say, it is really doubtful whether the Queen were in this battle or on the continent. Tradition declares that it was in her flight with her son that she was set upon by a band of robbers, and making her escape with young Edward while they were disputing over the booty, lost their way in the forest. Presently they saw a tall robber, sword in hand, approaching them; but Margaret, ever ready and resolute, stepped forward, saying, 'My friend, save the son of your king.' The outlaw fell at her feet, explaining that he was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman, who had been driven to the forests; and taking the prince in his arms, conducted her to a cave where she was sheltered for three days till the outlaw fell in with the faithful Brezé and his squire; and she soon after met the young heir of Somerset, and the Duke of Exeter. The cave is still shewn near Hexham, but the difficulty is that the story is told by contemporary chroniclers as having happened in Hainault, where Margaret was quite as likely to find ruined Lancastrians driven to robbery as in any English wood.

However, the account which makes her present at Hexham further says that she reached Kirkcudbright in disguise, but was there recognized by an Englishman named Cook, who arrested her and her son, Brezé and his squire, and put them on board a small vessel to be conveyed to England; but Brezé and the squire overcame their captors, and brought the boat safe to land at Cantyre, whence she embarked for Flanders. As usual, she encountered stormy weather, but landed safely at L'Ecluse.

In the meantime Henry was passed from one refuge to another in Lancashire and Westmoreland, sometimes hiding in a cave, sometimes in a house at Crackenthorpe, until after a full year of such wanderings, a wretched monk betrayed him to Sir James Hamilton; and he was taken as he sat at dinner in Waddington Hall in the June of 1465.

The Earl of Warwick met him at Islington, and disgraced himself for ever by his base revenge on this most unoffending man. No semblance of respect was permitted; his ancles were bound to his stirrups; he was placed on a miserable horse, and thus entered London, where, before being taken to the Tower, he was three times led round the pillory, a crier proclaiming, 'Behold the traitor!' Meek as ever, he made merely one complaint as a ruffianly fellow struck him on the face. 'Forsooth and forsooth ye do foully to smite the Lord's Anointed.'

Such was the last appearance of him, who forty-three years before had been proclaimed over two royal graves on the same day in two capitals—Henry, King of France and England! What was his present inheritance from his grandfather and his father? Nothing but the feebleness of the first, but most blessedly nothing but the pure heart and earnest piety of the other.

(To be continued.)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY S. J. STONE, B. A.,
AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. I.—THE RIVER OF GOD.

'There is a River, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God.'—*Psalm*
xlv. 4.

THERE is an ancient River
Whose streams descend in light,
From never-failing fountains
Beyond all earthly sight ;
It ran through all the ages,
And wheresoe'er it flowed
Up rose the Holy City,
The LORD's elect abode.

The River still is flowing,
But now with fuller stream ;
And still the light is falling,
But now with brighter beam :
Of old the Song of Moses
Soared as it swept along,
But now the Name of JESUS
Is made its sweeter Song.

Its radiance lights us onward,
Its chanting waters cheer ;
Blest is the eye beholding,
Blest is the hearing ear ;
For as the earth clouds darken
The glory clearer grows,
And gladder for life's tumult
The stream of music flows.

God's River ! The one Spirit,
Grace of the mystic Seven ! *
Drink, Holy Church, these waters,
Thine earnest † here of Heaven ;

* Rev. i. 4. 'Grace be unto you . . . from the Seven Spirits which are before His Throne.' The Seven Spirits represent the Holy Spirit in His Sevenfold fulness. (Wordsworth.) So S. Augustine: 'The septenary number is consecrated to the Holy Ghost in Scripture.'

† Cf. Rom. viii. 23 ; 2 Cor. v. 5 ; Eph. i. 14.

So joy and peace and pleasure
Shall feed thy life within,
So power without shall guard thee
Against the world of sin.

O Beautiful, the River!
We wait upon thy shore,
In bliss of expectation
Abiding evermore,
Till at some holy even
We pass upon thy breast,
From foretaste unto fulness,
From waiting into rest.
Amen.

A VISIT TO QUEEN MARGARET'S CAVE.

LAST autumn, just when the very hot weather was beginning to abate a little, I accepted an invitation to stay with some very dear friends in the far north of England—a clergyman and his wife, living in the little old town of Hexham. The famous battle that was fought there during the Wars of the Roses, has familiarized us all with its name, but perhaps my reader may have as misty ideas of the place itself as I had before I went there. Well, then, it is a quaint-looking and sadly dirty and neglected old town, though once of much importance as being a Bishopric, and the residence of twelve bishops in succession. There is a possibility of its once more becoming a Bishop's See, and that before very long. However, this is still uncertain; only, if the new bishops are appointed, as talked of, one of them will reside either at Newcastle or Hexham; and at Hexham there is a far finer church—the beautiful old Abbey Church—for a cathedral, than any at Newcastle. A great part of this fine old building has been destroyed, and there now remain only the choir and transept; but the nave and other portions will be restored, should it some day be used as a cathedral.

The portion that is preserved, stands in rather a commanding position, on a little eminence; and the broad grey transept, looking like a pair of outstretched wings, surmounted by a short square tower, with a somewhat staring clock-face, used to remind us so of an old owl, that we would say when we came in sight of it in our walks, 'There's the old owl going to take flight.'

But the old owl remained stationary; and there all the inhabitants of Hexham—at least all the church people (for there are many Roman Catholics living in and about the town, some of them old and wealthy families who never joined the Established Church after the Reformation)

assembled every Sabbath day for public worship together; and there we loved to be among them, in that venerable house of God, whose lofty arches looked as though they were striving ever upwards towards heaven, as we ourselves should do.

One brilliant morning, soon after my arrival, the conversation at breakfast turned on pic-nics; whereon Emmie's and May's eyes brightened, especially when their mamma began to propose an excursion to the cave where the generous robber hid Queen Margaret of Anjou and her son till they could safely cross the Border.

Of course we all know that old story under one form or another, though nowhere is it told so well as in the old Chronicle quoted by Miss Strickland.* The particulars, says Miss Strickland, were related by Margaret herself to the Duchess de Bourbon at St. Pol, in the presence of George Chastellain, the herald of the Golden Fleece, by whom it has been recorded in his Chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy.

We may therefore believe the substance of his narrative to be authentic, when he relates how she and her company were overtaken and attacked by a party of plunderers who robbed them of all their valuables, and even threatened their lives. While they were quarrelling over their booty she appealed to a squire who was the only person remaining near her, and implored him to assist her escape. The squire, who was luckily provided, says Miss Strickland, with a steed that would not only carry double but threefold, mounted her behind him and the boy-prince before him, and rode off, while the robbers were still too much engaged with their prey to observe the escape of their prisoners.

'This scene occurred in the neighbourhood of Hexham Forest, and thither the fugitives directed their flight. Hexham Forest was then a sort of "dead man's ground" which few travellers ventured to cross except in large parties well armed; for it was the resort of the ferocious banditti of the northern marches, who were the scourge and terror of both the Scotch and English border.'

Here the queen and her young son wandered, faint with hunger, till, by the light of the moon, they saw a man of fierce aspect approaching them. Margaret's courage rose with the greatness of the danger. She appealed to him for protection, and confided to him their rank and extremity. Touched with compassion, he led them to his secret retreat, a cave on the south bank of the rapid little stream which washes the foot of Blackhill; and here he and his wife bestowed on them such humble hospitality as they could shew.

This cave, then, was the projected object of our excursion.

'But it is about four miles from hence,' said my friend, 'and the carriage cannot take us all the way, because it lies in a wood, on the other side of a rocky stream.'

'All the better,' I said; 'it sounds delightfully romantic.'

* *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne, par George Chastellain.* See Miss Strickland's *Life of Margaret of Anjou.*

'Well, then, we will see what Cook can give us for our provision basket, for we cannot get back to dinner. We must have a pic-nic in the wood, and come home to a dinner-tea.'

Of course Emmie and May thought this would be delightful; so they took good care to get through their lessons in time, and at eleven o'clock the pony-carriage came round, and we all started off in high spirits for Queen Margaret's Cave.

We were not sorry to be out of the town; for the streets are so crowded and narrow that it seems next to impossible that the wheels of two vehicles meeting each other should not lock; and it is the Hexham custom for coals to be discharged in front of the houses, where they lie in heaps till carried into the coal-hole in baskets at the owner's leisure and pleasure, so that it is an awkward thing to pilot one's way among them, and there are always a number of poor, dirty little children rolling about upon them, or in the dust or mud. I could not help remarking to my companion that I thought a Bible-woman seemed wanted.

'Indeed we do want one,' she replied, 'but she must be a north-country woman, or our people would consider her a foreigner. They would not understand her, and she would not understand them.'

Once out of the town, we proceeded at a brisk pace till we reached a tough bit of hill up a rough uneven road. We were all glad to alight and walk up till the carriage overtook us at the top. This was repeated several times before we reached our destination, for the country round Hexham is much like Brittany, being a sort of sea of hills, a succession of wavy ridges, with very narrow wooded valleys or glens running between, and here and there a little table-land on the heights. Soon, however, having descried the 'Black House,' a lonely habitation across some fields, we made our way thither and obtained leave to put up the horse, after which we hastened on to the woods, where Emmie and May often lingered behind gathering blackberries, till an Australian 'cooey' from their mamma brought them up to us again.

More and more beautiful became each turn in the green cool wood, affording glimpses of many a glade worthy of an artist's study. At length we reached a slippery slope, 'whose grassless floor of red-brown hue' 'by sheddings from the pining umbrage was tinged perennially.' And down it we had to slide, slip, or stumble, catching at any fir-stem or branch that happened to offer. Of course, if the cave had been easy of access, the robber would not have chosen it.

When we reached the bottom we saw a brawling stream serpentine through a narrow gorge over a rugged bed, strewn everywhere with boulders fallen from the precipitous banks, which were clothed to the water's edge with a profusion of rare ferns, and crested with straggling brambles and larches, except in patches where the bare rock shone out, amid the green, red, and golden hues of autumn foliage.

'Mamma! Mamma! look at May!' cried Emmie, already at the opposite bank.

‘O Mamma, Mamma! I shall be in!’ screamed May in alarm, as she stood poised on two slippery stones in the middle of the stream, which bears the rough name of Devilswater.

The hot weather had reduced the little stream almost to a brook, and my friend, not frightened at her little girl’s predicament, calmly went to her aid, and we all soon found ourselves safe on the other side.

‘And now where is the cave?’

‘Well, I hardly know,’ was the rather unpromising answer. ‘It is not visible till we get close to it, and lies half way up the bank.’

‘Up that perpendicular rock!’

‘Yes—*really* to see it.’

‘Mamma,’ exclaimed May, who had been there before, ‘isn’t that it? That long narrow hole must be the entrance. ‘I will go first and see,’ answered the mamma.

It is an odd thing, but no one likes remaining behind when another ‘goes to see,’ so we all began climbing too.

‘This is it,’ called Mamma, looking round for a moment and then disappearing. We toiled up, and found ourselves facing a horizontal slit in the rock, which proved to be the entrance to a low, dark, dusty cavern.

As my friend emerged on hands and knees, I felt quite inclined to turn about and go down again, thinking how many a pleasure is greatest in anticipation!

‘Are you not going in?’ said the children in disappointment. ‘Oh! you must not come to Queen’s Margaret’s Cave and not go in!’

So in I went, and turned about in a stooping attitude in the dusky den, disturbing some creature within—bat, owl, or fox, as was variously suggested. So this was Queen Margaret’s Cave, where she and her young son were thankful to rest their weary heads. According to Miss Strickland, ‘its dimensions are thirty-four by fourteen feet: the height will barely allow a full-grown person to stand upright. A massive pillar of rude masonry, in the centre of the cave, seems to mark the boundary of a wall, which, it is said, once divided it into two distinct apartments. When warmed and cheered by fire and lamp it would not appear quite so dismal a den as at present. Such was the retreat in which the queen and prince remained *perdu* for two days of agonizing suspense. On the third morning their host encountered Sir Pierre de Bréze and an English gentleman, who, having escaped the robbers at Hexham, had been making anxious search for her and the Prince.’

Margaret’s spirits revived at the sight of her friends, and on quitting her humble hosts, she loaded them with grateful thanks. The outlaw’s wife was offered money, but this she refused to take.

After seeing the cave, we had our pic-nic, which, of course, was delightful.

B. B.

THE CHILD'S CRUSADE.

BY EVELYN TOD.

CHAPTER I.

RAOUL AND ALOYS.

THE Sire de Cervoles sat at meat in his castle-hall one summer evening in the year 1212; on his left hand was his fair daughter Blanche, the darling of her father, and on his right hand was a guest, the Chevalier Guillaume de Nogent, fresh from Paris, and bringing all the news of the court. A goodly train of retainers crowded the lower end of the board, and high-born pages and squires were waiting round, for the Sire de Cervoles was a powerful man and a rich; on the back of his chair perched a noble falcon, and at his feet, or round the fire, lay five or six fine deer-hounds.

It was not very often that De Cervoles had a guest with him, and he was eagerly talking, asking questions, and discussing politics; for though more than sixty, he had lost none of his youthful keenness or exciteability. The pretty Demoiselle de Cervoles yawned once or twice during the conversation, and amused herself by feeding her lap-dog with scraps; but at last her attention was roused by Messire Guillaume's saying, 'Have you heard of this last piece of madness? the new Crusade, I mean?'

The old noble's face clouded, and the chaplain began a reproof to De Nogent for speaking lightly of the service of Heaven; but the offender cut him short: 'Nay, mistake me not, good Father; far be it from me to scoff at the Holy Wars; but this is a thing they call the Child's Crusade, led by a boy who declares himself commissioned to deliver the Sepulchre of Our Lord.' And crossing himself, De Nogent went on with his account of that strange wild enterprise, begun and conducted by a child, and followed by children, in the belief that only by innocent hands could the Sepulchre be freed. He told the tale without any sympathy, almost in a mocking tone; De Nogent was shrewdly suspected of despising the real Crusaders in his heart, and much more would he deride such folly as this.

'And this boy finds followers?' asked the old noble slowly.

'Yea, and many too,' said the knight, with a smile. 'Children are children; but what most I marvel at, is that grown men should let their sons go on such a bootless undertaking. Yet I know myself, that Messire Jehan de Martaille, a wise man enough, sent his heir to join the young prophet's ranks—'tis a mad world.'

'But in the name of the Saints,' cried De Cervoles, 'how do the poor things mean to fight the Saracens, if ever they get to Palestine? Why, it will be another Massacre of the Innocents.'

‘Miracles have been—’ began Blanche, an imaginative girl, who was at once inclined to believe the tale.

‘Miracles have been, Blanche,’ said her father quickly; ‘but we have no right to count upon them. Look at Peter the Hermit’s men. They expected Heaven to guide them, and send them quails and manna; and they left their bones in Hungary. War must be made by warriors, say I.’

‘Ah! by-the-bye,’ exclaimed De Nogent, ‘have you heard aught of poor Gualtier de la Ferté?’

The Sire de Cervoles shook his head. ‘Nothing. It is no great marvel, after all; men have died by the hundred in Palestine, and never been heard of more. And Gualtier was not one who would spare himself.’

‘I wish to Heaven he had never gone with Reginald de Dampierre on that luckless Crusade,’ said De Nogent. ‘If ever I liked a man, I liked De la Ferté.’

‘Never had lord truer vassal, or knight truer friend, than I had of Gualtier,’ said De Cervoles. ‘But we must not speak too much of him.’

He put his hand on the shoulder of a page who stood near, a small delicate-looking boy of eleven years, and drawing him towards him, said, ‘This is Gualtier’s only son.’ Then, as he saw the child’s eyes droop and glisten, he added, ‘Cheer up, Aloys; grief should not last for ever; and thy father died a noble death, fighting against the Infidel.’

‘Dost thou remember thy father, my boy?’ asked De Nogent, looking with interest on the fair young face. ‘Hardly, I should think; it must be ten years since the Count set forth.’

‘My mother used to speak to me of him, Messire; I cannot remember him,’ murmured Aloys shyly; and when the Sire released him, he shrank back at once among his fellow pages.

‘Poor child, he heard his mother talking of her husband, and hoping that he would come back to her,’ said De Cervoles, in a low tone, ‘and thus he learnt to look for his father’s return, and to dream of him. The boy is over fanciful and melancholy, and so we speak as little about Gualtier as we can.’

‘And his mother—what became of her?’ asked De Nogent. ‘I well remember Gualtier’s wedding, and a lovely bride she was.’

‘Dead too; her heart was broken,’ said the Sire. ‘’Tis a sad tale, altogether.’

There was no more said on the subject, and the two men began to discourse of other matters—the invasion of Spain by the Moors, the famine in Sicily, and the heresies of the Albigenses, which were then being rooted out by force of arms. But long after the tables were drawn, and the Sire and his guest had turned to the fire, little Aloys de la Ferté stood musing alone in a dark recess of the hall. His meditations were undisturbed till another of the pages left the fire, and came up to him. ‘Asleep, Loy?’

The speaker was a tall sunburnt lad about thirteen, whose large-boned and loosely put-together frame gave promise of great strength hereafter. A bright honest face, shaded by thick rough hair, and a pair of merry hazel eyes, completed a picture of boyish health and vigour.

'No, Raoul,' said Aloys, with a singularly sweet smile, and a low gentle voice, 'only thinking.'

'And I am thinking, too,' burst out Raoul, loudly enough; then as he bethought himself of the Sire de Cervoles' presence, he sank into an eager whisper, 'thinking that I am the worst-used lad in Christendom. The old villain of a Seneschal must have a spite against me.'

'What has he done?'

'Well, thou knowest that that fellow Bertrand, like a Norman braggard as he is, said he could hit a mark better than I, so to-day I gave him my cross-bow, and told him to bring down an old crow which was sitting on the tower. The stupid oaf, he missed the crow by a mile, and put the bolt right into one of the chapel windows.'

'O Raoul!' ejaculated Aloys, in dismay.

'It is very fine to say, "O Raoul!" but the mischief was done, and out flies Father Bernard in a rage, and Bertrand down with the bow, and ran for it, so there was I left to pay the piper.'

'But it was not thy doing, Raoul?'

'Ay! so I said; but I could not tell tales on Bertrand, and Father Bernard was pleased to doubt my story, and he called the Seneschal in. Of course, it was my bow, and I was always in mischief, and I had no business to be shooting there, and he must speak to the Sire, and so forth. Worse than all, he laid hands on my poor cross-bow, and carried it off, like a spiteful old wretch as he is.'

'What will the Sire say?' asked Aloys, in an awe-struck whisper.

'I care not what he says or does, if he will only let me have my bow back. But I had it out with Bertrand, though.'

'Was it thou that gave him that black eye?'

'Yes,' said Raoul, nearly choking with a stifled burst of laughter. 'I have stopped his boasting for some time, at any rate. And oh, Aloys, such work as I had to get my face washed in time for supper, and *he* was late, and not very fit for the eyes of company, after all. Pity 'twas thou wast not there to see how I beat him; but thou art always reading dreary romances to Mademoiselle Blanche.'

Aloys had listened patiently while his friend ran over his wrongs and his feats of arms; but the minute Raoul had come to an end, he began on the subject of which his head was full: 'Raoul, heardest thou what Messire de Nogent was saying about the Crusade?'

'Yes, I heard. Would not it be rare sport to go off to Palestine, and leave old Hubert and Father Bernard to whistle after one in vain?'

Aloys looked hurt—almost shocked. He was in earnest, while Raoul was only jesting; and his answer was grave: 'It would be no sport that I see, Raoul; but think of the happiness of winning the Blessed

Sepulchre from the hands of the heathen. I would give anything to do that! My father will not come to me,' he continued, in a dreamy way, 'I would fain go to him.'

Raoul thought within himself that Gualtier de la Ferté was in all probability not to be found on earth, but he hardly liked to say so, and replied in a more serious tone, 'I mean to take the Cross myself, when I am a man; but as for going now—why, Messire de Nogent calls it folly.'

'Ay, but folk say that *he*'—Aloys cautiously suppressed the name—'deserves fire and faggot as much as any of the Albigense heretics whom the Count de Montfort is destroying.'

'Father Bernard would tell thee to refrain from slandering,' said Raoul, rather sharply. 'Our Sire is not the man to harbour heretics. Besides—'

But ere Raoul had finished his defence of De Nogent, who had won his heart by teaching him on some former occasion how to use that very bow, Blanche crossed the hall, came up to the two boys, and laying her hand on the younger one's shoulder, said, 'Canst thou repeat thy lesson to me, Aloys? If so, come to my chamber, and I will hear thee.'

Aloys bowed, and answered in the affirmative. Raoul bowed also, but there was a look half of vexation, half of scorn, on his face; and as Blanche and her silken train swept away, he muttered, 'So, Demoiselle, I am not good enough company for your favourite, am I?'

'Raoul, how canst thou be so foolish?'

'It is true, though, Loy. Mademoiselle Blanche is afraid I should make thee a ne'er-do-well like myself, so she takes thee from me whenever she can.'

CHAPTER II.

THE VOW MADE.

ALOYS de la Ferté, or 'Loy,' as he was familiarly called, was the pet and plaything of Château Cervoles, partly from his own winsome ways, partly from the pity excited by his sad history, and from the affection once given to his father.

Gualtier de la Ferté had been simply worshipped by all his friends—not that he was unusually clever or unusually strong; but the very men who could worst Gualtier in an argument, or unhorse him in the tilt-yard, nevertheless trusted him, liked him, and admired him as they would no one else, merely for his truth and unselfishness. The Sire de Cervoles, who had no son of his own, treated Gualtier almost as if he had been his child; and though he could not blame him for it, still it was a great sorrow to the old man, when ten years ago, his favoured vassal was seized with a fit of enthusiasm, and left his wife and infant son, to join Reginald Count of Dampierre, in the Crusade of 1202.

It was a disgraceful expedition, that Crusade; though, in a worldly point of view, not an unsuccessful one. The main body of the army, forgetful of their vows, and indifferent to the Pope's excommunication, turned their forces first against Zara, a Christian city, and then against Constantinople, which they took and sacked, winning thereby enormous wealth, and founding the Latin Empire of the East. But Gualtier had no hand in slaughtering the inhabitants and plundering the churches of Byzantium. A small and more honest party among the Crusaders, headed by the Count de Dampierre, did go to the Holy Land, and joined Boemund Prince of Antioch in a war against the Armenians, and not one of these had ever come back.

Gualtier's fate, of course, was as uncertain as that of his comrades; but it was pleasanter to think of him as one who had died a noble death, and was now at rest, than as a prisoner wasting the best years of his life in hopeless captivity; and so dead he was assumed to be. Only one still clung to the belief that he was alive—his poor young wife, who taught her child to think the same, and to pray for his father's return; and thus, when at six years old, little Aloys was left altogether an orphan, the idea was so firmly rooted in his head that it was impossible to get it out.

Gentle, delicate, and dreamy, Loy was a sore trouble to the Sire de Cervoles, who as his feudal superior, became of course his guardian. The old noble, though as good-hearted a man as ever breathed, was severe and passionate, and not always sparing of hard words and blows; but to Loy he invariably shewed himself tender to an extent which his sterner judgement often condemned. 'Blanche,' he would sometimes say to his daughter, when he found her petting the child and keeping him away from the rough play of the other pages, 'I'll not have thee cocker that boy after this sort; we are spoiling him among us.' Or when, once or twice, Aloys shewed that there was a little spirit of wilfulness under his sweetness and softness—'Blanche, I tell thee, Loy must be brought under rule. Why, poor Gualtier never dreamt of disobeying me, or, if he had, I should have made short work with him; and this little imp, who is not half what his father was, is to have his own way in everything, forsooth!'

But the Sire de Cervoles' heart failed him when, as soon as he began to find fault, Loy's great dark eyes filled with tears, and he seemed utterly crushed under the rebuke; and so the task of reproving him was delegated to Blanche, who was a great deal too fond of 'her own little page' to do anything of the kind; while if any of the other *damoiseaux* (pages) were inclined to bully him, they were kept in check by young Raoul Saint-André, who, ready enough to use his fists on any occasion, was doubly so when Loy had to be defended.

Raoul was very different from his friend. He was not, intellectually, as clever as Aloys, and therefore the latter, though two years his junior, could very often lead him; but he was the boldest and most daring among his companions, ever eager for anything adventurous or mis-

chievous, and much oftener in disgrace than not. It was Raoul who climbed to the very topmost turret of the castle at the peril of his neck, to bring down a jackdaw's nest; Raoul who threw the Demoiselle de Cervoles' lap-dog into the moat to teach him to swim; Raoul who got into the buttery at night, and set out all the trenchers and drinking-cups on the stones of the court-yard—*toujours Raoul!*

Naturally enough, though regarded with an eye of disfavour by the authorities of the Castle, he was an object of admiration to his fellow pages, and of amusement to De Cervoles' knights and squires, who fagged Raoul, teased him, and occasionally, it must be confessed, incited him to further mischief.

Thus, in the interval between Mass and breakfast, which the Sire de Cervoles employed in visiting his horses, Raoul was attacked by one or two of the knights who were loitering about the hall with the question, 'Who broke the chapel window?'

'Ha! Saint-André,' quoth De Nogent, 'I am glad to see thee still maintain thy reputation for the greatest scapegrace in Christendom. Wast thou practising with the mangonel on the top of the keep?'

'Only with your cross-bow, Messire de Nogent.'

'Heaven and the Sire de Cervoles pardon me!' said De Nogent gravely. 'One of the worst sins I ever committed was teaching thee the use of so dangerous a weapon.'

'Raoul Saint-André!' cried another knight, laying a heavy hand on his shoulder, 'was it thou broke my riding-rod yesterday?'

'Not I, Sire Geoffroi.'

'Well for thee,' said the young knight. 'If it had been, I'd have broken the switch a little smaller over thy head.'

'Better do it, Geoffroi. Someone ought to thrash Raoul every morning, for of a surety he will deserve it ere night.'

'Here, Raoul,' said De Nogent, laughing, and drawing the boy to him; 'we have always been allies, and I'll stand by thee.'

'Will you get me my bow back then, Messire?'

'I indeed! Why, thou young fear-nought, thou hast daring enough to lead the next Crusade, tricks enough to put a Greek to shame; and thou canst not get thy bow back, forsooth!'

The Sire de Cervoles' entrance put a stop to further talk of this kind, and Raoul was left meditating schemes for recovering his confiscated property, while Aloys was wishing that he knew De Nogent as well as his friend did. He would have given anything to be able to ask him about the Children's Crusade; but then he had never set eyes on him before, while Raoul had often seen him at his father's. So Loy could only think and wonder in silence, which he did to some purpose.

His mind was made up. He must and would join this Crusade. It was true that De Nogent scoffed at it, that the Sire thought it insanity; but then had not all the holy Saints and Martyrs been mocked at, and called madmen? And besides, the Sire and his friend were not the only

men in France. Many a noble had sent his heir to swell the ranks of the child-army; and surely, if his father had been here, he would gladly have permitted his son to go forth on God's service. He was only treading in the steps of that father; and though Loy once reflected that his fate might be the same, to his wild enthusiastic nature a martyr's death was a thing rather to be courted than shunned.

If he could only get out of the castle!

There was one resource—Raoul, who would brave any danger for mere amusement; and so he resolved to take his friend into council.

For the first time in his life, Loy thought Blanche's instructions in reading and music, both which accomplishments she did her best to impart to him, very irksome; and when he at last found himself at liberty, Raoul was not forthcoming.

That young hero was fretting and fuming his soul out in a little turret-chamber, which had occasionally done duty as a prison, and was furnished accordingly with strong staples driven into the wall, and heavy chains hanging to them. Out of these he extracted a faint amusement by making them swing to and fro, and the rest of the time he filled up by railing bitterly against the world in general.

De Nogent's unlucky speech had set Raoul upon recovering his bow; and having discovered it hanging up by the window of the armoury, he made a vigorous attempt to fork it out by standing on a big stone in the court-yard and thrusting a lance through the bars. Unfortunately, the lance was a favourite one, much gilded and ornamented, of Messire Geoffroi de Cervoles, the Sire's nephew; and unfortunately, Messire Geoffroi, who had long been at war with Raoul, caught him in the act, and not only manifested his disapproval in a very substantial manner, but had the baseness to hand him over to the Seneschal after all. So the door of the turret-chamber was bolted on Raoul, with the parting remark that the dungeon would have been no more than his deserts; and there he was left.

But he had scarcely finished his morning's allowance of bread and water next day, when the bolt shot back, and Aloys de la Ferté entered.

'Holla! how didst thou come in?' quoth Raoul, staring at the apparition.

'The door was not locked.'

'No? what an old fool the Seneschal must be then!'

'Hus—sh! if anyone heard me here—'

'Well, say thy say, and go; I would not get thee into trouble for all the treasure of Constantinople.'

Aloys knelt down by his friend's side, and whispered, 'Raoul, I mean to run away.'

'Why, who has ill-used thee?' cried the boy fiercely.

'No one; I have vowed to join the Crusade.'

Aloys spoke in a tone of determination, very different from his usual timid manner, and his dark eyes sparkled till they seemed more un-

naturally large and brilliant than ever. Raoul looked at him with amazement, not unmingled with awe; Aloys was so little like himself, or any boy he had ever known, that he always felt as if he must belong to the other world. He made no answer for some time; for even to the wild Raoul, the Crusade was too solemn a thing to be spoken of in the same breath with his own petty quarrels and misadventures.

‘I would fain have thee to come with me, Raoul,’ continued Aloys, finding no observation made. ‘Thou and I, we have often said how we would be brethren in arms when we grew up, and would go together to war on the Saracen; might we not do it now?’

‘If I thought myself a match for a Saracen, I might; but as it is, I am not even a match for Sire Geoffroi,’ said Raoul, trying to laugh.

Aloys turned away:—‘Thou hast neither faith nor courage, after all! I did think *thou* wouldest be ready to take the Cross and do what thou couldest to win back the Holy Sepulchre. Well—I will go without thee; wilt thou at least help me to escape? . . . Hold me not back, Raoul,’ he continued, as the other seemed inclined to make some objection; ‘I have hoped, I have prayed for the recovery of the Sepulchre, and how can I refuse to do my best to bring my prayers to pass?’

‘Well,’ said Raoul, setting the chain swinging more vigorously than ever, ‘if I was quite sure it was right, and if it did not look so like running away because I was in trouble, why, I should be glad to keep thee company. But how dost thou mean to do it?’

Aloys was quick enough to see that Raoul was being worked on. It was, as we already know, very easy to put an idea into the boy’s head, and the habit of deferring to Loy’s judgement, and also the feelings of his time, blinded him to the sin and folly of breaking away from all authority. It was the service of Heaven, and that was enough.

Aloys’ plan of escape was a very misty one, but Raoul seized on it at once, and put it into shape, getting more and more interested every minute. The Sire was going out hawking, by way of entertaining De Nogent; every soul in the Castle was busy, and the bolt once drawn, it would be easy for Raoul to slip down and mingle unobserved amid the throng of servants and falconers. Loy was to ride with the Demoiselle de Cervoles, who would probably return earlier than the others; ‘and once in open country,’ quoth Raoul, ‘it will go hard if thou and I cannot give them the slip, and be far away before anyone thinks of asking for us.’

‘Thou art coming with me then, dear Raoul?’ cried Aloys joyfully.

A moment’s hesitation; then a spirit half of enthusiasm, half of love for adventure and hatred of restraint, got the upper hand; and Raoul Saint-André’s vow of pilgrimage was spoken! That of Aloys was already made.

One vow was paid in later years through toil and suffering and bloodshed; one, alas! was destined never to be fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

‘O I’ve got a plum-cake, and a feast let us make,
Come, school-fellows, come at my call;
I assure you ’tis nice, and we’ll all have a slice,
Here’s more than enough for us all.’

Jane Taylor.

‘It is come! Felix, it is come!’

So cried, shouted, shrieked a chorus, as a street door was torn open to admit four boys, with their leathern straps of books over their shoulders. They set up a responsive yell of ‘Jolly! Jolly!’ which being caught up and re-echoed by at least five voices within, caused a considerable volume of sound in the narrow entry and narrower stair-case, up which might be seen a sort of pyramid of children.

‘Where is it?’ asked the tallest of the three arrivals, as he soberly hung up his hat.

‘Mamma has got it in the drawing-room, and Papa has been in ever since dinner,’ was the universal cry from two fine complexioned handsome girls, from a much smaller girl and boy, and from a creature rolling on the stairs, whose sex and speech seemed as yet uncertain.

‘And where’s Cherry?’ was the further question; ‘is she there too?’

‘Yes, but—’ as he laid his hand on the door—‘don’t open the letter there. Get Cherry, and we’ll settle what to do with it.’

‘O Felix, I’ve a stunning notion!’

‘Felix, promise to do what I want!’

‘Felix, do pray buy me some Turkish delight!’

‘Felix, I do want the big spotty horse.’

Such shouts and insinuations, all deserving the epithet of the first, pursued Felix as he entered a room, small, and with all the contents faded and worn, but with an air of having been once tasteful, and still made the best of. Contents we say advisedly, meaning not merely the furniture but the inmates, namely, the pale wan fragile mother, working, but with the baby on her knee, and looking as if care and toil had brought her to skin and bone, though still with sweet eyes and a lovely smile; the father, tall and picturesque, with straight handsome features, but with a hectic colour, wasted cheek, and lustrous eye, that were sad earnest of the future. He was still under forty, his wife some years less; and elder than either in its expression of wasted suffering was the countenance of the little girl of thirteen years old who lay on the sofa,

with pencil, paper, and book, her face with her mother's features exaggerated into a look at once keen and patient, all three forming a sad contrast to the solid exuberant health on the other side the door.

Truly the boy who entered was a picture of sturdy English vigour, stout limbed, rosy faced, clear eyed, honest, open, straight-forward looking, perhaps a little clumsy with the clumsiness of sixteen, especially when conscience required tearing spirits to be subdued to the endurance of the feeble. It was, however, a bright congratulating look that met him from the trio. The little girl started up: 'Your sovereign's come, Felix!'

The father shewed his transparent looking white teeth in a merry laugh. 'Here are the galleons, you boy named in a lucky hour! How many times have you spent them beforehand?'

The mother held up the letter, addressed to Master Felix Chester Underwood, No. 8, St. Oswald's Buildings, Bexley,' and smiled as she said, 'Is it all right, my boy?'

'They want me to open it outside, Mamma!—Come, White-heart, we want you at the council.'

And putting his arm round his little sister Geraldine's waist, while she took up her small crutch, Felix disappeared with her, the mother looking wistfully after them, the father giving something between a laugh and a sigh.

'Then you decide against speaking to him,' said Mrs. Underwood.

'Poor children, yes. A little happiness will do them a great deal more good than the pound would do to us. The drops that will fill their little cup will but be lost in our sea.'

'Yes, I like what comes from Vale Leston to be still a festive matter,' said Mrs. Underwood; 'and at least we are sure the dear boy will never spend it selfishly. It only struck me whether he would not enjoy finding himself able to throw something into the common stock.'

'*He* would, honest lad,' said Mr. Underwood; 'but Mamma, you are very hard-hearted towards the rabble. Even if this one pound would provide all the shoes and port wine that are pressing on the maternal mind, the stimulus of a day's treat would be much more wholesome.'

'But not for you,' said his wife.

'Yes, for me. If the boy includes us old folks in his festivity, it will be as good as a week's port wine. You doubt, my sweet Enid. Has not our long honey-moon at Vale Leston helped us all this time?' Her name was Mary, but having once declared her to be a woman made of the same stuff as Enid, he had made it his pet title for her.

Mrs. Underwood's thoughts went far away into the long ago of Vale Leston. She could hardly believe that nine years only had passed since that seven years honey-moon. She was a woman of the fewest possible words, and her husband generally answered her face instead of her voice.

Vale Leston had promised to be an ample provision when Edward

Underwood had resigned his fellowship to marry the Rector's niece and adopted daughter, his own distant cousin, with the assurance of being presented to the living hereafter, and acting in the meantime as curate. It was a family living, always held conjointly with a tolerably good estate, enough to qualify the owner for the dangerous position of 'squarson,' as no doubt many a clerical Underwood had been ever since their branch had grown out from the stem of the elder line, which had now disappeared. These comfortable quarters had seemed a matter of certainty, until the uncle died suddenly and intestate, whereupon the undesirable nephew and heir-at-law whom he had desired to exclude, a rich dissipated man, son to a brother older than the father of the favourite niece, had stepped in, and differing *in toto* from Edward Underwood, had made his own son take orders for the sake of the living, and it had been the effort of the young wife ever since not to disobey her husband by shewing that it had been to her the being driven out of paradise.

ASSISTANT CURACY.—A Priest of Catholic opinions is needed at a town parish. Resident Rector and three Curates. Daily Prayers. Choral Service on Sundays and Holy-days. Weekly Communion.—Apply to P. C. B., St. Oswald's Rectory, Bexley.

Everyone knows the sort of advertisement which had brought Mr. Underwood to Bexley, as a place which would accord with the doctrines and practices dear to him. Indeed, apart from the advertisement, Bexley had a fame. A great rubrical war had there been fought out by the Rector of St. Oswald's, and when he had become a colonial Bishop, his successor was reported to have carried on his work; and the beauty of the restored church, and the exquisite services, were so generally talked of, that Mr. Underwood thought himself fortunate in obtaining the appointment. Mr. Bevan too, the Rector, was an exceedingly courteous, kindly-mannered man, talking in a soft low voice in the most affectionate and considerate manner, and with good taste and judgement that exceedingly struck and pleased the new curate. It was the more surprise to him to find the congregations thin, and a general languor and indifference about the people who attended the church. There was also a good deal of opposition in the parish, some old sullen seceders who went to a neighbouring proprietary chapel, many more of erratic tastes haunted the places of worship of the numerous sects, who swarmed in the town, and many more were living in a state of town heathenism.

It was not long before the perception of the cause began to grow upon Mr. Underwood. The machinery was perfect, but the spring was failing; the salt was there, but where was the savour? The discourses he heard from his rector were in one point of view faultless, but the old Scottish word 'fashionless' would rise into his thoughts whenever they ended, and something of effect and point was sure to fail; they were bodies without souls, and might well satisfy a certain excellent solicitor, who

always praised them as 'just the right medium, sober, moderate, and unexciting.'

In the first pleasure of a strong, active, and enterprising man, at finding his plans unopposed by authority, Mr. Underwood had been delighted with his rector's ready consent to whatever he undertook, and was the last person to perceive that Mr. Bevan, though objecting to nothing, let all the rough and tough work lapse upon his curates, and took nothing but the graceful representative part. Even then, Mr. Underwood made excuses; Mr. Bevan was valetudinarian in his habits, and besides—he was in the midst of a courtship—after his marriage he would give his mind to his parish.

For Mr. Bevan, hitherto a confirmed and rather precise and luxurious bachelor, to the general surprise, married a certain Lady Price, the young widow of an old admiral, and with her began a new *régime*.

My Lady, as everyone called her, since she retained her title and name, was by no means desirous of altering the ornamental arrangements in church, which she regarded with pride; but she was doubly anxious to guard her husband's health; and she also had the sharpest eye to the main chance. Hitherto, whatever had been the disappointments and short-comings at the Rectory, there had been free-handed expenditure, and no stint either in charity or the expenses connected with the service; but Lady Price had no notion of taking on her uncalled for expenditure. The parish must do its part, and it was called on to do so in modes that did not add to the Rector's popularity. Moreover, the arrangements were on the principle of getting as much as possible out of everybody, and no official failed to feel the pinch. The Rector was as bland, gentle, and obliging, as ever; but he seldom transacted any affairs that he could help; and in the six years that had elapsed since the marriage, every person connected with the church had changed, except Mr. Underwood.

Yet, perhaps, as senior curate, he had felt the alteration most heavily. He had to be, or to refuse to be, my Lady's instrument in her various appeals; he came in for her indignation at wastefulness, and at the unauthorized demands on the Rector; he had to feel what it was to have no longer unlimited resources of broth and wine to fall back upon at the Rectory; he had to supply the short-comings of the new staff brought in on lower terms—and all this, moreover, when his own health and vigour were beginning to fail.

Lady Price did not like him or his family. They were poor, and she distrusted the poor; and what was worse, she knew they were better born and better bred than herself, and had higher aims. Gentle Mrs. Underwood, absorbed in household cares, no more thought of rivalry with her than with the Queen; but the soft movement, the low voice, the quiet sweep of the worn garments, were a constant vexation to my Lady, who having once pronounced the Curate's wife affected, held to her opinion. With Mr. Underwood she had had a fight or two, and had not conquered, and now they were on terms of perfect respect and civility

on his side, and of distance and politeness on hers. She might talk of him half contemptuously, but she never durst shew herself otherwise than civil, though she was always longing to bring in some more deferential person in his place; and, whenever illness interfered with his duties, she spoke largely to her friends of the impropriety of a man's undertaking what he could not perform.

One of her reductions had been the economizing the third curate, making the second be always a neophyte, who received his title for Orders, and remained his two years upon a small stipend.

The change last Easter, which had substituted a deacon for a priest, had fallen heavily on Mr. Underwood, and would have been heavier still, but that the new comer, Charles Audley, had attached himself warmly to him. The young man was a son of a family of rank and connection, and Lady Price's vanity was flattered by obtaining his assistance; but her vexation was proportionably excited by his preference for the Underwood household, where, in truth—with all its poverty—he found the only atmosphere thoroughly congenial to him in all the parish of St. Oswald's.

Speedily comprehending the state of things, he put his vigorous young shoulder to the wheel, and full of affectionate love and admiration for Mr. Underwood, spared himself nothing in the hope of saving him fatigue or exertion, quietly gave up his own holidays, was always at his post, and had hitherto so far lightened Mr. Underwood's toil, that he was undoubtedly getting through this summer better than the last, for his bodily frame had long been affected by the increased amount of toil in an ungenial atmosphere, and every access of cold weather had told on him in throat and chest attacks, which, with characteristic buoyancy, he would not believe serious. He never deemed himself aught but 'better,' and the invalid habits that crept on him by stealth, always seemed to his brave spirit consequent on a day's extra fatigue, or the last attention to a departing cough. Alas! when every day's fatigue was extra, the cough always departing, never departed.

Yet, though it had become a standing order in the house, that for an hour after Papa came in from his rounds, no one of the children should be in the drawing-room, except poor little lame Geraldine, who was permanently established there; and that afterwards, even on strong compulsion, they should only come in, one by one, as quietly as possible, he never ceased to apologize to them for their banishment when he felt it needful, and when he was at ease, would renew the merriment that sometimes cost him dear.

The children had, for the most part, inherited that precious heir-loom of contentment and elasticity, and were as happy in nooks and corners in bed-room, nursery, stair-case, or kitchen, as they could have been in extensive play-rooms and gardens.

See them in full council upon the expenditure of the annual gift, that an old admiral at Vale Leston, who was godfather to Felix, was wont

to send the boy on his birth-day—that third of July, which had seemed so bright, when birth-days had begun in the family, that no name save Felix could adequately express his parents' feelings.

Mr. and Mrs. Underwood had fancies as to nomenclature; and that stair-case full of children rejoiced in eccentric appellations. To begin at the bottom—here sat on a hassock, her back against the wall, her sharp old fairy's face uplifted, little Geraldine, otherwise Cherry, a title that had suited her round rosiness well, till after the first winter at Bexley, when the miseries of a diseased ankle-joint had set in, and paled her into the tender aliases of White-heart, or Sweet-heart. She was, as might be plainly seen in her grey eyes, a clever child; and teaching her was a great delight to her father, and often interested him when he was unequal to anything else. Her dark eye-brows frowned with anxiety as she lifted up her little pointed chin to watch sturdy frank-faced Felix, who with elaborate slowness dealt with the envelope, tasting slowly of the excitement it created, and edging away from the baluster, on which, causing it to contribute frightful creaks to the general Babel, were perched numbers 4, 6, 7, and 8, to wit, Edgar, Clement, Fulbert, and Lancelot, all three handsome, blue-eyed, fair-faced lads. Indeed Edgar was remarkable, even among this decidedly fine-looking family. He had a peculiarly delicate contour of feature and complexion, though perfectly healthy; and there was something of the same expression, half keen, half dreamy, as in Geraldine, his junior by one year; while the grace of all the attitudes of his slender lissome figure shewed to advantage beside Felix's more sturdy form, and deliberate or downright movements; while Clement was paler, slighter, and with a rather precise looking countenance, and shining wavy brown hair, that nothing ever seemed to ruffle, looked so much as if he ought to have been a girl, that Tina, short for Clementina, was his school name. Fulbert, stout, square, fat-cheeked, and permanently rough and dusty, looked as if he ought to have been a pig.

The four eldest were day-scholars at the city grammar-school; but Lancelot, a bright-faced little fellow in knickerbockers, was a pupil of whoever would or could teach him at home, as was the little girl who was clinging to his leg, and whose name of Robina seemed to have moulded her into some curious likeness to a robin-redbreast, with her brown soft hair, rosy cheeks, bright merry eyes, plump form, and quick loving audacity. Above her sat a girl of fifteen, with the family features in their prettiest development—the chiseled straight profile, the clear white roseately tinted skin, the large well-opened azure eyes, the profuse glossy hair, the long, slender, graceful limbs, and that pretty head leant against the knees of her own very counterpart; for these were Wilmet and Alda, the twin girls who had succeeded Felix, and whose beauty had been the marvel of Vale Leston, their shabby dress the scorn of the day-school at Bexley. And forming the apex of the pyramid, perched astride on the very shoulders of much-enduring

Wilmet, was three years old Angela—Baby (one and a half) being quiescent in a cradle near Mamma. N.B. Mrs. Underwood, though her girls had such masculine names, had made so strong a protest against their being called by boyish abbreviations, that only in one case had nature been too strong for her, and Robina had turned into Bobbie. Wilmet's second name being Ursula, she was apt to be known as W. W.

'Make haste, Felix, you intolerable boy! don't be so slow!' cried Alda.

'Is there a letter?' inquired Wilmet.

'Yes, more's the pity!' said Felix. 'Now I shall have to answer it.'

'I'll do that, if you'll give me what's inside,' said Edgar.

'Is it there?' exclaimed Cherry, in a tone of doubt, that sent an electric thrill of dismay through the audience; Lance nearly toppling over, to the horror of the adjacent sisters, and the grave rebuke of Clement.

'If it should be a sell!' gasped Fulbert.

'Suppose it were,' said Felix gravely.

'Then,' said Edgar, 'you can disown the old rogue Chester.'

'What stuff!' interposed Clement.

'I'd cut him out of my will on the spot,' persisted Edgar.

'But it is all right,' said Cherry, looking with quiet certainty into her brother's face; and he nodded and coloured at the same time.

'But it is not a pretty one,' said little Robina. 'Last year it was green, and before that red; and this is nasty stupid black and white, and all thin crackling paper.'

Felix laughed, and held up the document.

'What?' cried Fulbert. 'Five! Why, 'tisn't only five shillings! the horrid old cheat!'

'It's a five-pound note!' screamed Cherry. 'I saw one when Papa went to the bank! O Felix, Felix!'

A five-pound note! It seemed to take away the breath of those who knew what it meant, and then an exulting shout broke forth.

'Well,' said Edgar solemnly, 'old Chester is a brick! Three cheers for him!'

Which cheers having been perpetrated with due vociferation, the cry began, 'O Felix, what will you do with it?'

'Buy a pony!' cried Fulbert.

'A rocking-horse,' chirped Robina.

'Punch every week,' shouted Lance.

'A knife apiece,' said Fulbert.

'How can you all be so selfish?' pronounced Clement. 'Now a harmonium would be good to us all.'

'Then get some cotton for our ears into the bargain, if Tina is to play on it,' said Edgar.

‘I shall take the note to Mother,’ said the owner.

‘Oh!’ screamed all but Wilmet and Cherry, ‘that’s as bad as not having it at all!’

Maybe Felix thought so, for it was with a certain gravity and solemnity of demeanour that he entered the drawing-room, causing his father to exclaim, ‘How now? No slip between cup and lip? Not infelix, Felix?’

‘No, Papa, but it’s *this*; and I thought I ought to bring it.’

The dew at once was in the mother’s eyes, as she sprung up and kissed the boy’s brow, saying, ‘Felix, dear, don’t shew it to me. You were meant to be happy with it. Go, and be so.’

‘Stay,’ said Mr. Underwood, ‘Felix will really enjoy helping us to this extent more than any private expenditure. Is it not so, my boy? Well then, I propose that the sovereign of old prescriptive right should go to his *menus plaisirs*, and the rest to something needful; but he shall say to what. Said I well, old fellow?’

‘Oh, thank you, thank you!’ cried Felix ardently.

‘Thank me for permission to do as you will with your own?’ smiled Mr. Underwood.

‘You will choose, then, Felix?’ said his mother wistfully, her desires divided between port wine for Papa, and pale ale for Geraldine.

‘Yes, Mamma,’ was the prompt answer. ‘Then, please, let Wilmet and Alda be rigged out fresh for Sundays.’

‘Wilmet and Alda!’ exclaimed Mamma.

‘Yes, I should like that better than anything, please,’ said the boy. ‘All our fellows say they would be the prettiest girls in all Bexley, if they were properly dressed; and those horrid girls at Miss Pearson’s lead them a life about those old black hats.’

‘Poor dears! I have found Alda crying when she was dressing for church,’ mused Mrs. Underwood; ‘and though I have scolded her, I could have cried too, to think how unlike their girlhood is to mine.’

‘And if you went to fetch them home from school, you would know how bad it is, Mamma,’ said Felix. ‘Wilmet does not mind it, but Alda cries, and the sneaking girls do it the more; and they are girls, so one can’t lick them; and they have not all got brothers.’

‘To be licked instead!’ said Mr. Underwood, unable to help being amused.

‘Well, yes, Papa; and so you see it would be no end of a comfort to make them look like the rest.’

‘By all means, Felix. The ladies can tell how far your benefaction will go; but as far as it can accomplish, the twins shall be resplendent. Now then, back to your anxious clients. Only tell me first how my kind old friend the Admiral is.’

‘Here’s his letter, Father; I quite forgot to read it.’

‘Some day, I hope, you will know him enough to care for him

personally. Now you may be off.—Nay, Enid, love, your daughters could not have lived much longer without clothes to their backs.'

'Oh, yes, it must have been done,' sighed the poor mother; 'but I fancied Felix would have thought of you first.'

'He thought of troubles much more felt than any of mine. Poor children! the hard apprenticeship will serve them all their lives.'

Meantime Felix returned with the words, 'Hurrah!' we are to have the sovereign just as usual; and all the rest is to go to turn out Wilmet and Alda like respectable young females.—Hollo, now!

For Alda had precipitated herself down-stairs, to throttle him with her embraces; while Cherry cried out, 'That's right! Oh, do get those dear white hats you told me about;' but the public, even there a many-headed monster thing, was less content.

'What, all in girls' trumpery?' 'That's the stupidest sell I ever heard of!' 'Oh, I did so want a pony!' were the cries of the boys.

Even Robina was so far infected as to cry, 'I wanted a ride.'

And Wilmet reproachfully exclaimed, 'O Felix, you should have got something for Papa. Don't you know, Mr. Rugg said he ought to have a respirator. It is a great shame.'

'I don't think he would have let me, Wilmet,' said Felix, looking up; 'and I never thought of it. Besides, I can't have those girls making asses of themselves at you.'

'Oh no, don't listen to Wilmet!' cried Alda. 'You are the very best brother in all the world! Now we shall be fit to be seen at the break-up. I don't think I could have played my piece if I knew everyone was looking at my horrid old alpaca.'

'And there'll be hats for Cherry and Bobbie too!' entreated Wilmet.

'Oh, don't put it into their heads!' gasped Alda.

'No; I'll have you two fit to be seen first,' said Felix.

'Well, it's a horrid shame,' grumbled Fulbert; 'we have always all gone shares in Felix's birth-day tip.'

'So you do now,' said Felix; 'there's the pound all the same as usual.'

That pound was always being spent in imagination; and the voices broke out again.

'Oh, then Papa can have the respirator!'

'Felix, the rocking-horse!'

'Felix, do get us three little cannon to make a jolly row every birth-day!'

'Felix, do you know that Charlie Froggatt says he would sell that big Newfoundland for a pound, and that would be among us all.'

'Nonsense, Fulbert! a big dog is always eating; but there is a concertina at Lake's.'

'Tina—tina—concertina! But, I say, Fee, there's White-heart been wishing her heart out all the time for a real good paint-box.'

'Oh, never mind that, Ed; no one would care for one but you and me; and the little ones would spoil all the paints.'

‘Yes,’ resumed Wilmet, from her throne, ‘it would be the worry of one’s life to keep the little ones off them; and Baby would be poisoned to a dead certainty. Now the respirator.’

‘Now the concertina.’

‘Now Punch.’

‘Now the dog.’

‘Now the rocking-horse.’

‘Now the cannon.’

‘I’ll tell you what,’ said Felix, ‘I’ve settled how it is to be. We’ll get John Harper’s van, and all go out to the Castle, with a jolly cold dinner—yea, you, Cherry, and all; Ed and I will carry you—and dine on the grass, and—’

A chorus of shouts interrupted him, all ecstatic, and rendered more emphatic by the stamping of feet.

‘And Angela will go!’ added Wilmet.

‘And Papa,’ entreated Cherry.

‘And Mamma too, if she will,’ said Felix.

‘And Mr. Audley,’ pronounced Robina, echoed by Clement and Angela. ‘Mr. Audley must go!’

‘Mr. Audley!’ grunted Felix. ‘I want nobody but ourselves.’

‘Yea, and if he went we could not stay jolly late. My Lady would make no end of a row if both curates cut the evening prayers.’

‘For shame, Edgar!’ cried the three elder girls.

While Wilmet added, ‘We could not stay late, because of Papa and the little ones. But I don’t want Mr. Audley, either.’

‘No, no! Papa and he will talk to each other, and be of no use,’ said Geraldine. ‘Oh, how delicious! Will the wild-roses be out? When shall it be, Felix?’

‘Well, the first fine day after school breaks up, I should say.’

‘Hurrah! hurrah!’

And there was another dance, in the midst of which Mr. Underwood opened the door, to ask what honourable member was receiving such deafening cheers.

‘Here! here he is, Papa!’ cried Alda. ‘He is going to take us all out to a pic-nic in the Castle woods; and won’t you come, Papa?’

‘O Papa, you will come!’ said Felix. And the whole stair-case bawled in accordance.

‘Come! to be sure I will!’ said his father; ‘and only too glad to be asked! I trust we shall prove to have found the way to get the maximum of pleasure out of Admiral Chester’s gift.’

‘If Mamma will go,’ said Felix. ‘I wonder what the van will cost, and what will be left for the dinner.’

‘Oh, let us two cook the whole dinner,’ entreated the twins.

‘Wait now,’ said Felix. ‘I didn’t know it was so late, Father. And he carefully helped his father on with his coat; and as a church bell made itself heard, set forth with him.

When the service was musical, Felix and his two next brothers both formed part of the choir; and though this was not the case on this evening, Felix knew that his mother was easier when he or Wilmet could watch over Papa's wraps.

And Mamma herself, with one at least of the twins, was busy enough in giving the lesser ones their supper, and disposing of them in bed, so that the discreet alone might remain to the later tea-drinking.

And 'Sibby' must be made a sharer of the good news in her lower region, though she was sure to disbelieve in Alda and Wilmet's amateur cookery.

Sibby was Wilmet's foster-mother. Poor thing! Mr. Underwood had found her in dire need in the workhouse, a child herself of seventeen, with a new-born babe, fresh from the discovery, that the soldier husband, as she thought, who had at least 'gone before the praste with her,' and brought her from her Kilkenny home, was husband to another woman. She was tenderly cared for by Mr. Underwood's Irish mother, who was then alive, and keeping house for the whole party at the Rectory; and having come into the Vale Leston nursery, she never left it. Her own child died in teething, and she clung so passionately to her nursling, that Mrs. Underwood had no heart to separate them, Roman Catholic though she was, and difficult to dispose of. She was not the usual talking merry Irishwoman, if ever she had been; her heart was broken; and she was always meek, quiet, subdued, and attentive; forgetful sometimes, but tender and trustworthy to the last degree with the children.

She had held fast to the family in their reverses, and no more thought of not sharing their lot than one of their children. Indeed, it would not have been much more possible to send her out to shift for herself in England; and her own people seemed to have vanished in the famine, for her letters, with her savings, came back from the dead-letter office. She put her shoulder to the burthen, and with one small scrub under her, got through an amazing amount of work; and though her great deep liquid brown eyes looked as pathetic as ever, she certainly was in far better spirits than when she sat in the nursery. To be sure, she was a much better nurse than she was a cook; but as both could not be had, Mrs. Underwood was content and thankful to have a servant so entirely one with themselves in interests and affections; and who had the further perfection of never wanting any society but the children's; shrinking from English gossips, and never shewing a weakness, save for Irish tramps. Moreover, she was a prodigious knitter; and it was her boast that not one of the six young gentlemen had yet worn stocking or sock, but what came from her needles, and had been re-footed by her to the last extremity of wear.

Meantime, Felix and Clement walked with their father to the church. There it was, that handsome church; the evening sun in slanting beams coming through the gorgeous west window to the illuminated walls, and

the rich inlaid marble and alabaster of the chancel mellowed by the pure evening light. The east window, done before glass-painting had improved, was tame and ill-executed; and there was, even æsthetically, a strange unsatisfactory feeling in looking at the heavy, though handsome, incrustations and arcades of dark marble that formed the reredos. It was all very correct; but it wanted life.

Mr. Bevan was not there; he was gone out to dinner; and the congregation consisted of some young ladies, old men, and three little children. Mr. Audley read all, save the Absolution and the Lessons; and the responses sounded low and feeble in the great church; though there was one voice among them glad and hearty in dedicating and entrusting the new year of his life with its unknown burthen.

Felix had heard sayings and seen looks which, boldly as his sanguine spirit resisted them, would hang in a heavy boding cloud over his mind, and were already casting a grave shadow there.

And if the thought of his five-fold gift swelled the fervour of his 'Amen' to the General Thanksgiving, there was another deep heartfelt Amen, which breathed forth earnest gratitude for the possession of such a first-born son.

'That is a very good boy,' the father could not help saying to Mr. Audley, as, on quitting the church-yard, Felix exclaiming, 'Papa, may I just get it changed, and ask about the van?' darted across the street, with Clement, into a large grocer's shop nearly opposite, where a brisk evening traffic was going on in the long daylight of hot July; and he could not but tell of the birth-day gift, and how it was to be spent. '*Res angusta domi*,' he said, with a smile, 'is a thing to be thankful for, when it has such effects upon a lad.'

'You must add a small taste of example to the prescription,' said Mr. Audley. 'Is this all the birth-day present Felix has had?'

'Well, I believe Cherry gave him one of her original designs; but birth-days are too numerous for us to stand presents.'

The other curate half sighed. He was a great contrast—a much smaller man than his senior, slight, slim, and pale, but with no look of ill-health about him; brown eyed and haired, and with the indefinable look about all his appointments and dress, that shewed he had lived in unconscious luxury and refinement all his days. His thoughts went back to a home, where the only perplexity was how to deal with an absolute glut of presents, and to his own actual doubts what to send that youngest sister, who would feel slighted if Charlie sent nothing, but really could not want anything; a book she would not read, a jewel could seldom get a turn of being worn, a trinket would only be fresh lumber for her room. Then he revolved the possibilities of making Felix a present, without silencing his father's confidences, and felt that it could not be done in any direct manner at present; nay, that it could hardly add to the radiant happiness of the boy, who rushed across the road, almost under the nose of the railway-omnibus horses, and exclaimed,

‘He will let us have it for nothing, Father! He says it would be hiring it out, and he can’t do that; but he would esteem it a great favour if we would go in it, and not pay anything, except just a shilling to Harris for a pint of beer. Won’t it be jolly, Father?’

‘Spicy would be more appropriate,’ said Mr. Underwood, laughing, as the vehicle in question drew up at the shop door, with Mr. Harper’s name and all his groceries inscribed in gold letters upon the awning.

‘I’m so glad I thought of Harper’s,’ continued Felix. ‘I asked him instead of Buff, because I knew Mamma would want it to be covered. Now there’s lots of room; and we boys will walk up all the hills.’

‘I hope there is room for me, Felix,’ suggested Mr. Audley.

‘Or,’ suggested Mr. Underwood, ‘you might, like John Gilpin, “ride on horseback after we.”’

‘Felix looks non-content,’ said Mr. Audley. ‘I am afraid I was not in his programme. Speak out—let us have it.’

‘Why,’ said Felix, looking down, ‘our little ones all wanted to have you; but then we thought we should all be obliged to come home too soon, unless you took the service for Papa.’

‘He certainly ought not to go to church after it,’ said Mr. Audley; ‘but I can settle that by riding home in good time. What’s the day?’

‘The day after the girls’ break-up, if you please,’ said Felix, still not perfectly happy, but unable to help himself; and manifesting quite enough reluctance to make his father ask, as soon as they had parted, what made him so ungracious.

‘Only, Papa,’ said Felix frankly, ‘that we know that you and he will get into some Church talk, and then you’ll be of no use; and we wanted to have it all to ourselves.’

‘Take care, Felix,’ said Mr. Underwood; ‘large families are apt to get into a state of savage exclusiveness.’

Felix had to bear the drawback, and the groans it caused from Wilmet, Edgar, and Fulbert: the rest decidedly rejoiced. And Mr. Underwood privately confided the objection to his friend, observing merrily that they would bind themselves by a promise not to talk shop throughout the expedition.

It was a brilliantly happy week. Pretty hats, bound with dark blue velvet, and fresh black silk jackets, were squeezed out of the four pounds, with the help of a few shillings out of the intended hire of the van, and were the glory of the whole family, both of those who were to wear them and those who were not.

On Saturday evening, just as the four elder young people were about to sally forth to do the marketing for their pic-nic, a great hamper made its appearance in the passage, addressed to F. C. Underwood, Esq., and with nothing to pay. Only there was a note fastened to the side, saying, ‘Dear Felix, pray let the spicy van find room for my contribution to your pic-nic. I told my mother to send me what was proper from home. C. S. A.’

Mrs. Underwood was dragged out to superintend the unpacking, which she greatly advised should be merely a surface investigation. That was quite enough, however, to assure her that for Felix to lay in any provision, except the tea and the bread she had already promised, would be entirely superfluous. The girls were disappointed of their cookery; but derived consolation from the long walk with the brothers, in which a cake of good carmine and a lump of gamboge were purchased for Cherry, and two penny dolls for Robina and Angela. What would become of the rest of the pound?

On Sunday, the offertory was, as usual on ordinary occasions, rather scanty; but there was one half-sovereign; and Mr. Underwood was convinced that it had come from under the one white surplice that had still remained on the choir boys' bench.

He stayed in the vestry after the others to count and take care of the offerings, and as he took up the gold, he could not but look at his son, who was waiting for him, and who flushed all over as he met his eye. 'Yes, Papa, I wanted to tell you—I did grudge it at first,' he said hoarsely. 'I knew it was the tithe; but it seemed so much away from them all. I settled that two shillings was the tenth of my own share, and I would give that to-day; and then came Mr. Harper's kindness about the van; and next, when I was thinking how I could save the tenth part without stinting everybody, came all Mr. Audley's hamper. It is very strange and happy, Papa, and I have still something left.'

'I believe,' said Mr. Underwood, 'that you will find the considering the tithe as not your own, is the safest way of keeping poverty from grinding you, or wealth from spoiling you.'

And very affectionately he leant on his son's shoulder all the way home; while Mr. Audley was at luncheon at the Rectory with my Lady, and her twelve years old daughter.

'Mamma,' said Miss Price, 'did you see the Underwoods in new hats?'

'Of course I did, my dear. They were quite conspicuous enough; but when people make a great deal of their poverty, they always do break out in the most unexpected ways.'

'They are pretty girls,' said the Rector, rather dreamily, 'and I suppose they must have new clothes sometimes.'

'You will always find,' proceeded Lady Price without regard, 'that people of that sort have a wonderful eye to the becoming—nothing economical for them! I am sorry for Mr. Underwood, his wife is bringing up a set of fine ladies, who will trust to their pretty looks, and be quite above doing anything for themselves.'

'Do you think Wilmet and Alda Underwood so very pretty, Mr. Audley?' inquired Miss Price, turning her precocious eyes upon him.

'Remarkably so,' Mr. Audley replied, with the courteous setting-down tone that was the only thing that ever approached to subduing Miss Price, and which set her pouting without an answer.

'It is a great misfortune to girls in that station of life to have that

‘painted doll sort of beauty,’ added my Lady; ‘and what was it I heard about a pic-nic party?’

‘No party, my dear,’ replied the Rector, ‘only a little fresh air for the family—a day in the country park. Felix spends his birth-day present from his godfather in taking them.’

‘Ah! I always was sure they had rich friends, though they keep it so close. Never let me hear of their poverty after this.’

Answers only rendered it worse, so my Lady had it her own way, and not being known to the public in St. Oswald’s Buildings, did not trouble them much. Yet there was a certain deference to public opinion there, when Alda was heard pouting, ‘Felix, why did you go to that horrid Harper? Just fancy Miss Price seeing us!’

‘Who cares for a stuck-up thing like Miss Price?’ growled Felix.

‘I don’t care for her,’ said Edgar; ‘but it is just as well to have some notion of things, and Felix hasn’t a grain. Why, all the fellows will be asking which of us is pepper, and which Souchong? I wouldn’t have Froggatt or Senior see me in it at no price.’

‘Very well, stay at home then,’ said Felix.

‘You could have had the waggonet from the Fortinbras Arms,’ said Alda.

‘Ay—for all my money and not for love.’

‘Forshame, Alda,’ said her twin sister, ‘how can you be so ridiculous!’

‘You know yourself, Wilmet, it is quite true; if any of the girls see us, we shall be labeled “The Groceries.”’

‘Get inside far enough, and they will not see you.’

‘Ay, but there’ll be that disgusting little Bobbie and Lance sitting in the front, making no end of a row,’ said Edgar; ‘and the whole place will know that Mr. Underwood and his family are going out for a spree in old Harper’s van! Pah! I shall walk!’

‘So shall I,’ said Alda, ‘at least till we are out of the town; but that won’t do any good if those children will make themselves so horridly conspicuous. Could not we have the thing to meet us somewhere out of town, Felix?’

‘And how would you get Cherry there, or Mamma? Or Baby?—No, no, if you are too genteel for the van, you may walk.’

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM ; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

THE Westerleigh coach—which had travelled up to London in the early mornings, returning at night, as though the whole country were not intersected in all directions with indications of another and an improved

method of conveyance—arrived one evening at the King's Arms, in the early autumn, and set down an unusual number of passengers from the roof.

Youngish persons they seemed to be, and well dressed; and they entered the hotel immediately, as though they had been expected. All, excepting one; who with more of hesitation in his manner went up to the waiter, and asked if he could have a bed.

This was the only one of the party with whom we have any acquaintance. He is known in the Exhibition Catalogue of this summer as the painter, 'R. Gray.'

'I believe so, Sir; I will inquire.' And the man was turning away.

'Stay. Is it "the Season" at Westerleigh just now, that your hotel is so full?' asked the young artist.

'Well, Sir,' replied the man doubtfully, uncertain whether the facts of the case would warrant the application of the word, 'there is to be a wedding to-morrow; and the gentleman's friends have come down to our hotel, and well-nigh filled it up; but there will be a bed for you, Sir, no doubt.' And away went the waiter to inquire.

Robin stood in the door-way, and looked out upon the market-place. Unaltered in its general aspect, except a fancied contraction in the size. As to the details of name and trade, &c., his memory would not serve him. He looked to the left. There were the iron railings in front of the Doctor's house; the corner, where he had made in the dust one of his first essays in drawing; the door, where he had been told—though not so roughly as might be—that he was after no good.

Before him were the churchyard gates, and the church, from whence he and his sister had been hunted like dogs, and then with such touching kindness gathered in. Where was Miss Ryder now? and was she old and grey in the long space of these past ten years? And her father? He should like to see whether the name were still upon that plate upon the door.

And there, on his right hand, was the road leading to Brastings—that road . . . But here he was interrupted in his reverie by the return of the waiter, with the assurance that there was a room at his service, rather high up. Would the gentleman like to see it? No; the gentleman only wished his bag taken up, and dinner in half-an-hour. He would take a turn while it was light. But who lived in that house with the iron railings?

'Dr. Ryder, Sir,' replied the waiter, who had been longing to inform the stranger of the gay doings in prospect. 'It is Miss Ryder who is to be married to-morrow.'

'Oh, indeed. Is she a young lady, or middle-aged?'

'Not middle-aged, Sir; dear me, no! About eight-and-twenty, the folks say; and as she was born here, I make no doubt they are right. Gentleman—from London, Sir. Mr. Arthur Lloyd.'

'Oh.' Robin was looking another way; and so the waiter did not

offer any farther information. He was not really uninterested in the circumstance of Miss Ryder's marriage; but other thoughts were coursing through his mind. He stood as if uncertain for a moment; then he crossed the market-place, and disappeared through the churchyard gate.

There are those in every small country town, to whom the knowledge of another person's errand is so much treasure stored up, and to be drawn from when required—to be required most surely upon some occasion, soon or late.

One of these gossips observed the slight figure of the gentlemanly-looking youth, as he crossed the market-place; and as he became lost to view, on went the gossip's hat—not women only take part in these affairs, be it known—and he thought that it would be important to learn the object of this one of the to-morrow's guests, in going thus prematurely to see the church. So with great appearance of most pressing haste, he passed through the open gate to the stile on the opposite side.

It was almost too much happiness to be so immediately repaid for his trouble. The stranger actually turned round, and stopped this express train upon its flying journey nowhere.

'You are in haste, I perceive, and must not be detained,' said Robin, who was intending to propose a question.

'No, Sir; not in too much haste to shew you anything for a moment.'

'I was looking round here,' continued the young painter. 'I suppose these are parishioners, mostly. A great many lie here.'

'Yes, Sir, they are mostly parishioners, more or less.'

'More or less,' repeated Robin, 'did you say?'

'Yes, Sir; some for longer than others, I meant; and one or two were visitors—like you, Sir. Old Mrs. Morley was just at Mrs. Smith's three days, and was took off quite sudden. There, with the white monument, and the urn.'

'And these have no names?'

'No, Sir; the Parish buried them.'

'Were they parishioners?'

'I really can't say, Sir. One was not, I know; because there was a great talk about it. A Gipsy out of the lane there, many years ago.'

'Indeed,' said Robin. 'Which of these?' pointing.

'This one, Sir. The Vicar chose to have it so; and he read the service himself.'

'Indeed,' said Robin. 'What name was it? Some of the Gipsies have very curious names, as I have heard.'

'I do not know, Sir. Mr. Bates could have told you last year; but he has had a stroke, and his mind is not always very clear. But there was a great talk at the time; and Mr. Bates, he stood up for the churchyard, and had quite a quarrel with the old Gipsy about it. She stood out that the young one was a christened woman; and the Vicar, he thought proper to believe her, though Mr. Bates did not.'

'Mr. Bates—is that your sexton's name?'

‘Yes, Sir; he was sexton then. There he sits at his door, looking at us now.’

It was not interesting to be talking only about the Gipsies. It seemed as if the stranger could scarcely have had any purpose at all. So, failing any other subject, the gossip resumed his haste, and passed quickly over the stile.

But he turned in getting over, although it was not necessary to do so; and looking up, he saw the stranger standing, apparently lost in meditation, beside the Gipsy’s grave.

And so Robin stood, longer even than his informant could have imagined. However, on quitting the spot, he did not follow the gossip—had he done so, he might have seen him turn round, for no apparent reason, and return; but he turned towards another well-remembered path, which brought him within a very few moments into his old haunts in the Brastings Lane.

Old associations were full in the mind of the young man, as he passed out of the church porch into the lane. Yet when he thought of his present life—of the kind friends who had made him their companion and equal—of the tone of his own mind, so harmonious in everything with theirs, so utterly diverse from the old tent life—he could scarcely believe in his own identity. Was he ever ragged, and a beggar? Did he ever run after Lord Pendyne’s carriage, and ask him and his Countess for charity? Had his habitation for years been no other than the wheeled house? The lane was vacant now, although certain old traces upon the grass told where the camp had been located, either then or since. And then came other thoughts, the thoughts *burnt in*.

It was a relief to Robin to emerge out of the deep shade of the lane, into the open road again at last. He turned to the right with a quick step, and raising his eyes to observe an obstruction in his path, he found himself face to face with old Madge.

The deep flush which almost darkened the pale countenance of the young artist, would have removed from Robin any previous doubt of his identity. Yes, he was the boy again for a moment. But it told nothing but fiction to the old Gipsy.

A young man with an uneasy conscience was occasionally an easy dupe to the trade she professed: possibly this one might be superstitious or fearful as the rest. He had certainly given some evidence to her already. ‘Tell you your fortune, young gentleman?’ said she, holding out her hand. ‘Let me make it all come right for you—if you will cross my hand with a gold piece.’

‘It is all quite right, thank you,’ replied Robin, recovering himself; ‘and I am afraid I have not many gold pieces to spare.’

‘But it is not all right, young gentleman—no, no, no; when there’s something you know that you are hiding, meet whom you will—no, no.’

The flush had nearly returned to Robin’s face, as the old woman

dropped her voice to a whisper ; for he had before him the Gipsy life, which he certainly was not proclaiming to all the world.

‘ You can’t deceive the Gipsy : you had better make her your friend,’ pursued the cunning woman. ‘ Perhaps she knows things about you, young gentleman, that you don’t want to come out before everybody.’

She certainly did. Robin began to wonder whether he were really recognized.

‘ If you don’t want it to come out, you will give me the gold piece,’ continued old Madge.

‘ I will give you this, with my good wishes,’ replied Robin ; ‘ and I will give you a gold piece when I am a richer man.’

Not to purchase her silence ; but he could not leave her—so old and poor—without some token of his good will.

‘ And that you will be, some day,’ said old Madge ; for the half-crown so willingly given was not to be despised ; ‘ and you will make a noble lady very happy, though she is not thinking of you now. Then you will give your Gipsy the gold piece.’

She called the last words after him, for Robin was uncourteously proceeding on his way, with a somewhat quicker step.

Was he foolish, this young man ? but he did not like the encounter. He would finish up the work he had to do ; and he would not wait, as he had intended, to see the wedding.

He passed a tidy little garden. Old Bates was still sitting at his door. Robin had no nervous feelings about him ; and from his own pinnacle of health and strength, he pitied the infirm old man, thus helplessly passing away. He stopped for a moment. Bates liked nothing better than a good view of anyone just come into the town.

‘ Be you the bridegroom ?’ said he, looking full into Robin’s face. ‘ You are one of the party, I know ; and I hope you will have a fine day like this for the wedding.’

‘ I hope they may,’ replied Robin. He gave one look to see if old Madge were following him. ‘ But I am not one of the party ; although a good many of them traveled down with me this afternoon by the coach. Accidental, merely, my coming with them.’

‘ Be it now ?’

Bates longed to put another question, but Robin stopped him with one of his own.

‘ I see head-stones and other memorials *there*,’ said he, pointing to the churchyard gates. ‘ Have you anyone in Westerleigh who does these things, or do they come from a distance ?’

‘ No. They be all done *there*.’ He nodded in the direction of the London road. It was the extent of his interval of sense ; and the old man began rather to wander in his talk.

Robin’s hand was in his waistcoat pocket. ‘ You used to get half-crowns when you were sexton,’ said he. ‘ Here, they don’t come quite so frequently now, perhaps.’

Old Bates was himself again in a moment. He took the money eagerly from Robin's hand.

'You be a nice gentleman, sure,' said he; 'and I hope the bridegroom may be like 'ee. But *he'll* never give half-a-crown to the old sexton—not he, not he.'

Robin gave him a smile, and a friendly nod. He had not a grain of enmity against him, or against old Madge, or any living being. With a light heart, shaded a little by his errand, (not by his conscience, as the Gipsy would have had it,) he re-crossed the market-place, and went in the direction of the London road.

And the business having been transacted to his entire satisfaction, Robin left Westerleigh for the second (and last) time, on the top of the old coach.

The next morning, just after the wedding had taken place, a messenger from the King's Arms left two packages at Dr. Ryder's house.

They contained two beautiful views of North Devon, in handsome frames. One was directed to 'Mrs. Arthur Lloyd,' the other to 'Dr. Ryder,' with a brief sentence within, on a slip of paper: 'In grateful recollection of unpaid professional services.'

And ten days after, a simple white cross stood at the head of the Gipsy's grave. The words upon the base were a date of more than ten years before; and there was no memorial above, save the single name of 'Annette.'

CHAPTER VIII

SPRING time in London, summer at Pendyne Castle, autumn at Westerleigh, winter at Rome. Seems it not thus that our slight sketches are proposing to bring our readers at the date of this chapter?

Can an artist's career be perfect if he have never visited the artists' capital? Say, Mr. —, and you, Mr. —, and —, and —. Mr. Easdale has been there, we know, over and over again. Should not Robin Gray spend this winter at Rome?

Alone in his lodgings in the Via —. Alone, that he might labour at his work. Friends north and south, east and west; but Robin alone, to make the most of his precious stay in the great city.

But not always alone. That were to impede progress. See him now at our first visit. Four persons in his small studio—four, and himself a fifth. Merry voices too, and young. Italian and English. Amy, our sweet Amy, and two young peasant children being grouped by a dark Italian, who is arranging a picture for Robin Gray.

They cannot get it quite right, with the many-coloured shawl, which is likewise to have its proper arrangement; but the voices are ceasing now; the tableau will soon do. Now there is a tap at the door; Robin is standing very near, and he opens it to admit the Earl and Countess of Pendyne.

‘Good morning, Mr. Gray. I have been assuring Lady Pendyne that you will give her a welcome. She is so desirous to know what you are doing for me, my description having almost frightened her into giving it a veto, unseen.—Mr. Gray, my love; a name with which we are quite familiar; as are a great many now.’

Face to face again with the lady of his dream—of his many dreams. Lady Pendyne greeted the young artist in a friendly manner, and she did not know whither she had dispersed his thoughts.

She is not quite the lady of the dream now, or of the carriage. Robin roused himself to recall the difference. But still the face was full of tenderness, and fair, with a sweet gentle look as when she had stooped down and kissed him in the cloudy vision of the night.

‘My husband has half alarmed me, Mr. Gray, by his description; and I am come to ascertain whether the Castle can possibly contain your picture and me at the same time.’

These few words, these few thoughts, and then Robin moved a little for the advance of his visitors, disclosing the other persons in the studio.

‘My sister is kind enough to help me upon some occasions,’ said he, as a sort of introduction, when he had acknowledged the address of the Countess. ‘We are making a group, with the valuable assistance of a friend.’

The dark Italian bowed. ‘I will see you another time,’ he said; and hinting at a press of business on hand, he immediately disappeared for the day.

With a rosy tint upon her pale cheek, Amy disengaged her arm from the little child it was encircling, and rose from her low seat as the Countess advanced into the room.

‘I can scarcely consider you a stranger, Miss Gray, having the pleasure to possess so admirable a resemblance from the hand of Mr. Easdale, who is a friend of your family, I believe.’

‘So kind and good a friend,’ replied Amy, ‘that it seemed impossible to decline what has since troubled me more than I can express, upon hearing that the picture was for exhibition.’

‘Forget it now, Miss Gray,’ said Lady Pendyne kindly, ‘since it has travelled to so far a corner of the land.’

‘That is a great relief to me,’ replied Amy, feeling comfort in her explanation to the kind and gentle lady before her. ‘And it was very agreeable to me to find that you liked the painting so decidedly.’

‘Ah! for so many reasons,’ began the Countess, looking with the deepest interest at the young girl. ‘The portrait reminded me, and *you* are reminding me, of my own, my only daughter, so that if I had been seeking another—if I had ever lost—and had to look for—’

She stopped at last. She had been wishing, intending particularly, *not* to say this. Yet she felt impelled to go on almost immediately.

‘You are so young, Miss Gray, that perhaps I might ask. Would you

pardon me if I inquired whether you are about the age that I should fancy? About eighteen or nineteen?"

'Yes,' said Amy, a little astonished, 'about eighteen.' Then, since the indefiniteness of the reply might appear strange, she added, 'I have now no parents to tell me the exact date.'

Robin had placed a chair near to the Countess, but since she had remained standing, the others of the party were doing the same. Now Lady Pendyne gave one earnest glance at our little Amy for a moment, and turning very pale, she sank into the chair so conveniently placed by her side.

'This comes upon me when I look at your picture; you need not mind it, Miss Gray, I shall be better in a moment. I had a great sorrow, now just eighteen years ago.'

Amy found some eau-de-cologne in the room. It had been a present of her own; and Robin meanwhile uncovered a canvas, to divert the Countess from her sad recollections; then he took up a volume of Niccolo de' Lapi, and finding a particular page, put it into Lady Pendyne's hand.

The short sentence bracketed with a pencil was as follows:—

'Gl' infelici Galeotti che incatenati alle loro panche si sentivan rosolar le carni, senza potersi sferrare a perivan di mano in mano con lenta e crudelissima morte.'

'And the picture is to be named—?' inquired Lady Pendyne after she had read the sentence.

'I think "The Fate of the Galley Slaves,"' replied Robin, 'with the extract to tell the story. The fire has not come to them, only they know that the ship is burning, and that everyone else is getting away. I think you will like that face.'

'I am afraid it will rather haunt me, as the "Cave of Despair" did when I was a child,' returned the Countess. 'Why did you choose so distressing a subject?'

'It got into my brain after seeing a great fire in London,' replied Robin, 'and I had a strong impulse to work it out in some way like this. I hope it has not been a mistake.'

Another knock at the door—very decided indeed this time. 'Is my Lord here?'

'Lord Pendyne? Yes.'

'Am I wanted, Davis?' asked the Earl. The man's manner denoted anxiety, so his master disappeared with him for a moment. He returned with a grave expression of countenance. I must say good morning, Mr. Gray. 'Anna, the carriage will come round for you directly, as I must go at once.'

'What is it?' asked the Countess in a low voice.

'Only Spencer again,' replied the Earl, coming up quite close to his wife. 'Always in some scrape. Now he has been fighting, and is

wounded. They have sent to me because his father has just returned to England.'

'Very unfortunate,' remarked the Countess. But her husband could scarcely wait to hear it. 'Mr. Gray will take me to the Hotel.—Oh, I forgot your sister; she must not be left without you.'

'No one shall be admitted. Allow me to do you so slight a service, Lady Pendyne,' said Robin.

'If Miss Gray will not mind it,' replied the Countess. 'It is only a step to the Hotel de ——'

'I do not mind it,' said Amy, with a smile. 'The children will amuse me.'

'I shall hope to see you again, Miss Gray. Farewell. You reside, I believe, with Mr. and Mrs. Easdale?'

'Yes,' replied Amy. 'When their only daughter lost her young sisters and brother, I was invited to be her companion in the nursery.'

'I can feel for them,' said the Countess, with a sigh, alluding to the bereaved parents; 'but I should think that all that another could do to supply their losses, *you* could do, Miss Gray, with great readiness.'

'They make me very happy by saying so, sometimes,' replied Amy.

'I can understand it.' Lady Pendyne put out her hand very kindly, and left the studio under Robin's escort.

(To be continued.)

POLYGLOTT PARSING.

CHAPTER VI.

DECLENSIONS OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES.

1 ST. TIMOTHY, VI. 10.

Ῥίζα γὰρ πάντων τῶν κακῶν ἐστὶν ἡ φιλαργυρία.*

Radix enim omnium malorum est cupiditas.

Perciocchè radice di tutti i mali è l'avarizia.

Porque raiz de todos los malos ès la avaricia.

Car l'amour des richesses est la racine de toutes sortes de maux.

For the love of money is the root of all evil.

Denn Geiz ist eine Wurzel alles Uebels.

Gertrude. One word at least runs through all.

George. What—*riza*, a root?

Elvira. And how curious it is to see the changes in the word. The Latins put a *d* for a *z*, and changed the place of the vowels.

Polly. The Latin *z* was pronounced *dz*—the Greek softly, more like *j*.

Elvira. So that my *raiz* is very like the Greek *riza*.

* Riza gar pantōn tōn kakōn estin hē philarguria.

Florence. But *radice* is almost *radix*; as indeed I suspect that my Italian sounds much more like what Virgil talked than Mark's great solid hard *ray-diks*.

Mark. For shame, Florence! I talk Latin like a sensible Englishman, and nothing else.

Polly. Like nothing else, as you observe. Look at the spelling of Florence's word, and you will see the likeness.

Mark. It is the ablative case; the Italians could only remember that—stupid fellows!

Polly. No, it is the accusative contracted.

Edith. And what is a *radish*?

Mark. That's *raphanus*.

Polly. Nevertheless I imagine some Italian monk, Anselm perhaps, viewed them as the root of roots, and called them *radice*, whence *radish*.

Frances. For ours are *rave*, which must be short for *raphanus*. But how did we get *racine*?

Polly. Probably it was once in Provençal lips a word like the Spanish *raiz*, and the diminutive *ine* was added. Just as the German has added the diminutive *el* to the old High German *wurz*, the Gothic *waurts*.

Edith. That is more like *wort* than *root*.

Polly. So it is. *Wyr*t, or *wart*, was the genuine old Anglo-Saxon for the plant, and its under-ground portion too. But the Danes brought us their word *rôt*, and we adopted it, and made the distinction; *wort* was the whole plant, *root* the under-ground part. The noun, according to Wedgewood, comes from the verb, *rota*—to dig. The root is the thing dug for.

Mark. Ha! The Greek verb for to dig is *orysso*, or *orytto*; and *oryche* is a pig's snout.

Gertrude. As *rüssel* is in German—the instrument of rooting, or digging.

Polly. A more dignified word comes from that same rooting or digging root. We got it from the North, *writa*—to write. And now observe from how many languages we have taken this word, with different powers of expression.

Edith. *Wort*, as in the names of flowers—*stitch-wort*. That is our own English.

Gertrude. It was the word for cabbage in Shakspeare's time. When Sir Hugh Evans says, '*Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts,' Falstaff mocks his Welsh pronunciation with, 'Good worts, good cabbage.'

Edith. Then there is *root* from the Danish, *radish* from the Italian.

Gertrude. Ay, and another from me—*mangel-wurzel*—the root of scarcity, which ignorant people spoil by spelling it mangold, and leaving out the *wurzel*.

Edith. Oh! And there are a whole set of words from the Latin. *Radical*—going to the root; and *eradicate*—to pull up by the root.

Frances. The like of which French made out of its own word, *racine*, *déraciner*—pull up by the root.

Gertrude. I observe *root* is always feminine.

Edith. Not in English. We are too sensible.

Frances. But how curious it is about gender! Here in French there are only two.

Frances. And in Italian.

Elvira. While in Spanish neuter pronouns and articles are used only when infinitive verbs or sentences become nominatives or objectives.

Gertrude. In German there are the three genders; but in dealing with inanimate things, there is no real reason for their classification.

George. And Mark and I must confess the same with regard to Latin and Greek. Is English really the only language that confines masculine and feminine to what really has a sex, and neuter to what has none?

Polly. As far as I know. And even Anglo-Saxon followed the common practice. It is supposed that our present rule rose out of a compromise between old English with its three genders, and Norman-French with its two.

Mark. The most sensible compromise that ever was made.

Edith. But not accepted by all. In all country dialects almost, the people have no neuter.

Polly. It is supposed that the original language went upon the same principle as we have returned to, but it may have been confused by the tendency to personify.

Mark. Most words shew their genders by their terminations.

Polly. Or, as the Comparative Grammar says, 'they often are indicated by different stems of the same word.'

Gertrude. What is a stem, and what is a root?

Polly. The root is the first, if you please. They are the primary element of the words formed from them; not usable words themselves, but a germ, expressing the idea that all are formed on. So *gan* is the root of hosts of terms for birth or beginning; *ne* in like manner for those concerned with con-nec-ting; *gna* for those with knowing.

Gertrude. Then a stem grows from a root, I suppose.

Polly. The stem answers to the crude form. It is the essential part of a noun, or a verb, which pervades and indicates its changes, and contains the allusion to the root; but it is not a perfect word. *Ra* is the root, *reg* is the stem, of *rex*—a king; *regi*, the stem of the verb *regere*—to rule.

Gertrude. Can the stem be in more than one language at once?

Polly. Not properly; but inasmuch as the Romance languages use generally one case of the Latin, and follow its gender, the stem may be said to have branched out into them.

Mark. Feminine nouns prevail to-day.

Gertrude. *Geiz* is masculine; and so is *evil* in all the languages, I believe.

Polly. Now let us try the classification of the terminations. I will read you a sentence. 'In Sanskrit all the three vowels, *a*, *i*, *u*, occur in

the end of nominal stems. They are usually of the masculine gender; *a* is always masculine or neuter. It is represented by *a* in Zend, and in a few cases in Gothic; by *o* in Greek or Latin.'

George. Give us an instance. I thought *a* was the feminine sign.

Polly. That is the longer *ā*. Besides, this is *a* in Sanskrit, or Gothic, *o* in Greek and Latin, so that it is really the typical masculine form.

George. You mean what ends in *os* in Greek, *us* in Latin.

Polly. You mean *os* and *us* in the nominative case singular, *s* being its regular sign, and just as much a case-ending as any of the others.

Mark. Pish!

George. Never mind him, Polly. Say *lukos*; but it is *lupus* in Latin. The Greek stem is *luko*; but it is not *lupu* in Latin.

Polly. No; the *o* in Latin changes to *us* to distinguish the nominative case. I believe it did not in the earlier Latin. You chose a good word, George, for it is quite a typical one. The stem is *vrk-a* in Sanskrit, *vrk-as* in the nominative; the Greek stem is *lyko*, *lykos* nominative; the Gothic *vulf-a*; but *vulfs*, leaving out the *a* in the case-ending.

Gertrude. Oh! but did not the Scandinavians represent the *a* by an *r*? They called Ulf Ulfr.

Polly. Yes; and it was long before the French dropped the nominative singular *s*. They wrote *loups* for a great while in the middle ages; and it was only gradually forgotten. Brachet mentions a poem written to imitate old style under Louis XV., which failed for want of the nominative *s*.

George. *S*, you say, is the nominative sign in all declensions, as *a* long is in feminine ones, I suppose, only that it is often *η*, (*eta*), *e* long, in Greek.

Polly. Yes. In that first declension masculine and neuter have the *o* stem, with *os* and *on*, or *us* and *um*, for their nominatives; the feminine has the *a* stem, but omits the *s*, with *e* in Greek, *a* in Latin. Take a regular adjective and shew it, George.

George. *Agatho*, then *agathos*, *agathon*, masculine and neuter; *agathē*, feminine.

Mark. *Bono*, (if you will have it so,) *bonus*, *bonum*; feminine, *bona*.

Polly. While Anglo-Saxon has *god* in masculine and neuter, *gode* in feminine; and Gothic, *gods* masculine, *god* neuter, *goda* feminine.

Gertrude. But mine is masculine *guter*, neuter *gutes*, feminine *gute*; and oddly enough, the stem serves as an adverb.

Florence and Elvira. We keep the feminine *a*.

Frances. And we only write the *e*, and sometimes double the previous letter.

George. So much for the nominative of the *a*—the first—declension.

Polly reads. *I* occurs in all three genders. It is *i* or *e* in Greek, with *s* for the nominative.

Mark. Yes; there goes that *i* declension. It is exactly the same in the feminine, and it is *e* in the neuter.

Polly. The *i* long, feminine, generally seems to be altered by the addition of other letters. The *u* stem is the origin of that declension which has the *u* stem in Latin.

Mark. Like *gradus*, or *manus*.

Polly. Then there are the consonant stems. For instance, here is *vak*—a voice, the nominative of which is *vaksh* in Sanskrit.

Mark. *Vox*?

Polly. The *x* is the compound of *s* with the preceding *k*. So *s* is mixed into an *x* after *g*, as in *lex*, *rex*. Or when there is *t*, *n*, or *d*, the stem consonant is missed out of the nominative, as in *virtut*, when, instead of *virtuts*, you say *virtus*.

George. Does your grammar go to the accusative next? I suppose *n* in Greek, and *m* in Latin, are the signs—*agathon*, *bonum*.

Mark. Yes, it is always *m*.

Polly. With a vowel inserted to make it possible to pronounce in the consonant stems, *Felic—em*.

Edith. Well, we say *him*.

Polly. Our only remnant!

George. You make vocative come next, do not you?

Polly. That has no sign. It is generally the same as the nominative; but sometimes—as in the first declension of Greek and Latin—

Mark. It is *e*; as comes naturally in calling, *Domine*—Master.

Polly. We will pass over the forgotten cases, and go on to the genitive. There seem to be several varieties of genitive endings in *sya*, *ds*, *as*, *s*—*vrka-sya*, which your Greeks contracted first into *lykoio*, and then into *lykou*, while the Latins dropped into *i* alone.

Mark. Ah, I see now! Your old form of *ds* has stuck by those irregular genitives, *familiás*, *terrás*.

Polly. You are right. And then follows the *as* form, which has resulted in those declensions, which in Greek are *os*, in Latin *is*. The instance here given is *the foot*, boys.

George. *Pous*, *podos*.

Mark. *Pes*, *pedis*.

George. Of course the nominatives are contractions, leaving out the *d* as troublesome to say.

Polly. There is to be added to these those with the *u* stem, which in Greek have a genitive in the long *ós*.

George. Like *polis*, *poleós*—a city.

Polly. Or without the *s*—

George. *Leós*, *leó*—the people.

Mark. That answers to the fourth Latin declension with the long *u*, like *gradus*, *gradûs*—a step; *manus*, *manûs*—a hand.

Florence. I am afraid we have all lost our genitives, except through the preposition.

Polly. Yes, they have long been gone from the Romance languages, though the Goth had a well-declined genitive; *himins*—heaven, was in the genitive *himins*.

Gertrude. And is *himmels* still. All masculines and neuters take *es* or *s*.

Polly. So too the Anglo-Saxon had *s* in some declensions, and left it to us.

Edith. Is it not the rule that we can only put on the 's to persons, living things, and personifications. You can say *the man's leg*, or *the dog's leg*; but you can't say *the table's leg*.

Polly. Right: we have lost our genitive suffix, except with animated things, and in a few exceptions.

Edith. Is not the *s* short for *his*? It is odd though, because we don't say *the Queen her crown*, or *the cows their horns*.

Polly. That shews the fallacy. It was a blunder of the grammarians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and they entailed it upon us by putting in the apostrophe, to stand for the supposed omission of two letters of *his*, and by inserting *his* in the end of the Prayer for All Conditions of Men.

Edith. Then it is foolish to use the 's?

Polly. Foolish as regards grammatical accuracy; not foolish as regards an appearance of pedantry.

Edith. Was not the *s* in all the genitives?

Polly. No; though *smith* made *smithes*; *sunu*—a son, was *sunu* in the genitive; *vitega*—a prophet, was *vitegan*; and in the feminine was *viln*—a female slave or villain—*vilne*.

Edith. Why were they all made into *s*?

Polly. Probably to save the Norman nobles the trouble of learning them. *Es*, or *is*, was generally used in old English, making a fresh syllable, and the apostrophe may be supposed to stand for that omitted *e*.

George. Dative!

Polly. Dative is not universally interesting, as only Greek, Latin, and German have it at all.

Gertrude. And that is *e*. *Wein*, *weines*, *weine*.

Elvira. Spanish and Italian make the first declension *o* or *a* in all cases; but in consonant stems, like *virtus*, *virtutis*, Spanish cuts off the stem short with a hardened letter, *virtud*, or the Latin *c* turns into *z*.

Edith. The plurals?

Polly. *As* is the Sanskrit sign of the nominative masculine plural; and in combination with the *i* and *u* stems it makes *és* and *ós*. Then in the *o* declension, George, such as *vrka*, *vrkâs*.

George. *Lykos, lykoi*. It changed into an *i*.

Mark. Yes; *lupus, lupi*.

Florence. *Lupi*—all right still.

Frances. *Loups*.

Polly. The Gothic was *vulfos*.

Gertrude. Ah! the German is *wolfen*.

Polly. Saxon, *wulfas*.

Edith. *Wolves*.

Polly. Your *loups*, Frances, is a novelty. The *s* used to be left for the nominative singular; but it seems to have been changed over to the plural to follow the analogy of other languages.

Elvira. My *lobos* is an accusative plural, made to do duty for all.

Polly. So, in a measure, is Gertrude's word; for *vulfans* was the right Gothic plural, and the *s* seems to have been left out. In the consonant stems, in the nominative plural, *es* goes pretty well through all the languages, only that it becomes *yus* in the Gothic; and in the ancient ones, the neuter plural *a* is almost as invariable, even in the Gothic. I think the *n* and *er* plurals of the modern German, and of some few old English words, arise from the other cases having usurped the nominative. *N* is the regular Sanskrit plural; and the sign *s* goes, as a general thing, through all the languages, except those that have lost their nominative.

Mark. But without the *n*.

Polly. Yes; the Gothic is the most perfect in this respect. *Hand* is *handans* in the accusative plural.

Frances. Is it worth while to go into the other plural cases, which no modern language has?

Mark. Oh, do just tell us what your Sanskrit grammar says about those *orum* genitive plurals.

Polly. Which Frances need not despise, for her pronoun *leur* is the remains of *illorum*. My book says that *ām* is the sign of the genitive plural in Sanskrit, but inserting *n* in vowel stems. Let us take our old friend the wolf—*vrka*, *vrkâ*, *n*, *am*.

George. *Lykôn*; the Greek generally taking *n* for *m*, but not inserting *n*.

Mark. And *luporum* inserts *r* instead.

Polly. Gothic is *vulfe*, Saxon *wulfa*; but these are both forgotten.

George. The *ôn* is invariable in all declensions in Greek.

Mark. As *um* is in Latin; only those with the *i* stems make it *ium*, and the *u*, *uum*—*hostium*, *graduum*.

Polly. The dative plural sign was *bhyas*, which you know well as sometimes *bus*, sometimes *is*. The Gothic sign is *m*; the Anglo-Saxon was *um*.

Gertrude. That *m*, I suppose, sank into the universal *n* of the German dative plural.

George. But you have not accounted the *si* dative plural of Greek.

Polly. That is according to my book not a dative at all, but a locative plural. You said Greek had a few irregular locatives singular. Its plurals dative are all locative, and answer to the *shu*, or *su*, of Sanskrit, the *shva* of Zend. So you see, if the Greeks agreed with the Persians in nothing else, they did in their locative plural.

George. It is the less wonder, as their dative did more work than the Latin dative. Well, it is very queer work to hunt down these things.

(*To be continued.*)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUMINATION.

(IN SIX PARTS.)

PART I.

It is necessary, in tracing the history of Illumination as a branch of decorative art, to consider it in its relations to contemporary work both of painting and sculpture. For it is only by looking at it side by side with the higher branches of art, that the beauty of noble conventional ornament can be felt, and its place in the unity of art determined; and it is by watching the growth of art as a whole, that the history of any one branch of it is really understood; since the same laws govern, and the same moral and physical influences affect it alike in its highest and lowest offices.

For the Art of Illumination is not mere 'monk's crochet-work,' as someone contemptuously called it: the important place which it occupied in mediæval art, and its educational value in an age when printing and wood-cuts were unknown, are now too frequently forgotten.

Illumination is best defined as the art of surrounding and ornamenting writing with such combinations of pure colour, as shall make it pleasing to the eye. This may be done, not only by the arrangement of conventional patterns, but also by the representation of birds, animals, and flowers, in few and characteristic lines, and in arbitrary or flat colours. But from the time when the illuminators of the fifteenth century introduced shadows and reflections into their borders, the art began to decline, for its limits were overstepped, and its true office forgotten.

The subject of grotesque representations in art is a wide one, and might furnish matter by itself for a volume; but as in the middle ages Illumination was the chief field for displaying it, a few words concerning it are necessary. Illumination, as being strictly an ornamental art, is limited to pure unshaded colour, and conventional treatment of subject, and is therefore peculiarly fitted for the expression of fanciful ideas. For the essence of the grotesque is suggestiveness: it displays the signs of ideas otherwise inexpressible, and it would generally be impossible to

work out these conceptions without diminishing the suggestiveness of the picture. In fine grotesque drawing, as that of Durer and Blake, the addition of detail would weaken the force of the ideas which are grand in their incompleteness.

The fables of the middle ages were thus continually represented in MSS. both sacred and secular; the vices of the age condemned, and even its follies and the extravagances of dress satirized. One of the best known of these fables is that of Reynard the fox and Isegrim the wolf; the former representing the Church, and generally dressed as a monk; while the latter was the type of the rapacious mediæval barons. This representation of the fox as an ecclesiastic is very common in English work of the middle ages, and one of the boldest of these satires is in a painted window of St. Martin's Church at Leicester. A fox dressed as a monk is preaching to a congregation of geese, the text inscribed over him being, 'God is my witness, how I desire you all in my bowels.'

The extravagant shape and size of some articles of dress from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, called forth the condemnation of the ecclesiastics of those periods, and were satirized with an unsparing hand. Tradition says that the ladies of the twelfth century invented stays, in order to make their figures appear more slender, which seems to have been considered a grave impropriety; for in a MS. of the period, a demon is represented clad in the objectionable article. In a French MS. of the fifteenth century, the absurd height of hats and length of boots worn by gentlemen are caricatured; and another MS. of the same date depicts a sow wearing the enormous steepled cap then fashionable among ladies. The vice of gluttony is constantly satirized in connection with the monks, and a MS. of the fourteenth century has a picture of a monk eating pies by himself, which are held up to him by a little demon. There is no doubt, however, that the Illuminated Art of the middle ages was essentially religious, and it is probable that the best work was, as a rule, reserved for Church MSS. and books of devotion.

There remain a few words to be said about the mediæval feeling for colour. Until the general decay of all decorative art during the Renaissance period, no system of ornament existed without it; and it is said that the feeling for colour is most strongly developed in the Semitic races. It is probable, too, that there existed in the minds of the early Christians a feeling for the sacredness of colour, which may have been a chief cause of its universal adoption in their art and worship. The minute directions given to Moses regarding the use of colour in the worship of God, may have led them to reverence it, to dwell on its symbolism, and to give, as we know they did, to each tint its own typical significance. We in this age have accustomed ourselves to think that pure bright colouring is 'gay' and 'glaring;' but the artists of early Christendom felt more truly that there was a solemn gladness in its brilliancy, with which all earthly beauty was woven: specially sanctified, as it was, by the patterns of heavenly things shewed to Moses on Mount

Sinai, and connected still more closely with their holiest thoughts in the visions of St. John of the rainbow-girt throne, and of Him Who was as a jasper and a sardine stone.

However this may be, it is certain that from the earliest Christian times the writers of the sacred books ornamented them according to their skill and knowledge with bright hues; at first varying the black with only red and yellow capitals, and gradually increasing the number and brilliancy of colours, till in the thirteenth century the perfect balance of colour was attained. The perfection of design and harmony of colour attained by the Illuminators of that age were indeed wonderful; like the notes in a perfect melody of music, in which every one fulfils the rest, and without any one of which the harmony would be imperfect.

There is no one period in history in which one can say that the art of ornamental writing was invented. Like all other art, it had its origin in very remote times, and was gradually developed through the same channels. The earliest known writings of the world are the hieroglyphic writings of the Egyptians on papyri, into some of which pictures were inserted, but the usual ornamentation of which consisted in the occasional use of vermilion. Gold-leaf was known to them, but seems to have been chiefly reserved for painting the coffins and faces of mummies. They must, however, have possessed much knowledge and feeling for colour, for they attained great perfection in the arts of mosaic and enameling; and, in all probability, it was from Egypt that the Persians derived their knowledge of these arts, which in after ages the Byzantines learned from them.

In the earliest periods, the representations of ideas were really symbolic drawings; and letters, or signs of *sounds*, were originally derived from the initial sound of the names of things represented by such rude pictures. In all times before men had sufficient knowledge otherwise to represent the idea intended, they have used simple figures borrowed from the world of nature, which conveyed their meaning by analogy. Thus 'picture writing' in some form must have been used in the earliest ages. Symbolic representation is a characteristic of all early Christian art, and gave place very gradually to a more natural expression of ideas; and in the East, Egyptian traditions and symbols probably exercised some influence over Christian painting, chiefly that of the Gnostics. The Copts are said to be the immediate descendants of the ancient Egyptians: they were converted to Christianity within the first century, and their patriarchs claim to be descended from St. Mark. Mr. Curzon mentions, that on the opening of the tomb of St. Mark, who was buried in Egypt, a fragment of his Gospel was found within it, which was supposed to have belonged to the saint. It was in Latin, and beautifully written on vellum.

Some of the oldest books in existence are in the libraries of the Coptic monasteries; and among the most valuable MSS. preserved in the British Museum, are those in the Syriac language, which were

purchased from the Coptic monks. They do not appear, however, to be aware of the value of their treasures, or to have much care for their preservation; for Mr. Curzon, in a visit to one of the Abyssinian monasteries, found that some of the MSS. were used as coverings for pickle-jars, among which was a fine and ancient copy of the Gospels lying on the floor. A closet in the oil-cellar of the same monastery, on being opened, was found filled two feet deep with leaves of MSS.: these were the valuable Syriac MSS. now in the British Museum. The arrangements of libraries in Abyssinian monasteries is very curious, and probably unchanged from the earliest times. A wooden shelf is continued all round the walls of the room, underneath which project pegs of about a foot and a half in length; on these the books are hung, two or three on a peg. In the library instanced by Mr. Curzon, fifty books were thus hung round the room. They were chiefly bound in red leather, or boards carved in curious devices, and kept in cases tied up with leather thongs, by means of which they were hung to the pegs.

Papyrus was used very extensively in the East, and also occasionally in the West, probably on account of the scarcity of vellum. In some early French MSS. vellum and papyrus are used in alternate pages. It would seem that the invention of inks caused the manufacture of softer materials than wood and ivory, which were used to a great extent by Western nations, until parchment and paper became attainable. It is said that Julius Cæsar first caused MSS. to be folded into pages in the form of modern books: until then, they had always been kept in rolls, in which form MSS. are occasionally seen of as late a date as the seventh century.

Mr. Curzon, in his interesting account of the monasteries of the Levant,* gives a minute description of the manner in which the modern Abyssinian scribes pursue at this day the art of ornamental writing, preserving the traditions and curious habits of ancient times. The modes of representing and colouring sacred pictures have, wherever the Eastern Church holds rule, remained unalterable ever since the eighth century, when the Second Council of Nicæa decreed that it was 'not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Catholic Church.' The utensils and manner of writing are probably still more ancient, having descended from the Egyptians. The ancient Coptic books are chiefly written on cotton paper, as are also the Arabic MSS. The use of this paper, which was discovered at Memphis, is very ancient. It was a kind of skin found in certain trees, between the bark and the wood, and called *libes*. The modern scribe sits on the ground after the ancient custom, his ink-horn stuck into the ground beside him, and his vellum held on the knee, or in the palm of the left hand. Each letter is painted separately with the Eastern reed-pen, one page being considered a good day's work. The figure outlines are generally drawn first with the pen, and then filled in with the primitive brush, made by chewing a reed into threads, and then biting it

* From which the following account is borrowed.

to a point. The colours, which are chiefly composed of ochres, are mixed with the yolk of an egg, and any mistakes are smeared off with a wet finger and thumb.

This sketch of the primitive artistic customs of the monks of the Levant, may serve as an introduction to some remarks on Byzantine art. The first school of Illumination took root at Byzantium, and from thence spread through Europe, marking with its peculiarities all the national schools with which it came in contact, but gradually dying away with the development of intellectual vigour and freedom of thought.*

(To be continued.)

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XI.

NORTH TIROL—THE INNTHAL.

INNSBRUCK (*continued*); FERDINAND I., THE HOFKIRCHE, MAXIMILIAN'S CENOTAPH, ITS BAS-RELIEF, STATUES; MIRAKEL-BILD DES H. ANTON; FÜRSTENCHOR; ABJURATION OF QUEEN CHRISTINA—INTRODUCTION OF JESUITS, RESULTS—THE FROMME SIECHIN—FERDINAND II., HIS PEACEFUL TASTES, ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT, PHILIPPINE WELSER, MÉNAGE AT SCHLOSS AMBRAS, COLLECTIONS, CURIOSITIES, PORTRAITS; PHILIPPINE'S END.

'Many centuries have been numbered,
Since in death the monarch slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:
But his good deeds, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grow and gleam immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.'

Longfellow.

FERDINAND THE FIRST'S reign has many mementos in Innsbruck. He built the Franciscan church, otherwise called the *heiligen Kreuzkirche* and the *Hofkirche*, which, tradition says, had been projected by his grandfather, Kaiser Max, though there is no written record of the fact; and he raised within it a most grandiose and singular monument to him, which has alone sufficed to attract many travellers to Tirol. The original object of the foundation of the church seems to have been the establishment of a college of canons in this centre, to oppose the advance

* Our readers will remember that mention of the text quoted in this paper, though it could not well be omitted as an instance of the grotesque in art, must not be taken as a sanction for irreverent application of Scripture.—ED.

of Lutheran teaching. It was begun in 1543, the first design having been rejected by Ferdinand as not grand enough; and consecrated in 1563. He seems to have been at some pains to find a colony of religious willing to undertake, and competent to fulfil, his requirements; and not coming to an agreement with any in Germany or the Netherlands, ultimately called in a settlement of Franciscans from Trent and the Venetian provinces, consisting of twenty priests and thirteen lay-brothers. The chief ornament of the building itself are the ten large—but too slender—red marble columns, which support the *plateresque* roof. The greater part of the nave is taken up with Maximilian's monument—cenotaph rather, for he lies buried at Wiener-Neustadt, the oft-contemplated translation of his remains never having been carried into effect. It was Innsbruck's fault, as we have seen, that they were not originally laid to rest there, and it is her retribution to have been denied the honour of housing them hitherto. The monument itself is a pile upwards of thirteen feet long, and six high, of various coloured marbles raised on three red marble steps; on the top is a colossal figure, representing the Kaiser dressed in full imperial costume, kneeling, his face being directed towards the altar—a very fine work, cast in bronze by Luigi del Duca, a Sicilian, in 1582. The sides and ends are divided by slender columns into twenty-four fine white marble compartments,* setting forth the story

* For the convenience of the visitor to Innsbruck, but not to interrupt the text, I subjoin here a list of the subjects. (1.) The marriage of Maximilian (then aged eighteen) with Mary of Burgundy at Ghent. (2.) His victory over the French at Guinegate, when he was twenty. (3.) The taking of Arras thirteen years later; not only are the fighting folk and the fortifications in this worthy of special praise, but there is a bit of by-play, the careful finish of which must not be overlooked; and the figure of one woman in particular, who is bringing provisions to the camp, is a masterpiece in itself. (4.) Maximilian is crowned King of the Romans. The scene is the interior of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle: the Prince is seated on a sort of throne before the altar; the Electors are busied with their hereditary part in the ceremony; the dresses of the courtiers in the crowd, and the ladies high above in their tribune, are a perfect record for the costumier, so minute are they in their faithfulness. (5.) The Battle of Castel della Pietra, or Stein am Calliano, the landscape background of which is excellent; the Tirolese are seen driving the Venetians with great fury before them over the Etsch. (Adige.) (6.) Maximilian's entry into Vienna (1490) in course of the contest for the crown of Hungary after the death of Matthias Corvinus; the figure of Maximilian on his prancing horse is drawn with great spirit. (7.) The siege of Stuhlweissenburg, taken by Maximilian the same year; the horses in this tableau deserve particular notice. (8.) The eighth represents an episode which it must have required some courage to record among the acts of so glorious a reign; it shews Maximilian receiving back his daughter Margaret, when, in 1493, Charles VIII. preferred Anne of Brittany to her. The French envoys hand to the Emperor two keys, symbols of the suzerainty of Burgundy and Artois, the price of the double affront of sending back his daughter and depriving him of his bride, for Anne had been betrothed to him. [Margaret, though endowed with the high qualities of her race, was not destined to be fortunate in her married life: her hand was next sought by Ferdinand V. of Spain for his son Don Juan, who died very shortly after the marriage. She was again married, in

of his achievements in lace-like relief. If the treatment of the facts is sometimes somewhat legendary, the details and accessories are most painstakingly and delicately rendered, great attention having been paid to the faithfulness of the costumes and buildings introduced, and the most exquisite finish lavished on all. They were begun in 1561 by the brothers Bernhard and Arnold Abel of Cologne, who went in person to Genoa to select the Carrara tablets for their work; but they both died in 1563, having only completed three. Then Alexander Collin of Mechlin took up the work, and with the aid of a large school of artists completed them in all their perfection in three years more. Around it stands a noble guard of ancestors historical and mythological, cast in bronze, of colossal proportions, twenty-eight in number. It is a solemn sight as you enter in the dusk of evening, to see those stern old heroes keeping eternal watch round the tomb of him who has been called 'the last of the Knights,'—*der letzte Ritter*. They have not, perhaps, the surpassing merit of the Carrara reliefs, but they are nobly conceived nevertheless;

1508, to Philibert Duke of Savoy, who died without children three years later. As Governess of the Netherlands, however, her prudent administration made her very popular.] (9.) Maximilian's campaign against the Turks in Croatia. (10.) The League of Maximilian with Alexander VI., the Doge of Venice, and the Duke of Milan, against Charles VIII. of France; the four potentates stand in a palatial hall joining hands, and the French are seen in the background fleeing in dismay. (11.) The investiture at Worms of Ludovico Sforza with the Duchy of Milan. The portraits of Maximilian are well preserved on each occasion that he is introduced, but in none better than in this one: Maria Bianca is seen seated to the left of the throne, Sforza kneels before them; on the waving standard, which is the token of investiture, the ducal arms are plainly discernible. (12.) The marriage at Brussels, in 1496, of Philip *der Schöne*, Maximilian's son, with Juana of Spain; the Archbishop of Cambrai is officiating, Maximilian stands on the right side of his son: Charles Quint was born of this marriage. (13.) A victorious campaign in Bohemia in 1504. The 14th represents the episodes of the siege of Kufstein, recorded in the second chapter of these Traditions. (1504.) (15.) The submission of Charles d' Egmont to Maximilian, 1505. The Kaiser sits his horse majestically; the Duke of Gueldres stands with head uncovered; the battered battlements of the city are seen behind them. (16.) The League of Cambrai, 1508. The scene is a handsome tent in the camp near Cambray; Maximilian, Julius II., Charles VIII., and Ferdinand V., are supposed to meet, to unite in league against Venice. (17.) The Siege of Padua, 1509; the first result of this League; the view of Padua in the distance must have required the artist to have visited the place. (18.) The expulsion of the French from Milan, and reinstatement of Ludovico Sforza, 1512. (19.) The second battle of Guinegate: Maximilian fights on horseback; Henry VIII. leads the allied infantry. 1515. (20.) The conjunction of the Imperial and English forces before Terouenne: Maximilian and Henry are both on foot. 1513. (21.) The battle of Vicenza, 1513. (22.) The siege of Marano, on the Venetian coast. The 23rd represents a noble hall at Vienna, such details as the pictures on the walls not being omitted: Maximilian is treating with Uladislans, King of Hungary, for the double marriage of their offspring—Anna and Ludwig, children of the latter, with Ferdinand and Maria, grandchildren of the former—an alliance which had its consequence in the subsequent incorporation of Hungary with the Empire. (24.) The defence of Verona by the Imperial forces against the French and Venetians.

for lightness of poise, combined with excellence of proportion and delicacy of finish, I think the figure of our own King Arthur commends itself most to my admiration; but that of Theodoric is generally reckoned to bear away the palm from all the rest. They stand in the following order.

Starting on the right side of the nave on entering, we have:

1. Clovis, the first Christian King of France.
2. Philip 'the Handsome,' of the Netherlands, Maximilian's son, reckoned as Philip I. of Spain, though he never reigned there.
3. Rudolf of Hapsburg.
4. Albert (II.) the Wise, Maximilian's great-grandfather.
5. Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. (455-526.)
6. Ernest *der Eiserne*, Duke of Austria and Styria. (1377-1424.)
7. Theodebert, Duke of Burgundy. (640.)
8. King Arthur of England.
9. Sigismund *der Münzreiche*, Count of Tirol. (1427-96.)
10. Maria Bianca Sforza, Maximilian's second wife. (died 1510.)
11. The Archduchess Margaret, Maximilian's daughter.
12. Cymburgis of Massovica, wife of Ernest *der Eiserne*. (died 1433.)
13. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, father of Maximilian's first wife.
14. Philip the Good, father of Charles the Bold, Founder of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

This completes the file on the right side; on our walk back down the other side we come to—

15. Albert II., Duke of Austria, and Emperor of Germany. (1397-1439.)
16. Emperor Frederick I., Maximilian's father. (1415-95.)
17. St. Leopold, Margrave of Austria; since 1506 the patron saint of Austria. (1073-1136.)
18. Rudolf, Count of Hapsburg, grandfather or uncle of 'Rudolf of Hapsburg.'
19. Leopold III., 'the Pious,' Duke of Austria, Maximilian's great-grandfather; killed at Sempach, 1439.
20. Frederick IV. of Austria, Count of Tirol, surnamed '*mit der leeren Tasche*.'
21. King Albert I., Duke of Austria, afterwards Emperor. (born 1248; assassinated by his nephew John of Swabia, 1308.)
22. Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem in 1099, died in 1100.
23. Elizabeth, consort of the Emperor Albert II., daughter of Sigismund, King of Hungary and Bohemia. (1396-1442.)
24. Mary of Burgundy, Maximilian's first wife. (1457-82.)
25. Eleonora of Portugal, wife of the Emperor Frederick III., Maximilian's mother.

- 26. Cunigunda, Maximilian's sister, wife of Duke Albert IV. of Bavaria.
- 27. Ferdinand the Catholic.
- 28. Johanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and wife of Maximilian's son, Philip I. of Spain.

There is a good deal of difference in the quality both of the design and execution; the greater number and the more artistic were cast by Gregor Löffler, who established a foundry on purpose at Bücksenhäusen; the rest by Stephen and Melchior Godl, and Hanns Lendenstreich, who worked at Muhlau, a suburb of Innsbruck. All honour is due to them for the production of some of the most remarkable works of their age; but it was some unknown mind, probably that of some humble nameless Franciscan, to whom is due the conception and arrangement of this piece of symbolism. It originally included, besides the statues already enumerated, twenty-three others, of saints, which were to have received a more elevated station, and are consequently of much smaller size. They are now placed in the so-called 'Silver Chapel,' and are too frequently overlooked; but it is necessary to take them into account in order worthily to criticize this great monument. They are as follows:—

1. S. Adelgunda, daughter of Walbert, Count of Haynault.
2. S. Adelbert, Count of Brabant.
3. S. Doda, wife of S. Arnulf, Duke of the Moselle.
4. S. Hermelinda, daughter of Witger, Count of Brabant.
5. S. Guy, Duke of Lotharingia.
6. S. Simpert, Bishop of Augsburg, son of Charlemagne's sister Symporiana, who rebuilt the monastery of S. Magnus at Füssen.
7. S. Jodok, son of a king of Great Britain; he wears a palmer's dress.
8. S. Landerich, Bishop of Metz, son of S. Vincent, Count of Haynault, and S. Waltruda.
9. S. Clovis.
10. S. Oda, wife of Duke Conrad.
11. S. Pharaïld, daughter of Witger, Count of Brabant.
12. S. Reinbert, brother of the last.
13. S. Roland, brother of S. Simpert.
14. S. Stephen, King of Hungary.
15. S. Venantius, martyr, son of Theodoric, Duke of Lotharingia.
16. S. Waltruda, mother of S. Landerich. (No. 8.)
17. S. Arnulf, husband of S. Doda, (No. 3,) afterwards Bishop of Metz.
18. S. Chlodulf, son of S. Waltruda (No. 16,) also Bishop of Metz.
19. S. Gudula, sister of S. Albert, Count of Brabant.
20. S. Pepin Teuto, Duke of Brabant.
21. S. Trudo, priest, son of S. Adela.
22. S. Vincent, monk.
23. Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Holy men and women, all more or less closely connected with the House of Hapsburg. It needs no laboured argument to shew the appropriateness of thus representing to the life the solidarity of the piety and worth of the great hero's earthly family, though a few words may not be out of place to distinguish the characters allied only or chiefly by the ties of the great family of chivalry. These are—1. King Arthur, (No. 8,) representative of the mythology of the Round Table. 2. Roland, (No. 13 in the series of the saints,) representing the myths of the Twelve Peers of France. 3. Theodobert, (No. 7,) who received a hero's death in the plain of Chalons at the hand of Attila, to be immortalized in the Western Niebelungen

Myths. 4. Theodoric, (No. 5,) celebrated as 'Dietrich von Bern' in the Eastern. 5. Godfrey de Bouillon, (No. 22,) representing the legendary glory of the Crusades.

The two other statues, of a later date—S. Francis and S. Clare, are by Moll, a native of Innsbruck, who became a sculptor of some note at Vienna. The picture of S. Anthony over the altar of the Confraternity of S. Anthony, on the Epistle side of this church, has a great reputation among the people, because it remained uninjured in a fire which in 1661 burnt down the Church of Zirl, where it was originally placed. Five years later, it was brought hither for greater honour, and was let into a larger painting by Jele of Vienna, representing a multitude of sick and suffering brought by their friends to pray for healing before it. There is not much else in this church that is noteworthy, (besides the Silver Chapel, which belongs to the notice of Ferdinand II. ;) what there is, may be mentioned in a few lines, namely—the *Fürstenchor*, or tribune for the royal family, high up on the right side of the chancel, with the adjoining little chapel and its paintings, and cedar-wood organ, the gift of Julius II. to Ferdinand I.; the quaint old clock; and the memory that Queen Christina of Sweden made her abjuration here, 28th October, 1655. Her conduct on the occasion was, according to local tradition, most edifying; she was dressed plainly in black silk, with no other ornament than a large cross on her breast, with five sparkling diamonds to recall the glorious Wounds of the Redeemer; the emphasis with which she repeated the Latin profession of faith after the Papal nuncio did not pass unnoticed. The Ambrosian Hymn was sung at the close of the ceremony, and the church bells and town cannon spoke the congratulations of the Innsbruckers on this and the subsequent days of her stay among them. Among other tokens of gladness, several mystery plays (which are still greatly in vogue in Tirol) were represented. Another public ceremony of her stay was the translation of Kranach's Madonna, the favourite picture of Tirol, brought to it by Leopold V. The original altar-piece of the Hof-kirche, by Paul Troger—the Invention of the Cross—was removed by Maria Theresa to Vienna, because the figure of the Empress Helena was counted a striking likeness of herself.

The introduction of the Jesuits into Tirol, and the subsequent building of the Jesuitenkirche in Innsbruck, and the labours of B. Peter Canisius among the people, was also the work of Ferdinand I.; and the peaceful prosperity his wise government procured for this country, while wars and religious divisions were distracting the rest of Europe, gave opportunity for the development of its literature and art-culture.*

One melancholy event of his reign was the outbreak in its last year, of a terrible epidemic, which committed appalling ravages. All who could, including the royal family, escaped to a distance; and those who had been stricken with it were removed to the *Siechen-haus*, and isolated from the rest of the population. As has frequently happened on similar occasions,

* Weber. *Das Land Tirol*, I. 218.

the dread of the malady operated to deprive the sick of the help of which they stood in need. It was when the plague raged highest, and the majority were most absorbed with the thought of securing their own safety, that a poor woman of the people, named Margaretha Hueber, rising superior to the vulgar terror, took upon herself cheerfully the management of the desolate *Siechen-haus*; the example of her courage was all that was needed to bring out the Christian confidence and charity of the masses; and to her devotion was owing not only the relief of the plague-stricken, but the moral effect of her spirit and energy was also not without its fruit in staying the havoc of the contagion; and she was long remembered by the name of *die fromme Siechin*.

Shortly before his death, (which happened in 1564,) Ferdinand had his second son, Ferdinand II., publicly acknowledged in the Landtag of Innsbruck, *Landesfürst* of Tirol. His own affection for the country had prevented him from suffering its interests to be ever neglected by the pressure of his vast rule; and now that his great age warned him he would be able to watch over it no longer, he determined to give it once more the benefit of an independent government.

Ferdinand II. seems to have had all the excellent administrative qualities of his father in the degree necessary for his restricted sphere of dominion; while the grandeur of his court, and his patronage of learning and the arts, earned him the title of the Lorenzo de' Medici of the House of Hapsburg. This disposition for the culture of peaceful arts was promoted by the happiness of his family life. The story of his early love, and his marriage in accordance with the dictates of his heart, in an age when matrimonial alliances were too often dictated by political considerations alone, have made one of the romances dearest to the popular mind.

Situated at the distance of a pleasant hour's walk from Innsbruck, and forming an exceedingly picturesque object in the views from it, is Schloss Ambras, in ancient times one of the chief bulwarks of the Innthal. Ferdinand I. bought it of the noble family of Schurfen at the time he nominated his son to the government of the country, and it always remained Ferdinand II.'s favourite residence. Hither he brought home the beautiful Philippine Welser, whose grace and modesty had won his heart at first sight, as she leant forward from her turret window to cast her flowery greeting at the feet of the Emperor Charles Quint as he came into Augsburg, and the young and handsome prince rode by his side. Philippine had been betrothed by her father to the heir of the Fugger family, the richest and most powerful of Augsburg; but her eyes had met Ferdinand's, and that one glance had revealed to both that their happiness lay in union with each other. Fortunately, Philippine possessed in her mother a devoted confidant and ally. True, Ferdinand could not rest till he had obtained a stolen interview with her; but the true German woman had confidence in the honour and virtue of the reigning House, and the words Philippine, who was

truth itself, reported were those of true love, which knows no shame. Nevertheless, the Fugger was urgent, and old Welser—a sturdy upholder of his family tradition for upright dealing—never, they knew, could be brought to be wanting to his word. The warm love of youth, however, is ever a match for the steady calculation of age. While the fathers Welser and Fugger were counting their money-bags, Ferdinand had devised a plan which easily received the assent of Philippine's affection for him, the rather that her mother, for whom a daughter's happiness stood dearer than any other consideration, gave it her countenance and aid. At an hour agreed, Ferdinand appeared beneath the turret where their happiness was first revealed to them; at a little distance his horses were in waiting. Not an instant had he to wait; Philippine, already fortified by her fond mother's farewell benediction, joined him ere a pang of misgiving had time to enter his mind, an old and trusted family servant accompanying her. Safely the fugitives reached the chapel, where a friendly priest—Ferdinand's confessor, Johann Cavallerius—waited to bless the nuptials of the devoted pair, the old servant acting as witness. Old Franz Welser was subsequently induced to give his approval and paternal benediction; and if his burgher pride was wounded by his daughter marrying into a family which might look down upon her connexions, he had the consoling reflection that he was able to give her a dowry which many princes might envy; and also in the discovery of a friendly antiquary, that even his lineage, if not royal, was not either to be despised, for it could be traced up to the same stock which gave Belisarius to the Empire.

Ferdinand's marriage was, I believe, never known to his father. But there are stories of his being won over to forgive it by Philippine's gentle beauty and worth, but these are probably referable to the Emperor his successor. However this may be, the devoted pair certainly lived for some time in blissful retirement at Ambras; and after his brother Maximilian II. had acknowledged the legality of the marriage, on the condition that the offspring of it should never claim the rank of Arch-dukes of Austria, Ambras, which had been their first retreat, was so endeared to them, that they always loved to live there better than anywhere else; and here were born to them two sons—Karl, who afterwards became a Cardinal and Bishop of Brixen, and Andreas, Markgrave of Burgau, to whom Ferdinand willed Ambras, on condition that he should maintain its regal beauties, and preserve undiminished the rich stores of books and rare manuscripts, coins, armour, objects of vertu, and curiosities of every sort it had been the delight of his and Philippine's leisure hours to collect. This testamentary disposition the son judged would be best carried out by selling the place to the Emperor Rudolf II., in 1606; and Ambras has accordingly ever since been reckoned a pleasure-seat of the Imperial family. The unfortunate love of centralization, more than the fear of foreign invasion which was the ostensible pretext, deprived Tirol of these treasures; they were removed to Vienna

in 1806, where they may be visited in the Belvedere Palace, the promise of restoring them, often made, not having yet been fulfilled. Among the remnant that are left, are still some tokens of Ferdinand's taste and genius, and some touching memorials of a thirty years of happiness, purer and truer than is often combined with the enjoyment of worldly dominion. There are some pieces of embroidery, with which Philippine occupied the lonely hours which Ferdinand's public duties obliged him to spend away from her; among them, a well-executed Crucifixion, and some natural curiosities in the shape of gnarled and twisted roots, needing little effort of the imagination to convert into naturally—perhaps supernaturally—formed crucifixes, and which they had doubtless found pleasure in unearthing in the woods round Ambras. At the time of my visit, the private chapel was being very well restored, and some frescoes, very fairly executed by Wienhold, a local artist who has studied in Rome. There is still a small collection of armour, and a suit of clothes worn by a giant in the suite of Charles Quint, which would appear to have belonged to a man near eight feet high; also some portraits of the Hapsburg family and other rulers of Tirol, among them Margareta Maultasch, which, if it be faithful, disproves the story deriving her name from the size of her mouth; but of this I shall have occasion to speak later. Inglis mentions that among the relics is a piece of the tree on which Judas hanged himself, but it was not shewn to me.

The people, whose own experience fixes the law of suffering in their minds, will have it that these years of tranquil joy were not unalloyed, but that Philippine's mother-in-law embittered them by her jealous bickerings and reproaches, and that these in the end led her to make a sacrifice of her life to the pretended exigencies of her husband's glory; the bath is yet pointed out at Ambras where she is said to have bled herself to death to make way for a consort more conformable to her husband's birth. All, even local, historians, however, are agreed in rejecting this tradition.* It has served nevertheless to endear her to the popular mind, for whom she is still a model of domestic virtues no less than a type of beauty; scarcely a house in Tirol that is not adorned by her image: among other traditions of her personal perfections, it is fabled that her skin was so delicate, that the colour of the red wine could be seen softly opalized as it passed her slender throat.

(To be continued.)

* Zoller Geschichte der Stadt Innsbruck, p. 272; and Weissegger, vol. vi. p. 61.

THE SPOTS ON THE SUN,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THEIR PRESENT PREVALENCE :

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE

DELIVERED AT MAIDSTONE, ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26TH,

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S., AUTHOR OF 'SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM,' &c.

IN order to form adequate conceptions of the real importance of those processes to which the solar spots are due, it is necessary that we should know something about the dimensions of the solar globe. We are told in works on Astronomy that the Sun has a diameter of 850,000 miles; but it may be questioned whether this statement conveys very clear impressions to the mind. If a few cyphers were added to the number, or taken away from it, the vague idea of enormous magnitude would remain unchanged in character. It is necessary that one should compare the Sun with some known object before one can conceive the real vastness of his dimensions. For this purpose we may select the earth on which we live. We cannot indeed form adequate conceptions even of this terrestrial globe. But we know that it is very large. We can compare its dimensions with known distances, because we know how long it takes to journey from one side of it to the other. The swiftest ship sailing from our shores, must plough the seas for more than seventy days, at her utmost speed, before she can make the shores of New Zealand or Australia ; so that we learn how enormously the circuit of the globe exceeds the dimensions with which we are familiar—the league, or the mile, or the furlong, by which we measure ordinary distances.

Now it is easy to compare the dimensions of the Earth and the Sun in a satisfactory manner. If we draw on paper a circle one foot in diameter, and if on this circle we mark down two minute dots, one somewhat over a tenth of an inch in diameter and the other about a fortieth, and separated from each other by rather more than three inches, the large circle will represent the Sun, the two small ones the Earth and Moon, and the distance separating these circles the distance at which the Moon travels round the Earth. When one looks at a figure thus drawn, and remembers the relations which it represents, the idea is forced upon one how enormously the Sun exceeds the earth on which we live, and the orb which illuminates our nocturnal skies. We see that the central luminary of the solar scheme is a worthy chief of the great family which he sways. Whether we regard the vastness of his mass, or his enormous light-giving and heat-giving powers, we see that he is well fitted to supply the wants of the planets which circle around him. And lastly, seeing how small a figure our Earth makes upon his surface, we are prepared to recognize the real importance of the spots which commonly present a much more conspicuous figure, and have sometimes covered so large a portion of his surface as to be readily visible by the naked eye.

The discovery of the solar spots belongs to the commencement of the seventeenth century. Three observers, Galileo the celebrated Florentine, Fabricius—a German astronomer less known to fame, and Fr. Scheiner, a Jesuit priest, share the distinction of having independently discovered these interesting objects. To which of these observers the credit of absolute priority is to be ascribed, is not certainly known. But as far as the evidence we have at present extends, it would seem that Fabricius was the first discoverer of the spots. No doubt exists, however, that the other two discovered them independently, and nearly at the same time.

At first the announcement that the Sun is stained with spots was received with much ridicule, and—strange as it may seem—with no little indignation. The idea entertained by the Greek philosophers, that the celestial bodies must necessarily be free from all sign of terrestrial impurity, had long held sway among learned men. Resting though it did on no basis of observation, it yet recommended itself, by a sort of fitness, to the minds of philosophers. So that they asked how we could possibly believe, that the chief of all the celestial bodies should be marked with spot or stain or blemish? ‘Can the eye of the universe,’ said one, ‘be supposed liable to ophthalmia?’ And it is said that Fr. Scheiner himself, though he had discovered these objects, was not prepared to believe that they are really spots upon the Sun. Certain it is that the idea was not approved of by his superiors. When he announced to the Provincial of his Order that he had seen what appeared to be spots on the Sun, the worthy Father told him he must be mistaken. ‘I have read the pages of the Greek philosophers through, from beginning to end,’ said the Provincial; ‘and I find no word about these spots. Therefore you may be sure they do not exist. Calm yourself, my son. Retire to the tranquillity of your cell, and forget all about these delusions. Either your telescope has deceived you, or you have been led astray by false appearances, as a deserved rebuke for an over-inquisitive spirit.’

However, Father Scheiner was not ready thus to tranquillize himself. Galileo and Fabricius also, and a host of other patient observers, set themselves diligently to inquire what the spots might be, or what might be learned from them respecting the condition of the Solar orb.

Before long it was noticed that the spots travel across the face of the Sun, and this in such a manner as to indicate that they are attached to it. It had been thought possible that their appearance might, in reality, be caused by the passage of planets across the Sun’s face. In fact, this idea had been so well received that a name was given to these imaginary planets; and in many works of that epoch references are made to the Borbonian stars, as these supposed bodies were called, in honour of the royal family of France. Others, however, thought that the spots might be caused by dark bodies within the Sun’s mass. Such bodies, tossed about by the violent internal action ascribed to the Sun by the astronomers of those days, would appear as dark bodies when they neared his surface; and would vanish, (as the spots were seen to do) when they

subsided again within the unfathomable depths of the solar oceans. But both these ideas had to be abandoned, when it was found that the spots move with the exact motion due to objects on the Sun's surface, rotating with him upon an axis.

This discovery enabled astronomers to determine the rate at which the great centre of the Solar scheme is rotating. It was found that he occupies about twenty-six days in performing one complete rotation. At first sight, one would be disposed to say, what a very sluggish fellow the Sun must be to take nearly four weeks in doing that which our little Earth manages in twenty-four hours! But when we consider the real rate of the Sun's motion, we shall find that this view is a mistaken one. With his diameter of 850,000 miles, the Sun has a circumference of more than 2,600,000 miles; so that rotating once in twenty-six days, a point on his equator travels about 100,000 miles a day, or more than four thousand miles an hour. When we remember that an express train only travels at the rate of sixty miles an hour, we see how inconceivable is the velocity with which points on the Sun's equator are rushing round under the influence of the Sun's great motion of rotation.

For a long time astronomers contented themselves by forming a number of strange speculations and hypotheses about the Solar spots. But towards the end of the eighteenth century, views founded on exact observation began to replace these fanciful notions.

In the autumn of 1769, Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, was led to observe a spot of enormous magnitude, which made its appearance at that time, upon the surface of the Sun. He watched this spot as it traversed the Sun's face. Then he waited till it reappeared on the opposite edge of the Sun, and again tracked it across the disc of the luminary. These observations were rewarded by a discovery of exceeding interest. He noticed, as other observers had noticed before him, that there are two distinct shades in a Solar spot. There is the dark nucleus, or *umbra* as it is termed; and around that there is a border of a dusky colour, which is called the *penumbra*. Now supposing the *umbra* to be nearly circular, and the *penumbra* uniformly wide all round, it is easy to see how a spot ought to change in appearance, if both *umbra* and *penumbra* are in reality surface-stains. When near the centre of the Sun's disc, the spot would appear nearly circular, with a fringe uniformly wide all round it. As the spot neared the edge of the Sun, it would assume an oval figure through the effect of foreshortening; and the fringe would be proportionately narrowed. But yet it would be as much narrowed on one side of the oval as on the other—or if perceptibly narrower on either side, it would clearly be the side nearest to the edge of the Sun which would show the narrowest fringe, since there the foreshortening would be greatest.

But Dr. Wilson saw a different appearance. When a spot approached the edge of the Sun, the fringe nearest the centre of the disc narrowed much more rapidly than it should have done through the effects of mere

foreshortening. And the fringe became perceptibly wider on the side near the Sun's edge. When a spot drew very close to the Sun's edge the fringe vanished wholly on the side towards the centre of the Sun, while on the opposite side it continued very clearly visible. Nay, even the central spot seemed to be infringed on upon the side towards the centre of the Sun, and there presented a flattened appearance when compared with the full oval sweep on the opposite side.

Dr. Wilson reasoned on these matters according to just principles of perspective. He argued that whatever the spots may be they are certainly not surface-stains; and carefully studying the observed changes, he was able to shew that they may be fully accounted for by supposing the spots to be vast cavities with sloping sides, sunk to a considerable depth between the true level of the Sun. When a spot approaches the edge of the Sun, the line of sight from the observer on earth passes over the nearer of the sloping sides, and falls almost square upon the farther. Hence the observer sees the nearer side much foreshortened, while he has a full view of the farther. And it is easy to see that when a spot comes *very* near to the Sun's edge, the nearer of the sloping sides may actually conceal a portion of the dark base of the cavity; and so produce that apparent flattening of the spot on that side, which Dr. Wilson had noticed.

This theory excited a great deal of interest among astronomers. The King of Denmark had a medal struck in honour of the discovery; and few will doubt that Dr. Wilson well deserved such a recognition of his labours. I may add that all subsequent observations have served to confirm the justice of Wilson's views; though, strangely enough, there is another theory which accounts equally well for what Wilson saw, by supposing that two rows of clouds, the larger uppermost, hide the Sun from us where a spot appears. This last theory, mathematically sound, was put forward by the eminent physicist Kirchhoff, only ten years since. It has however been disproved by observations of a physical character.

A few years later, an observer much more eminent than Dr. Wilson was to devote his powers to the observation of the Solar spots. The great Sir William Herschel, an astronomer whose name no student of science can mention without feelings of admiration and respect, was led, in 1773, to observe a Solar spot of such enormous dimensions as to be readily visible without telescopic aid. I may note, in passing, that the work of solar observation is not altogether so pleasing as many might be disposed to imagine. It is not, indeed, altogether devoid of risk. And of this, the labours of Sir William Herschel afford evidence. For it was while watching the solar surface, that he lost the sight of one eye, through the accidental breaking of one of the dark glasses used to protect the eye. Galileo also suffered in the same cause, though not exactly in the same manner. He faced the Sun without darkening glasses, and this painful labour cost him, before long, the loss of his eyesight.

As usual with him, Sir William Herschel adopted an independent

mode of research. He quickly re-discovered all that had been seen by others ; and made a number of new observations of great interest. Then he attempted to combine his results, so as to form a theory respecting the Sun's nature.

He inquired first whether our Earth can teach us anything respecting the actual nature of the Solar spots. On the Sun there are undoubtedly cavities ; but what can be the nature of such cavities, or of the substance in which they are formed ? We cannot suppose that the Sun's surface is solid, for we never see cavities thus formed in the solids with which we are familiar on earth. Nor can we suppose the Sun's surface to be fluid ; for though we often see cavities formed in fluid substances, yet these cavities are quickly filled up again, whereas the solar cavities last often for many weeks.

He turned his eyes to the skies, and there he found an explanation of the difficulty. The clouds, which we are so familiar with, present precisely that combination of mobility with stability which the great astronomer was looking for. The least breath of wind carries before it the cloud masses which hang suspended in our atmosphere. But when the winds have fallen the cloud remains quiescent. Thus an opening, formed by the winds in a bank of clouds, will remain for many hours, changing perhaps in figure as the Solar spots are observed to do, but still continuing as a persistent break in the cloud-bed. Now a few hours on our own Earth correspond to several days upon the Sun ; we have, therefore, here the exact analogy we require. Without saying that the Solar spots are formed in clouds of the same nature and substance as our terrestrial clouds, we are yet able to assert with considerable confidence, that clouds of some sort surround the true surface of the Sun, and that the Solar spots are but openings in these cloudy envelopes.

It will be evident that there must be two distinct cloud-ranges upon the Sun. Were there but one, the occurrence of an opening in that cloud-bed would exhibit a spot of one tolerably uniform tint, whereas we have seen that a Sun-spot presents two different shades. There must, therefore, be an upper and a lower cloud-bed ; and it is only when both of these are broken open, through the action of some as yet unknown forces, that we see the true Solar spot, with its dark nucleus and dusky fringe. We may suppose, with Herschel, that the outer cloud-bed is self-luminous, and constitutes the true light-giving surface of the Sun. The inner cloud-bed shines by reflecting the light from the outer one ; and as it thus serves to shield the real surface of the Sun from the enormous heat and light of the outer cloud-bed, this surface appears dark to our telescopists.

These views have been little modified by later researches ; but other ideas which Herschel put forward in elucidation of his theory, have not been looked upon with favour by astronomers ; nor, indeed, do they appear to have been held by Sir William Herschel but as fancies unsupported by observational evidence. He thought that the openings in

the cloud-beds might be caused by the up-rush of some elastic vapour, widening out as it reached the upper and rarer regions of the solar atmosphere. He also expressed the opinion that the Sun may be well suited to be the abode of living creatures, since the inner cloud-bed may be quite sufficient to ward off nearly the whole of that tremendous heat which is poured forth in all directions by the upper cloud-range.

Leaving these fanciful speculations, let us turn our thoughts to the labours of an astronomer who alone, perhaps, of all modern observers, merits to be placed on the same level with Sir William Herschel.

Sir John Herschel was led to examine closely a peculiarity in the arrangement of the Solar spots which well merits our attention. It had long been noticed that the spots only make their appearance in certain parts of the Sun's surface. Looking upon the Sun as a rotating globe, having therefore poles and an equator as our Earth has, we may say of the spots that they forsake the Sun's polar and equatorial regions, and appear only along two zones corresponding to the temperate zones on our own Earth, but much nearer the equator.

Now Sir John Herschel, following his father's method of reasoning strictly from known analogies, asked himself what features in our Earth's economy serve to illustrate or to explain this noteworthy peculiarity. Is there any terrestrial phenomenon limited to the sub-tropical zones? There is. Those terrible storms which have been termed tornadoes or cyclones, make their appearance invariably in the neighbourhood of the tropics. It is true, unfortunately for ourselves, that they often extend their ravages to our shores; and when they do, their track is followed by ruin and desolation, they strew our coasts with wrecks, and in many homes the cry of the widow or of the orphan attests the terrible nature of the evil which the hurricane can work. But fierce as is the fury of the tornado when it reaches our latitude, it is almost as nothing when compared with the force which it exerts in its true home. A tropical cyclone has been known to destroy a stout ship in a few moments. Well-built houses are cast down before its breath. Tall trees are swept from the earth, nay, often the track of a cyclone through a forest is marked by the destruction of a whole range of trees, as completely removed as though cut down by the axe of the woodsman. In the Gulf of Mexico the tropical cyclone has been known to rage with such fury that the waters of ocean have been heaped up upon the dry land, and ships which have ridden out the gale have been left by the returning waters stranded high and dry upon the shore.*

It occurred, therefore, to Sir John Herschel, that the Solar spots might indicate the occurrence of Solar hurricanes, corresponding, in some sense, to the terrestrial hurricanes which make their appearance in tropical regions. We know why the tropics are regions of disturbances. The

* One instance is mentioned by Captain Maury, in which it was found that a ship had ridden out a storm with her anchor firmly fixed amid the boughs of a tall tree, above which the waters had carried her.

poles of the Earth are cold, while the equatorial regions are the scene of the greatest heat. Hence the cold air from the poles rushes in to supply the place of the warm air continually rising from the equatorial regions; and this inrush, combined with the effects of the Earth's rotation, leads to the occurrence of storms near the border of the equatorial regions, whenever, through any local action, the steady flow of the inrushing air is disturbed.

But what reason have we for supposing that the Sun's equator is warmer than his polar regions? Sir John Herschel considered that this might be looked upon as a direct consequence of the Solar rotation. For supposing the Sun to have an atmosphere of considerable depth, there can be no doubt that, owing to his rapid rotation, this atmosphere would bulge out opposite the Sun's equator, where the rotation is most rapid, and the centrifugal force in consequence greatest. Then, where the atmosphere is deepest the Sun would be warmest, for the atmosphere would serve to prevent the Sun's heat from escaping so fast as it otherwise would. In fact, for precisely the same reason that anyone would feel warmer with two coats on than with one, the Sun's equator with its deep atmospheric coating would be warmer than his polar regions, where the atmosphere (according to Sir J. Herschel's theory) would be shallower. It would follow that the Solar atmosphere would exhibit regions of disturbance precisely corresponding to the sub-tropical tornado-zones.

In singular confirmation of these views came the discovery, by the late Mr. Dawes, that some of the spots do in fact rotate. A spot which, when he first saw it, had a large projection at its upper edge, was seen by him six days later with a projection of the same form on its lower edge. Doubtless it had rotated half round during those six days; and though such a rotation may seem slow, this view will be changed when we remember that a large spot, such as the one seen by Mr. Dawes, will often exceed our Earth ten or twelve times in diameter.

But we are now approaching a series of discoveries of a most surprising and unlooked for character. We are to see the Solar storms associated in the most interesting way with terrestrial relations, which one would have thought altogether removed from their influence.

Nearly half a century ago, a German observer, Herr Schwabe of Dessau, was led by certain considerations, into which I need not now enter, to pay particular attention to the number and size of the Solar spots. Day after day he turned his telescope towards the Sun, carefully counted the spots, estimated their extent, and recorded the result in his note-book. One would imagine that a more thorough waste of time and labour could hardly be conceived. As well, one would say, might one count the clouds of a summer sky, when the Sun has been most active in raising them, as number those seemingly irregular spots which stain the face of the great centre of our scheme. Indeed, Schwabe himself had not at first any great hope of achieving important results. 'I went out,'

he wrote lately to a friend, 'like Saul, to seek my father's asses, and lo! I discovered a kingdom.'

As he continued his observations he noticed that the spots were becoming daily less numerous, while those which were to be seen were smaller than of yore. This continued until, at length, the Sun's face became wholly clear of spots. Schwabe, however, did not relax his observations on this account. Day after day he examined the unstained face of the Sun, until at length spots again began to make their appearance. He watched them as they daily became larger and more numerous. At length there were as many as when he first began his observations. Then they became even more numerous, attained a maximum of frequency, and then began slowly to diminish.

He saw that there was a law in these changes, and watching continually day after day, and year after year, he detected what that law is. The Solar spots increase and diminish in frequency, in a period of rather more than ten years. The very length of this period suggests the laborious character of Herr Schwabe's investigations; but he worked through more than one of these long periods. For no less than forty-five years he continued his labours with the most unremitting perseverance, and I believe that it is only quite recently that he relinquished them even for a short time; and then it was serious illness only which forced him from his chosen work.

The law of the Solar spots is now among the most thoroughly established of all astronomical facts, so that astronomers can now tell beforehand when it is worth while to turn their telescopes towards the face of the Sun, to seek for large and well-marked spots. We are now approaching the season when spots are likely to be largest and most numerous. During the past few months many fine spots have been observed. Scarcely a day has passed, indeed, when spots, well worth studying, have not been visible on the face of the Sun. But we have not yet reached the epoch of maximum spot-frequency. From now until the end of the year 1871, the Sun will at no time be less marked (on the average) with these strange and interesting objects than he is at present; and towards the end of 1870 the spots will probably be even more numerous, and larger even, than they now are.

But Schwabe's discovery, interesting as it is, was rendered infinitely more interesting by another discovery, made nearly at the same time. By one of those singular coincidences which the history of science has so often presented to men's notice, while Schwabe was prosecuting his long series of observations on the Solar spots, General Sabine and other eminent observers were engaged in tracing out the laws by which the magnetic compass is regulated. It is well known that the magnetic needle does not point due north in England, but considerably towards the west. But perhaps many are less familiar with the fact that the needle continually changes in direction, and in inclination, and even in the force with which it seeks its position of rest. Amongst other peculiarities of the magnetic

needle is the strange one, that every day it is swayed by a minute oscillation connected with the daily motion of the Sun. It seems as though it tried to follow that luminary, the end nearest to him being always swayed slightly towards him.

This oscillation is so minute, that many would think it not worth watching. But men of science thought differently, and as we shall presently see, they thought rightly.

After long and patient watching it was found that the daily oscillation of the needle is not constant in amount. And when its changes came to be carefully watched, it was found that they are periodical. The needle sways gradually over a larger and larger daily arc, until its greatest swing is attained; after which the oscillation gradually diminishes, until it has its least extent. And so the change goes on continually, in a period somewhat exceeding ten years. It will be remembered that the sun-spot period has also this length. What if the two should be in any way associated! The idea, fanciful as it seems, occurred to men of science; and they placed the periods side by side, to see if they corresponded. It was found that the periods correspond exactly. When the sun-spots are most numerous the magnetic needle has its greatest daily disturbance, and *vice versa*. Could anything be more surprising, or more interesting? The tiny compass, whose motions can be checked by a single filament of a spider's web, is swayed by some law of association with the Solar spots, which represent forces compared with which the most terrible manifestations of nature's power familiar to us on earth, are as the lightest touch of an infant compared with the blows of a Goliath!

But perhaps some doubt may still remain in the reader's mind. He may question whether the mere coincidence of the two periods I have spoken of, is sufficient evidence on which to ground a theory so strange and so important. Fortunately this doubt can be removed very easily. There is other evidence of the Sun's influence upon the Earth's magnetism, evidence too, which, when combined with that already adduced, leaves no room at all for question.

In the autumn of 1859 two observers, one in London, the other in Oxford, were watching the face of the Sun. Suddenly they saw a bright spot of light make its appearance, which traversed a large arc on the Sun's face before disappearing. Now at the very instant when this bright spot of light was seen, a strange magnetic disturbance took place here on our earth. At the Kew Observatory they have a self-registering instrument for noting the nature of the magnetic changes. When all is going smoothly the index of this instrument produces a waved mark, shewing the steady waxing and waning of the magnetic action. But when the line traced out by the index, on the day in question, came to be examined, it was found that, at the moment when the two observers had seen the bright spot upon the Sun's face, the index had been suddenly jerked, so that in place of the smoothly waved line a sharply indented curve made its appearance.

But even this is not all. On the self-same day, and throughout the following night, the Earth exhibited strange signs of the intensity of the magnetic thrills which were passing through her frame. Not only were magnetic compasses in Europe disturbed, but all over the world—at least wherever magnetic changes are observed—the same action was noticed. Telegraphic communication was interrupted. In some places, where the telegraph communicates written messages, a flame of fire was seen to follow the pen of the instrument. Telegraphic offices were set on fire in Norway. And, in fact, every sign was to be noticed of the occurrence of one of those strange phenomena known as magnetic storms.

But there is yet another phenomenon which we have to associate with the Solar spots, and the events I have just recorded lead us naturally to its consideration. On the night following the occurrences related above, splendid auroras were visible in both hemispheres. A confirmation was thus given to the theory, that this beautiful phenomenon is associated with magnetic disturbances. But we have seen that magnetic action is influenced by the Sun. And thus we are led at once to the conclusion that the aurora depends in some way on the solar action. In fact, the frequency of auroras has been found to follow the same law of periodicity which we have already observed in the Solar spots, and in the magnetic disturbances.

Surely we have here one of the most interesting subjects of contemplation conceivable. That beautiful phenomenon, which has in every age attracted the admiration of mankind—the aurora, whose coloured streamers wave to and fro over the northern skies, and by a thousand changes of figure and coruscations of colour force from the most careless observer exclamations of wonder and surprise—is found not only to be a phenomenon which becomes visible simultaneously in both hemispheres of this great Earth of ours, but to be swayed by influences sent by the Sun across those millions of miles which separate us from him. Not merely do the coloured streamers visible to us sway responsive to others which are watched perchance in the Antarctic seas, but they obey an influence which doubtless affects the other planets also. So that in Venus and Mercury, so much nearer to the Sun than we are, and in distant Jupiter and Saturn, whose mass exceeds so manifold that of our Earth, the same brilliant displays are lighted up by the same solar impulses. Their frames thrill also, I doubt not, with the same magnetic influences. And thus a new bond of union and of harmony is added to those others, by which astronomers have brought the members of the Solar System into close companionship and correlation.

Let us return, however, to the Solar spots.

Amongst the other remarkable appearances presented in the neighbourhood of the spots, I must call special attention to those objects which have been named the 'solar willow-leaves.' Mr. Nasmyth, who was the first to associate this name with these strange-looking objects, depicts them as long interlacing streaks of light, particularly well marked

in the long thin bridges which extend from side to side of many spots. In the penumbra, or fringed edge of a spot, they are also well seen. Other observers, while recognizing the existence of these objects, describe them somewhat differently. Father Secchi, for instance, compares them to strokes made by a camel's hair pencil. Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, compares them to rice-grains. Mr. Huggins, on the other hand, considers that some more general name—he suggests that of granules—should be given to them. The latter observer recognizes their existence all over the face of the Sun, but he assigns to them a much more regular form where they are not close to a spot.

It must be remembered in considering these objects, that though they appear very minute indeed, the least of them is scarcely smaller than England; so that their apparent mobility is among the most remarkable of all the phenomena which the Sun presents to our contemplation.

Although the strange objects called the Solar prominences, or coloured flames, are found not to be connected, as had been supposed, with the appearance or formation of Sun-spots, yet they afford such striking evidence of the tremendous nature of the forces which disturb the Solar surface, that I cannot pass them over without a few words of comment.

The prominences had been seen during the occurrences of Solar eclipses as rose-tinted flames, extending sometimes no less than 80,000 miles from the surface of the Sun. Great doubt had existed as to their nature, some astronomers conceiving that they are clouds, others that they are flames, while some considered that they are torrents of liquid fire, ejected from some enormous volcano.

During the great eclipse of August, 1868, these doubts were set at rest. The wonderful powers of the spectroscope at once served to tell us what is the real nature of these objects. It appeared from the character of the spectrum formed by their light (this spectrum consisting of a few bright lines in place of the rainbow-tinted streak, which forms the spectrum of a burning solid or liquid) that they are gaseous. They are, in fact, flames of hydrogen, with some other substances (whose nature has not yet been determined) also burning in them.

It would take me too long to describe here how astronomers found that they could trace out the prominences when the sun was shining in full splendour. I may mention, however, that if Janssen, a few days after the eclipse observations, was acute enough to devise the new method, our own countryman, Mr. Lockyer, had two years before suggested the same plan, and had only been prevented by unlooked-for delays from putting it in practice long before. As it was, he independently applied the method, the letter in which he announced his success having by a strange coincidence been placed in the hands of the President of the Imperial Academy at Paris only a few minutes before the receipt of the letter announcing Janssen's discovery of the same interesting circumstance.

And now astronomers have gone even beyond this, and are able, by

an ingenious application of the powers of the spectroscope, actually to see * the prominences when the sun is shining with full splendour.

The rapid changes of figure presented by these strange protuberances, are among the most interesting subjects of solar observation. Mr. Lockyer mentions that he saw one, no less than seventy thousand miles in height, disappear completely in ten minutes!

I must not dwell further, however, on phenomena which, interesting as they are, are yet, in a sense, outside the subject of this paper.

We have seen that the history of astronomical research into the subject of the Solar spots is full of interest. We have seen how long-continued and patient observations have at length met their reward. We begin at length to see the significance of those strange processes of disturbance, which cause the formation of the spots. And when we remember what the Sun really is to us, we see how largely we are ourselves interested in these processes. The Sun is the source of nearly every form of force existing upon the earth. The fuel which moves our engines, the vegetation which clothes our fields and nourishes our cattle, owe their inherent force to the Solar rays. Man himself owes his strength to the Sun. The acts which we perform, nay, in a sense, the very thoughts we think, consume energies which we have received from that orb, either directly or indirectly.

Those therefore among the ancients, who chose the Sun as the object of their worship, selected at least that one of God's creatures which best merits our gratitude. We, however, know that to direct that gratitude otherwise than towards Him Who made the Sun and us, is to forget the Creator in the creature. And if, by the exercise of those wonderful powers which the Almighty has given to us, we have been able to discover the laws which regulate the great luminary of the Solar System, we know that those laws also are God's creatures: He can limit or stay their action if He will; or if He will, He can abrogate them altogether.

We should therefore be misinterpreting the lesson taught by the progress of modern science, if it did not teach us humility. We should remember what Newton said, when some one passed encomiums on his discovery of the grandest law yet revealed to man: 'It seems to me,' he answered, 'that I am but as a child, picking up on the sea-beach a few shells handsomer than the rest, but who is all unconscious of the wealth which lies hid beneath the waves of the wide ocean.' Let us recall also, that Laplace, on his death-bed, though he of all men knew best how many great discoveries astronomers had made, said humbly, 'What we know is little; what we know not is immense.'

If there were danger of our forgetting these lessons, of our becoming proud in our consciousness of the noble powers the Almighty has

* Before, they had only been able, as Sir John Herschel well expressed it, to become *sensible* of the existence of the prominences when the sun is shining; for it is one thing to see the spectrum of an object, another to see the object itself.

bestowed upon us, there would be occasion for the more thoughtful among us to exclaim with the poet-laureate,

‘ Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster—we are fools, and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear :
Ah, teach Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Teach Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.’

But I believe that there is little fear of such forgetfulness. A few men of science—eminent perhaps in their respective departments, but too narrow-minded to grasp the true teaching of the wonders which are being revealed to us—may set up their own genius as a god to worship, or may fall down in grovelling adoration before the science of the day ; but the true leaders of scientific progress—our Newtons and our Bacons, our Herschels and our Humboldts—have taken a nobler view. They valued science indeed for its own sake ; and they of all men have worked hardest in the service of science. But they valued science chiefly because it shewed them that man is truly made in the image of his God ; and for this further reason, that every new result of their labours shewed them more and more clearly the truth of the words sung of old by the inspired Psalmist :

‘ Wonderful are Thy works, O Lord ; in wisdom Thou hast made them all !’

LONDON'S TWELVE DAYS PRAYER.

‘ Seek the peace of the city, . . . and pray unto the Lord for it : for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace.’—*Jeremiah*, xxix. 7.

Do the sacred words lose any of their force because we have taken them from the context to which they belong, to give them a passing application to another and a very different city from that of which they were first spoken ?

We all know the circumstances which led to their utterance. The Babylonian Captivity was yet but just commencing ; the young, the great, the noble of Judah's kingdom, were enduring the yoke of captivity—strangers in a strange land. No tie bound them to the proud city of Babylon but the bond of captivity ; a conquered people in the city of their oppressors, to them the prophet's message came—‘ Seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it : for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace.’

Did not the city and the whole nation of these proud captors reap the benefit of the prayers of God's people, when such men as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, and holy Daniel, who sat in the gate of the king, was made the first of the three presidents who ruled over the whole kingdom? But we need not pursue the history any further: though the words recur to us with peculiar force just now, when a city, far greater in population, though smaller in extent than Babylon of old, has recently asked for the prayers of its inhabitants; and since we are not writing for Londoners only, may we not venture to say that 'Seek the peace of the city, and pray unto the Lord for it,' is a message which may be heard in every part of this country; for surely every heart in England owns some nearer tie to this great metropolis, than did the captive Jew to Babylon the Great.

Probably most of those who read these pages have heard something about London's Twelve Days Mission, and Twelve Days Prayer; therefore, perhaps, a brief outline of the purposes for which this Mission season was set apart may not be out of place.

It has been roughly estimated, that taking into account London's *three million* inhabitants, we may say that one million are attendants at the Church of England services, one million more at Dissenting and Roman Catholic places of worship, and the remaining million are living in habitual neglect of all the ordinances of public worship—indeed, many of them apparently beyond the reach of all ordinary means of pastoral supervision. It was in view of these statistics, which we fear involve a terrible but too true reality, though we do not vouch for their strict accuracy, that a body of London clergymen agreed to set apart twelve days, before entering upon a new year's Advent, for united supplication and special efforts to reclaim the portion of the population which ordinary ministrations failed to reach.

An address, signed by those who had taken a leading part in the movement, was sent to the Incumbent of every Metropolitan church, suggesting that twelve days, from Sunday, November 14th, to Thursday, November 25th, should be devoted to 'earnest prayer and preaching for the conversion of sinners;' that bearing in mind the stronghold of carelessness and ungodliness, which is beyond the reach of ordinary ministrations, some unusual effort should be made in opening churches, Mission-rooms, and school-rooms, daily, for services, sermons, classes, prayer-meetings, and whatever spiritual exercises might be suitable to this one end—'the conversion of men's hearts from the love of the world and sin unto the love of God and our Lord Jesus Christ.'

No uniformity of method was to be attempted or even suggested; every clergyman being left to select such hours, and appoint such services or meetings, as he considered most suited to the needs of his own parish; the union consisting in making 'simultaneously this special supplication to God and appeal to man, and in remembering in prayer

not only each one his own needs, but also each one the needs of his brethren.'

This common ground was to be the basis of an effort which might have embraced every church in London; and when the twelve days were ended, the Church would have entered upon a new year's Advent, furthered by the prayers of thousands for a blessing upon her work in the coming year.

The Bishops of London and Rochester, and the Bishop-designate of Winchester, expressed their sympathy in the work; and when the Mission season commenced, between sixty and seventy London churches had been set apart for these special Mission Services; and about fifty more, without identifying themselves with the movement in all respects, held their own special and extra Mission Services. We may add to this list many more where some special efforts were made, and services and prayer-meetings held, during the twelve days, without being actually considered on the list of 'The London Mission,' as it was called. Let it be understood that we are not venturing to express any opinion as to the *peculiar* features which distinguished some of the Mission Services, or wishing to advocate anything like religious excitement, or Services which have no place in the Prayer Book: we only desire to speak of the effort as one of *united prayer* and *special services*; and when we speak of special services, we mean those taken from our own beautiful Church Services, though abridged according to the exigencies of the particular congregation, or hour at which they were held. The Services were intended to be simple, and, we may say, *homely*. The Lord's Prayer and Versicles, one or two Psalms, a few selected verses—perhaps from the Book of Proverbs—for the First Lesson, a Parable from the New Testament for the Second, one or both Canticles, the Creed, and two or three of the Prayer Book Collects. Then perhaps some time-honoured and familiar hymn, such as—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,'

or

'Jesus, lover of my soul,'

or some Litany hymn, sung before and after what we may perhaps call an address rather than a sermon, in which, in the simplest and most earnest words, the clergyman spoke to the people, pointing out sin and its only remedy, shewing man's weakness and only source of strength, his utter ruin and helplessness, and the only way of recovery through Jesus Christ. The hour fixed for these Evening Services was generally a late one; and even then many of the congregation would drop in long after the Service or even sermon had begun! Working men in rough clothes, as they came from their day's labour; women with their aprons on, just returned from a day's washing or charring—these formed a considerable portion of many of the evening congregations; indeed, so numerous were the Evening Services attended, that in some places

it was found necessary to hold an additional and supplementary service.

It has been estimated that between thirty and forty thousand persons daily took part in the Mission Services. Of these undoubtedly a large proportion were among the more earnest-minded of Church people, who had met together in fervent supplication that others might learn to prize the blessings so inestimably precious to themselves; and who shall say how many more, in the privacy of their own chambers, joined the company of the faithful in this season of special supplication?

Of the results of the Mission we do not presume to speak positively, for the highest results which can be hoped for are far beyond the reach of all human knowledge, and known only to the All-seeing; yet so great had been the success of the services, so many amongst the poor had been brought to Church, hitherto utterly neglectful of public worship, that it was felt by the clergy that the season begun in prayer and communion, would be most appropriately ended with thanksgiving.

There was something very solemn in London's Twelve Days Prayer. Very solemn it was to remember every morning that when ordinary people were rising to the ordinary duties of daily life, some congregations had been hours before upon their knees in fervent prayer for the world which perhaps thought so little about them; something which recalled Keble's words, that from many a place

‘unthought of there
Rises for that proud world the saints' prevailing prayer.’

Why do we feel almost startled when we read of services and classes continued till eleven or even later at night, to be re-commenced at five or six o'clock in the morning? and all this in the dull dark gloom of a London November! Is it that our cold hearts shrink from the actual self-sacrifice which such hours involve? Might we not hear the voice of loving gentle reproof saying to us, ‘What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?’

It is certainly surprising to read of congregations in such a neighbourhood as Soho being numbered by hundreds at six or half-past six in the morning,—women with infants in arms, men in their working clothes. And when we hear of upwards of one hundred communicants assembling before seven o'clock on a week-day morning, not to mark any one special day in the Mission, but when the Holy Communion was celebrated each morning of the twelve days, we cannot but feel that God has blessed the special efforts put forth to win souls to Him.

Little, perhaps, does the world in general know how thankfully men of business avail themselves of the opportunities now so frequently held out to them of short daily services. How many are glad of the mid-day break in their work to go to some city church, where they will be in time to join in the Litany, or some short service! how many are able to

sanctify the day by attendance at one of the early morning services before working hours have begun—

‘Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat!’

Who shall attempt to say what may be the results of London's Twelve Days Prayer? That it will bring down a blessing who can doubt, though it may not be given to us to see at once where and in what way the blessing comes. Only may we hope that some drops from the abundant shower will fall even on those who have had no other share in the Mission Services than an interest in their fellow Christians' prayers. Perhaps this season of united supplication will have helped to arouse the spirit which we fear too often slumbers—the spirit of fervent prayer, without which no good work can prosper, with which so much may be given to us, ‘exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.’ May our gracious Lord never limit His great gifts by the measure of our feeble prayers, saying to us, ‘According to your faith be it unto you.’

Who amongst those who in heart followed the Twelve Days Prayer, could fail to be struck with the singular coincidence which closed the Mission Season on the 25th of November, a day when the ordinary Second Lesson for Morning Service contains our Lord's Prayer for His Church? When could that beautiful chapter come home with such power to those who love to think that they were remembered in the words, ‘Neither pray I for these alone, but for all that shall believe on Me through their words,’—as when they read or heard it read in its ordinary course on the day which ended this season of united prayer? It was just one of those undesigned coincidences which, like the chapter which comforted King Charles on the morning of his execution, shews how the Church's Daily Services are able to meet her children's special needs.

One event added greatly to the solemnity of the Mission season. Shortly after the Mission Services were commenced, the Archbishop of Canterbury was struck down with a severe attack of illness, which it is not too much to say has awakened a sincere and most heartfelt sorrow throughout the whole of England. One of the acts which signaled the first day or two of his Grace's attack, was a letter written to one of the London clergymen who had taken a leading part in promoting the Mission Services, expressing his warm sympathy in the movement, and asking the prayers of those engaged in it. This simple touching message, and the circumstances under which it was sent, gave a solemnity to the remaining week of the Mission which could not fail to add a deeper earnestness to the prayers of those engaged in it. Who could know so well what Mission Work in London meant, as the beloved Archbishop who had spent twelve such years of work in presiding over its vast diocese? Years during which he had penetrated every depth of London life—equally at home at its East or its West End; now entering a

large omnibus-yard to address the men employed there, to whom so few opportunities are given ; and now standing by the bed-sides of the sick patients in the wards of the Cholera Hospital. Who could inaugurate so much mission work in the course of a few years, as that which was brought into action by the agency of the Bishop of London's Fund ?

Well we know how great the legacy of work which he has bequeathed to us in this diocese, in carrying out its great object. May it be given to his successor in the diocese of London to complete as nobly and as thoroughly all that was so well and nobly begun ; and then we may hope that a few years will witness a marked change in many of our London parishes.

May the remembrance of the season of prayer which has just passed over our heads, and brought us into a new year's Advent, abide with us, bringing down its own blessing throughout the coming year. If it had done no other good, surely it would be a blessing to know that it had brought the children of God so much nearer to the throne of grace, in united supplication for themselves and one another ! By the time these words are in our readers' hands, a new year will be dawning upon us ; may the season which has just passed help us to a spirit of more earnest self-consecration, and a more heartfelt desire to help forward, even in the smallest degree, the work which may be given to us to do.

Well we know how great the work which is yet to be done ; how many missions are requiring the most diligent efforts to help them forward in the coming year. At this moment we are thinking of one which especially needs all the help and all the sympathy of those who are willing to aid the Church's work. But we leave its particulars for our next paper, only perhaps we may be forgiven for saying that we shall write it more hopefully on account of the Twelve Days Prayer which is just over.

IVANOVNA.

Advent, 1869.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE white slave under a burning sun,
Toiled in the heat of the day,
Would his bones bleach, when his race was run,
Where the ruins of Carthage lay ?

He thought of the empires past and gone,
Of glories which once had been,
And how Marius from his broken stone,
Gazed gloomily on the scene.

He thought of Cyprian's hoary head,
 How calmly he laid it down ;
 Of Austin's tears on his dying bed,
 Whilst Vandals begirt the town ;

How Louis amid his weeping host,
 Died under the Paynim wall,
 His own dear hopes so baffled and crossed,
 Say, must he resign them all ?

Nor altar, nor cross, nor choral band,
 With ever alternate sound,
 But crescent and mosque athwart the sand,
 And Imaums droning around.

'Sing me a hymn of the Christian Creed,'
 —He turned at the lady's speech—
 'For fain would I know in very deed,
 What the Frankish muftis teach.'

Sedimus flevimus—tears in his eye—
 The melody died away ;
 Cantabimus Canticum Domini,
 In terrâ alienâ.*

Speechless she stood, drinking every word,
 With a quenchless thirst of truth ;
 Could it be her bearded Moslem lord,
 Had held this faith in his youth ?

Straight she ran to the renegade base,
 Indignant her tale she told ;
 'Oh ! how canst thou lift thy shameless face,
 And sell thy pure faith for gold ?'

To see the guilty Apostate start,
 His dull cheek flushing with shame !
 She pierced and she scorched his inmost heart,
 With a two-edged sword of flame.

In and around all those sins uprose,
 In a previous Judgement Day,
 Which Heaven alone and the conscience knows,
 Nor could he thrust them away.

* Psalm cxxxvii. Vulgate.

Memories of home and a parent's love,
 And innocent childhood's years,
 'Have I not still a Father above?'
 The tempest breaks up in tears.

Watch well yon boat, gliding out so fast,
 With two men for all its crew;
 They fear to hoist up their slender mast,
 Till out of the Corsair's view.

Rising and falling, a speck of light,
 How gaily it skims along!
 Strange, passing strange, the perilous sight—
 But stranger the distant song.

In convertendo captivitatem
 Zion sumus consolati.
 Repletum est gaudio os nostrum
 Et lingua exultatione.*

Nearer and nearer the Christian ground—
 Exaltent in ecclesiâ,
 More and more joyous the voices sound,
 Seniorum in cathedrâ. †

Witness the captive his captive bring,
 Dirupisti vincula,
 Sinner and saint in harmony sing,
 'Our darkness is turned to day.'

HINTS ON ITALIAN READING.

III.

'*Fioretti di S. Francesco*, testo di lingua, seconda la lezione adottata dal P. A. Cesari. Con brevi note filologiche.' Tipografia di Pietro Fraticelli. Firenze.

I do not know any work which recommends itself for pure and simple grace as the *Fioretti di S. Francesco*. The perfume of faith and piety which breathes out from these 'Little Flowers,' is of the genuine spirit of the Seraphic Saint, while its visit to the earth was yet in its early freshness. Rightly are they titled 'Little Flowers,' for they are all gentleness and devotion. They contain no word of violence or dispute. When they tell of frightful conflicts with the Evil One even, they are yet serene. There is not even a terrible description of a martyr's agonies: all is

* Psalm cxxvi.

† Psalm cvii.

peace and joy—joy and peace even in suffering and desolation.¹ All, faith and charity: *that* charity and faith which ‘removes mountains,’ and to which ‘all things are possible.’ The birds,² the fishes,³ the very wolves,⁴ listen to the praises and the commands of God; the lepers are cleansed;⁵ the hard rocks give up springs of water;⁶ the empty platters replenish themselves⁷ at the need of the fainting brethren who trust in God with the trust of the sparrows: the whole face of the country receives a glow of radiant light when the love of God is the theme of discourse.⁸

Who put them together and wrote them out may never be known—in other words, we may never know his individual name; but we distinguish at once he was one of the *fraticelli* of S. Francis; one who had merged his being into that of the body-corporate of the order of poverty and humility: who claimed to have nothing of his own—not even the powers of his mind: all, all had been made over to the religious community. Whether men called him ‘Frate Ilario,’ or ‘Frate Rinieri,’ mattered not to him: that he was of the family of S. Francis, was more to him than all the praise of men. One of those whose life is a symbol, whereby to realize something of that mysterious existence of the future, in which perfect individual identity is to be reconciled with the condition of being merged in the glorified Body of Christ.

Such was the love of the *fraticelli* for their Father S. Francis, and for each other. They loved one another in the love of Christ, which makes of many one. No wonder then that the holy thoughts and words and acts of those who were so loved should have been treasured up in the archives—that is, the memories—of the brotherhood. They had floated for two or three hundred years in the atmosphere of the Franciscan houses, when one of the family—it matters not which—bethought him to write them down, that their brethren in the world might know of them too. Thus were gathered the *Fioretti*, ‘the exquisite Franciscan Legends,’ which set Faber’s muse all on fire with enthusiasm for the Apennines, ‘for they contain the Umbrian Sanctuaries.’ ‘Their summits,’ he wrote, ‘are constantly crowned with monasteries. It is a glorious thought, that the chain of mountains from Savona to Benevento is at all hours of the day and night positively resonant with prayer and psalmody: . . . when you consider that Umbrian enthusiasm changed the whole aspect of the Church, that it forced art and poetry to take new directions, that it directed the course of the Renaissance, . . . it seems scarcely reverent to think such great changes were not intended in God’s Providence as the work which supernatural Umbria was fore-ordained to accomplish.’

The sanctuaries of Umbria are silent now. ‘The fiat of’ a revolutionary Parliament ‘went forth, and from that hour there was so much less intercession upon the earth,’ as he exclaimed⁹ amid the desolation of the Certosa of Pavia. These monasteries are now ‘a silent sacrifice of Christian art.’ . . . Yes, silent and speechless; yet the pure melancholy beauty of their deserted walls appeals still eloquently to the traveller, in favour of the supernatural life of abnegation they once housed. And the very modern utilitarian spirit which silenced their chant, has

¹ Part I. chap. viii. p. 31–34.

² Part II. § 2, p. 182, 183; and Part I. chap. xxii. p. 77, 78.

³ Part I. chap. xl. p. 126–129.

⁴ Part I. chap. xxi. p. 72–77.

⁵ Part I. chap. xxv. p. 82–86.

⁶ Part II. § 1, p. 181, 182.

⁷ Part IV. § 6, p. 271–274; also Part I. chap. xviii. p. 64, 65.

⁸ Part I. chap. xv. p. 52, 53.

⁹ The whole passage is so nervous and eloquent, I cannot forbear quoting it: ‘One tranquil morning, at Schönbrunn, the Kaiser (Joseph II.) was detained for one moment in the elm-tree walk beneath the windows; and ere the sentinel could have time to change guard, the Carthusian world of peaceful sanctity, of king-protecting intercession, of penitence and benediction, of Heaven realized below, was signed away—swept from the earth by a written name! It was as though the Kaiser had stopped the fountains of one of the great Lombard rivers.’

itself created a way for multiplying and distributing the posies of S. Francesco's 'Little Flowers,' to an extent all the hidden labours of his patient monks could never have attained.

I was travelling some three years ago from Foligno to Perugia; the railway was not built then, and our arrangements dictated haste. We had resisted every strong inclination to turn aside by the way, at the attractions of all the objects of classic or religious interest on our route. But when the carriage wound round under the very shadow of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, the Church of the Portiuncula, it seemed a violation of decent and holy affections not to alight and kneel at its shrine.

Accordingly we went in and renewed our memory of its glories. A *frate* accompanied us, telling of 'Francesco's' fasts and 'Francesco's' devotion, and pointing out the cell where 'Francesco' died; and culling leaves for us from the briary, which brought forth thornless roses in memory of 'Francesco's' temptation, with traditional familiarity, as if he had been still in the midst of the community; till I looked in his simple face, and asked myself, 'Did he realize that six centuries and more had passed over that spot since "Francesco" knelt there?' and the impression I gained was, that the idea of time, like all other temporal considerations, had found so little place in his mind, that the present was to him but a 'sexagenary twinkle' between the life of poverty of 'Francesco' on earth, and the life of glory of 'Francesco' in Heaven.

It was time to start again; but I could not forbear passing through the church once more. The sun was rapidly descending, and I fell a prey to a sense of sadness and foreboding I could not well define. I knelt at the base of a great pillar, and fancied it an image of the mighty spirit of the Apostle of Poverty, towering over, and upholding the dim *enceinte*, and wondered how long it would yet abide with a generation holding so little in common with it. As I mused, a sound of soft and measured footsteps fell around, and like a sweeping together of clouds over the evening sky, the *fraticelli* gathered through the aisles; whether it was a vision of Frate Bernardo da Quintavalle, and Frate Elia, with Frate Masseo, and Frate Leone, and the rest of the first simple flock, with 'Francesco' at their head; or of that chapter of the Order,¹ which so edified S. Dominic, and which came to be called the *Capitolo de' graticci*, because its multitudes had to be encamped in wicker huts through the Val di Spoleto; or the ordinary evening gathering of the flesh and blood representatives of the Order in the nineteenth century, mattered not. I knelt for a moment in their midst, and then was forced to part; but I may never forget the scene, as I turned to look back through the opened door. The *Santissimo* was raised upon his throne, the incense rose over the shrine, and caught on its waving clouds the sad straight rays of the dying sun; the *fraticelli*, singing in sweet sonorous chorus a plaintive litany of intercession, knelt quaintly one behind the other in two dark brown files all down the vast nave, just as if ranged by Fra Angelico's pencil—seeming to form a chain of connection between 'Francesco' and the outer world. It was one of the last evenings that they so knelt. The sadness which had so oppressed me must have been the foreboding of the coming order of suppression!²

I have cherished the *Fioretti* the more, though, since; and it needs but to read them to take comfort in the assurance that the spirit of the Seraphic founder is unsuppressable.³ When revolution has had its way for a time in deforming the face

¹ *Fioretti*. Part I. chap. xviii. p. 61-66.

² The law of suppression was, I find, dated July 7, 1866, and this was the 7th of May.

³ 'Antiquity is daily sinking out of sight beneath our steps. Everything changes, everything disappears—but to return. Man cannot destroy any of the fundamental conditions of his existence; and religion, which is one of them, can exist, for the future, only under the form of Christianity.'—*Lacordaire*.

of fair Italy, the people, weary of its false promises, will turn again unhindered to those principles, which have made their country the delight of the poet and the artist no less than the saint: and the *fraticelli* will gather round 'Francesco's' shrine once more, and chant their litanies of intercession.¹

It is sweet to linger over spots on which such holy 'flowers' have been gathered: it makes one happy in the fancy, that if one looks with faith and earnestness enough, one may yet see them garlanding the way-side shrines of the whole of central Italy, and casting their wreaths over many a sweet spot beyond. It is one of the special delights of foreign travel, that the unbroken tradition of the cultus of the Saints is continually uniting us with the unseen world, and with the holy and strong ones of old. It makes the memory of one's journeys like the memory of glimpses of Paradise. It is not only that the fields, the forests, the flora, the mountains, the sky, the very air, have a purity and depth of colouring, which seem not of this earth—but it is that the supernatural peers through all this: there are no more mists—Nature no longer veils Divinity—it becomes the very temple and shrine of God dwelling among men.

There are shrines in our own country too, and saintly memories, but 'the weeds and the desolate dust are spread' over them; and the effort of tracing them out fills us with the melancholy boding that 'the glory is departed.' In the south, they come before us without an effort: the incense of veneration is still around them; we have not to argue, and plead the right to kneel² and believe: the throng is kneeling already, and we, the weakest in faith among them. Nor need we go out of our way to seek them: I remember no journey to Italy in which undesigned coincidences have not brought me across some fragrant memory of the Fioretti di S. Francesco; so numerous are they, that you *must* fall in with their celebration somewhere. Even as far off from the Val di Spoleto as Chambéry, and resting there only for a single night's halt, preparatory to the diligence-crossing of Mont Cenis, I remember once wandering into a distant church for Mass before an early start; I found all the surrounding village population and a great many of the townspeople diligently assembling, all with a noble lily branch in their hands, which they held aloft during the singing of the Gospel, converting the whole area into a 'garden of lilies;' the sight and the scent were equally charming. Afterwards, they walked in procession down by the river, still holding their lilies, and singing hymns of thanksgiving. It was S. Antony of Padua's Day,³ and the grateful people were keeping up the memory of a benefit conferred on their forefathers by that fervent son of 'Francesco,' in staying the tide of an inundation which once threatened their town.

The iron road is now carried over the plain whence 'Francesco' breathed his last blessing on Assisi; it skirts the places which his holy knees pressed, on the heights of Perugia; it threads the bank of Lake Trasimene, where he was wont to walk, discoursing of God, with his disciples, as anon the Saviour by the Sea of Galilee; but the appreciating love of his fellow-countrymen has so covered the face of the country with the tokens of his presence, from the majestic dome and campanile, to the rustic way-side chapel; and so imbued its life with the thought of him, from the lofty verses of the noblest of poets, to the rough rhyme of the anonymous versifier of the people—that all the clouds of steam and smoke are powerless to conceal them.

¹ Even since the above was written it has already so far received fulfilment, that the Franciscan habit is no longer proscribed; and some of the dispossessed monks, in Sicily at least, have had the courage to resume it.

² *e. g.* The annual conflict in Westminster Abbey on S. Edward the Confessor's day.

³ Thirteenth of June. I have selected this instance for mention because it is one of the most pleasing; and yet I never happened to meet with anyone who knew of it.

The groves seem still to hide his coarse-clad girdled figure, wandering with his fair one by his side, '*questi amanti, Francesco e Povertà.*' There seems nothing incongruous in the fancy, that if we take a little boat, and row over to the Isola Maggiore, we should still find him keeping the long Lenten fast among the thorny bushes, and eating nothing all the forty days but that one half loaf, out of humility, lest his fast should be compared with his Lord's.² And when the discordant shriek of the steam-whistle rouses you from the vision of this '*poverel' di Dio,*' in which you have passed the night-journey through 'supernatural Umbria,' and you open your eyes to the early April sun, enameling mountain, lake, and sky, with pearly tints of rose and mauve and silver, it only wakes you to carry your gaze onward to Mount Alvernia—the rock which was cloven asunder in terror at the Passion of the Son of God³—and to make you fancy it yet bathed in the opal light the Seraph may have shed abroad when he came to imprint upon the body of the Saint, himself *tutto serafico in adore*,⁴ 'the marks of the Lord Jesus;' until you almost look to see after it, as did the shepherds and mule-drivers of that mysterious morning,⁵ the rising of an ordinary sun—a grey colourless sunrise, or a gaudy garish sunrise, such as you have known sunrise heretofore to be—at least something less intolerably beautiful than this!⁶

A further, and not the least, improvement to be derived from the study of the Fioretti, is the help they afford in making acquaintance with, and appreciating, the Umbrian School of Art, as well as many paintings of other Schools during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The mysterious attitudes and combinations which have puzzled us in our visits to the sanctuaries—now, since the barbarous spoliation of altar-pieces, we must say the galleries—of Italy have here their key. *Æsthetically*, it constitutes all the difference between the enjoyment of a beautiful melody when you hear it as an isolated composition, or when you know its place in the libretto of its opera. But, religiously speaking, it is much more than this. It is all the difference between the critical maybe, but probably mistaken, judgement of the production of the pencil, and the perception and contemplation of those glimpses of the actual presence of soul and mind and invisible spirit, beaming out through the human form, which it was given to the artist during two or three centuries to reveal, and then the gift was repealed. But the gift, while it lasted, has left recorded proofs of those disputed existences, more convincing than all the arguments of the schools.

So far, I have spoken of the *Fioretti* only under their legendary aspect; if not altogether necessary, it is perhaps wise, to add a line concerning their teaching, addressed to those who might be led either to censure it lightly, or follow it literally—and that line shall be merely to call attention to the distinction between commands, and counsels of perfection; between the 'better' which is proposed as the saintly aim of the few, and the 'well' which is the still difficult standard of the many. Many acts, beautiful in the life of a saint, would be injudicious and out of place in those of a different calling. There are in all ages of the world simple souls, who, while still walking the earth, appear yet to live in a higher sphere—who seem above the laws and conditions of Nature, and who—secure in their faith and confident in their hope and overflowing in the abundance of their charity—may act in a way which would be the merest extravagance in those to whom it is not given to be thus intimate with the secrets of the kingdom of Heaven. We can but stand by and adore the ways of God in such—enough if we can but feebly trace the spring which motivated

¹ *Paradiso*, xl. 73.

² *Fioretti*. Part I. chap. vii. p. 29–31.

³ *Fioretti*. Part II. § 2, p. 185.

⁴ *Paradiso*, xl. 36.

⁵ *Fioretti*, p. 201.

⁶ The story of the imposition of the Stigmata is told at length in the *Fioretti*, p. 173–236.

their course. But we may not judge them by our ordinary standard; nor shall we be wise—even while we try in our poor far-off way to emulate something of their spirit—in selecting their isolated acts for imitation.

This key must be borne in mind in dwelling on such a work as the *Fioretti*; and—I cannot forbear adding—most especially in such legends as those relating to Frate Ginepro,¹ whose exceeding *naïveté* it is not easy to admire. The practical piety of Frate Egidio,² on the other hand, will readily recommend itself to readers of our age.

And now, 'one word more,' as to the literary character of the *Fioretti*. It seems to me to recommend itself, especially to the student, by its brevity and purity of expression. It is easily understood, because there is no elaborate involution of phraseology—no striving after the grand in style; the descriptions are grand and striking, without being exaggerated—and minute enough to be graphic, without being trivial. There is an enthusiasm about its diction, which is at times commanding, and at times exceedingly pathetic, but never fanatical; while its vocabulary is always decorous and well selected.

When the humble and unknown *frate* was placing on record the acts of his Order, in a spirit of evangelic charity towards it and towards the world—a charity which dictated the choice of an evangelic simplicity of expression—it probably never occurred to him that he was helping to build up the written language of his country, no less than its history, its poetry, its art, and its religion; but it would seem that such is the case; and the preface to the edition indicated, following the opinion expressed by Cesari, declares it one of the most important as well as earliest of classic works of the Italian tongue.³

(To be continued)

R. H. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It may not be known to some of your readers, that the University of Cambridge has extended its Local Examinations from girls under eighteen to women over that age. The first 'Examination for Women' was held last July, in London and Leeds; and of the thirty-six candidates who entered, twenty-five passed. It is a curious fact, that the greatest proportion of failures was in two subjects which are accounted especially feminine, *viz.* Music and Drawing. Almost as large a proportion failed in Divinity, and several in Arithmetic; but in English History, Literature, and Composition, the whole of the candidates satisfied the examiners. In French, German, and Political Economy, there was also great success. It is hoped that next July the examination will be held in Manchester, as well as London and Leeds; and if another centre could be formed at Bristol or Exeter, there would then be a place of examination within easy access from all parts of England.

The Examination is divided into groups. Group A includes Religious Knowledge,

¹ *Fioretti*, p. 236-259.

² *Fioretti*, p. 260-273.

³ Some judicious foot-notes distributed through the volume serve to point out the etymology of the few expressions which have ceased to be in use, or have modified their sense in modern times.

Arithmetic, English History, English Literature, and Composition; B, Languages; C, Mathematics; D, Moral Science; E, Natural Science; and F, Art. No class-list is published; and the Examinations are conducted under the superintendence of a lady, with all possible privacy. Those who pass in group A, and in at least one other group, receive a certificate; but the authorities encourage the plan of taking group A only the first year; and the marks gained are carried towards a certificate, which can be tried for subsequently.

As I was myself a candidate, I can assure your readers that the ordeal was not as formidable as the idea of an University Examination at first sight appears. All the candidates were very much interested in the work, and thoroughly in earnest; and I noticed no signs of undue fatigue or exhaustion at the end of the day.

To give an impetus to this scheme, it is to be hoped that some women of real cultivation of mind will enter as candidates, if only for the sake of the example to others, who on their own account alone would not do so; and very earnestly do I commend the advantages of two or three years steady reading, with the stimulus and the test of the examination at the end of every twelvemonth, to the consideration of young girls who have just left school, or the school-room. From eighteen to twenty-one is, as a rule, a period in a woman's life of great leisure, and no great usefulness; and this time cannot be better employed than in gaining intellectual culture. A group may be taken each year, for three or four years, and the girl who does this will have acquired a fund of knowledge, which will enable her to do her future life-work more thoroughly and more perfectly, because more intelligently. A certificate will give a professional teacher a right to demand a rate of remuneration, which has hitherto been but rarely earned by a governess. She will thus be enabled to lay by some little store for the time when she can no longer work, and not have to depend on the dole of Benevolent Societies for the support of declining years, as is now too often the case.

Let me advise any of your readers, who think of trying their luck next July, to begin at once, and read steadily three hours a-day, and, warned by the failures of last year, to give a large portion of this time to Divinity and Arithmetic. They must also learn to write at a great pace, (an accomplishment gained by boys in writing impositions,) for otherwise a candidate, however well informed, cannot produce her knowledge in the allotted time. In History and Literature, it is well to throw one's strength on a period of, say, two or three centuries, as diffuseness in reading is a frequent cause of failure; and let me remind them that there is everything to gain, and nothing to lose, in making the attempt. Even the candidate who fails, has the satisfaction of feeling, that after all she must be a little less ignorant than before she began her preparations. And to a woman of any intellectual vigour, the pleasure of wide and systematized reading is in itself considerable.

'The reward is in the doing,' if in nothing more.

Copies of regulations, the list of books, and other information, can be obtained by writing to—

MISS WILSON, HILARY PLACE, LEEDS.

Or,

MISS E. BONHAM CARTER, RAVENSBOURNE, BECKENHAM, KENT.

I am, &c.,

ONE WHO PASSED.

THE INVALID KITCHEN, SOHO.

My dear Mr. Editor,

Two years ago, you were kind enough to receive an appeal from me on behalf of the Invalid Kitchen, in Soho. That winter it was enabled to give upwards of sixteen thousand dinners, between October 29th and April 6th, and to continue relief to cases of actual sickness throughout the whole of the following summer; and even this fell far short of the necessities of the surrounding district. But last year, I regret to say, the subscriptions were greatly diminished, and amounted to little more than half of those in the preceding twelve months; and at the present time the usual winter dinners cannot be begun, owing to want of funds. As I said in my former letter, the Invalid Kitchen was set on foot some years ago by Mrs. Gladstone; and by the kind permission of the Council, has been carried on in an unused room at the House of Charity. Although subscribers may obtain tickets, and give them to anyone they please, yet it is naturally only those living in the immediate neighbourhood who can send cases in this way for relief, and therefore those principally benefited by the Invalid Kitchen are the inhabitants of the adjoining parishes of St. Anne's and St. Mary's, Soho. In the parish of St. Mary's alone there are six thousand poor, a number which of course falls far short of those in many larger parishes; but then *they* have also wealthy inhabitants, who can support the local charities: while in St. Mary's all help has to be begged from outside. I must not trespass on your space now by attempting to give any account of the efforts made to stem the torrent of poverty and sin among its destitute inhabitants; though I should only be too glad if you would allow me to do so in a subsequent letter: my present object is to plead for the Invalid Kitchen, which, always valuable, is more than ever needed now. The fever, which has been long increasing throughout London, has now assumed so serious a form, that the most careless and indifferent are becoming alarmed. At present, as may be seen by the newspaper reports, medical men are of opinion that what is called 'Relapsing,' or 'Famine Fever,' may be completely stamped out by proper sanitary precautions, and *good food*. Humanly speaking, these remedies would generally be found sufficient; but though the proper sanitary regulations will probably be enforced by the authorities, they will be ineffectual, unless the poor can obtain better food than their own means could supply, especially at a time of year when a majority in the poorer districts are out of work. It is to meet this urgent need that help is now earnestly solicited; and those willing to give it, need have no fear of their contributions being mis-applied, as with the exception of the few tickets applied for by subscribers, and distributed on their own responsibility, no relief is given, except on tickets given by the district visitors, after a careful personal investigation of each case. The average cost of each dinner appears to be about threepence; but in some cases of actual illness, wine or brandy is even more necessary than food, and this adds greatly to the expense, and, in fact, can only be procured when the subscriptions are unusually liberal.

Before concluding, perhaps I may be allowed to mention two other undertakings, which have in some degree grown out of the Invalid Kitchen. Two years ago, a plan was formed for giving each of the boys in the Ragged Industrial School two dinners a-week through the winter. This has been continued as far as possible to the present time, and supported partly by special subscriptions, but principally by scraps contributed from the tables of the rich. This year, a sick-children's dinner-table has been established; a good dinner being given twice a-week in the girls' school to those children in the various schools who are found to be most in need of

it. It is much wished that this dinner for sick and starving children should be supported principally, if not entirely, by the children of the rich, who may learn to shew their gratitude for their happier lot, by denying themselves some toy, or other fancied pleasure, that they may be able to send small, but if possible *regular*, subscriptions. They will gladly be received, either by

THE REV. J. C. CHAMBERS,

1, GREEK STREET, SOHO.

Or by

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ST. MARY'S HOME, 10, CROWN STREET, SOHO.

Subscriptions for the Invalid Kitchen should be sent either to the Rev. J. C. Chambers; or to

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

HOUSE OF CHARITY, 1, GREEK STREET, SOHO.

In either case it should be distinctly specified for what object the subscriptions are intended. I may take this opportunity of mentioning that clothes, new or old, are at all times most valuable, and at this time of the year especially, gifts of all kinds for the Christmas Tree.

House of Charity,

Nov. 20th, 1869.

A PLEA TO CHILDREN FOR CHILDREN.

Dear Children,

All of you do not know what it is, day by day, to get up and have no breakfast before going to school or beginning your lessons, and then afterwards to have no dinner at home; but in this great city of London there are hundreds of little children who often go, day after day, looking amongst dirty rubbish for 'something to eat,' because there is no food at home. Very few of those who can help them know how much they suffer, or perhaps there would not so often be such sickness and misery; for there are plenty of kind hearts who would help if they could. For this reason it is, my dear Children, that you are going to be asked to help some few of these poor children to live, so that they may grow up and be useful people. For this reason a Sick and Starving Child's Dinner Table has been begun, and we want you to support it amongst yourselves. We want these poor little children to feel there are children who like to help them—that they may think that some of those children they often see and wonder at, do feel for all their misery. Often and often, when one of these children is ill, the doctor says, 'She wants good food, or she will never get well.' How can the food be got when the father has no work, and he has not even bread to eat? These are the kind of children we want you to help with a little of your money. For very little, one child may get one good dinner a-week: and perhaps, as these children grow up, they will try to serve and help those who have helped them, while those who do help will at all events know that the Good Shepherd, who so loves little children, and who sees and knows the least little thing that is done for Him, will not forget their little acts of love done for His sick and suffering children.

This is why it is, dear Children, that we ask your help for these poor starving children in Soho. Many and many a sad tale could be told you day by day, by some

of the three hundred children for whom we ask your gifts, and many a grateful little child will bless those who remember them in their time of sickness and need.

Do then, dear Children, help us and them.

THOSE WHO LIVE AND WORK AMONGST THE STARVING CHILDREN OF SOHO.

Please send help to the Rev. J. C. Chambers, Vicar of St. Mary's, 1, Greek Street, Soho, W.; or to the Sister Superior, St. Mary's Home, Crown Street, Soho, W.C., London, of whom any information may be obtained, and collecting cards may be had. Subscriptions may be paid monthly.

Mr. Editor,

Will you give me a corner to plead in?

Half way between Kensington and Fulham high-roads is the district of Earl's Court.

Till quite lately, the southern portion of this has been a sort of no man's land. It is inhabited by poor of the lowest and most abject class—poor far too squalid and miserable to venture into the pewed churches of the neighbourhood—needing the full care and watchfulness of a pastor for its own special wants, and of a church in which he might minister to them.

Last year, a Mission was set on foot in this district; and this year, soon after Easter, the temporary church of St. Matthias was opened for service.

In July, the permanent church was completed and consecrated. The work has gone on so speedily, the congregations increase so rapidly, the services are so hearty and so frequent, that one feels that God's blessing rests on the cause; but there is a lamentable want of money for the work. A heavy debt of £1180 remains unpaid. The church is wholly unendowed, and dependent in all ways on the Offertory. The congregation, though united and earnest, are people of limited means, many of whom have already done their utmost; and for much of the sum yet remaining to be paid, the earnest and over-tasked incumbent is personally liable.

St. Matthias is essentially a poor man's church, and the poor come to the hearty well-ordered services. They are most diligently visited and cared for by the incumbent and his district visitors.*

A guild has just been commenced for works of mercy among the poor, including night and Sunday-schools, a burial-guild, and other branches; but meantime, the spirit and energies of the incumbent and his helpers are crushed by this debt, and their want of power to meet it.

We have some of us heard that appeals to the readers of The Monthly Packet have been greatly blessed as a means of help. May this prove so, and relieve us in this our sore need. For St. Matthias is doing sure and Catholic work, in a district where such work was greatly needed; and those who come forward to help it must have the satisfaction of feeling that they are indeed helping to bear the Cross onward, as Christian soldiers should so bear it.

Yours, very faithfully,

K. S. M.

* There are three Celebrations weekly, daily Matins and Evensong, and four Sunday Services.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Epiphilen Truncatum Major.—There is no continuation of The Heir of Redclyffe.

Perhaps it may interest Mrs. Twitch to know that a Scotch version of her ballad exists. It is to be found in Professor Aytoun's collection of Scotch Ballads, and bears the title of The Wife of Auctermuchty. The Compiler says, 'It is thought to be the production of one Sir John Moffat, a "Pope's Knight," and may therefore have been composed about the year 1520.' It is of the length of seventeen verses of eight lines, and has the same incidents as The Old Man and his Wife, with various misfortunes added, as washing, baking, and above all, churning; for the Scotch wife is malicious enough to skim the new milk before she goes out. This could not happen where butter is made from the cream as in England.—NORTH COUNTRY.

M. P. will be much obliged if any Correspondent can tell her the name of the author of the hymn—

*'Oh! to be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my Eternal King.'*

and where it may be found.

L. W. wishes to know the author of the Advent hymn—

'When Christ came down on earth of old.'

Acknowledged with many thanks, 2s. 6d. from Bee, for The Sisters of the Poor.

Helena asks for 'Sunday books' for children from five to ten.—Children of the Church, by Mrs. O'Reilly, (Gardner)—Stories for every Sunday in the Year, by S. W., (S. P. C. K.)—The Kings of Judah, by F. M. Wilbraham, (Masters)—The Giant's Arrows, by the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke—Deeds of Faith, Triumphs of the Cross, Sermons for Children, by Dr. Neale—would all serve her purpose. My Sunday Friend is very promising in the specimen number.

In re F. D. E.'s query in the December Number of The Monthly Packet, I beg to inform her that Miss Reynolds—Work-shop, 29, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London—receives and disposes of ladies' point-lace work.—M. S. F.

M. A. thanks Volo non Valeo. She is endeavouring to raise £30 to place the Cripple in the Industrial Home at Kensington; and if any of the Subscribers of The Monthly Packet would send her even a trifle towards it she would be very thankful.—We give this notice, having begun the subject; but we wish it to be understood that we cannot insert appeals, or be responsible for contributions, for merely private objects of charity.

M. R. would be very much obliged to anyone who could inform her if a Key has been published to Acrostics in Prose and Verse, by A. E. H., a sequel to Double Acrostics by Various Authors; and if so, where to procure it.

M. A. H. presents her compliments to the Editor of The Monthly Packet, and would be very glad to know if there is any society for educating the daughters of poor clergymen or professional men, of the same kind as St. John's Foundation School, which is for boys.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

THE readers of last year's Monthly Packet will remember that our selections from the Divina Commedia had been carried down to the point where Dante and his guide ascend out of the third gulf of the circle of the fraudulent, after their conversation with Pope Nicholas III. on the misdoings of the Roman Pontiffs. We now proceed through the remaining gulfs.

In the fourth, over which they now pass, are imprisoned sorcerers and witches, who walk along weeping in silence. Their heads are twisted right round on their necks, so that they are compelled to go backward, the tears streaming down their shoulders and loins. Among them Dante sees Amphiaraus, Tiresias, and Manto the prophetess, whose history Virgil narrates at length, as she gave her name to the city of Mantua, his own birth-place. Then pass Eurypilus, the colleague of Calchas, Ardente, a cobbler of Parma, Michael Scott, astrologer to the Emperor Frederick II., and many others, all of whom the poets view from the bridge without descending lower into the gulf. Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded of Sir Walter Scott's introduction of the last-named wizard into his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' Virgil again warns Dante that time is getting on; for the full moon (called 'Cain and the thorns' according to an ancient version of the legendary 'man in the moon,') is touching the wave beneath Seville, and therefore, as seen from Jerusalem, is on the point of setting. As Purgatory is conceived as the antipodes of Jerusalem, so the Ganges and Seville, being the extremities of the known world, (though by no means one hundred and eighty degrees of longitude apart,) stand for the half-way stations east and west respectively; and the full moon's being on the latter meridian therefore implies that the sun has just risen on Jerusalem. It must be confessed that Virgil does not enforce very strict obedience to his own command. He must have let Dante talk a good deal on his way to the next bridge, for we have another mark of time very soon again in line 112 of the next Canto, by which it appears then to be ten o'clock on the morning

of Easter Eve; so that an interval of about four hours has passed in the space of one canto. This is comparatively slow work, as a reference to the end of the eleventh Canto will shew that Dante had employed no less than nine in describing his progress during the two hours from dawn to sunrise.

In the twenty-first Canto the poets reach the bridge overhanging the fifth gulf, and from it behold the lake of boiling pitch. The city of Lucca, which was under the patronage of Santa Zita, was then notorious for its fraudulent traders, among whom we must suppose Bonturo de' Dati—ironically mentioned by the demon in line 41—to have been especially conspicuous. The Serchio passes within a short distance of the city, and feeds its baths, which are still celebrated. The fact that there was an image of our Saviour at Lucca, held in great veneration, supplies the key to the taunt of the fiends stationed beneath the bridge, as the sinner returned to the surface of the pitch after his plunge with body bent and head downwards, which they wilfully interpreted to be an attitude of adoration. The allusion of line 94 is to the surrender of the castle of Caprona in August, 1290. The Pisans defending it were compelled from want of water to capitulate to the allied forces of Florence and Lucca; and Dante, then serving in the Florentine cavalry, was present when the defeated army, who had bargained for the safety of their own lives, passed through the ranks of the besiegers. Line 108 refers to the rending of the rocks of Hell at our Lord's descent, which has been referred to more than once before by Dante. The 1300th year of the Christian era, dating from the Incarnation, had begun on the 'yesterday,' March 25th: and Dante counting our Lord to have finished his thirty-third year at the time of his death, therefore reckons 1266 years since the first Good Friday. It should be noticed that Malacoda's assertion in line 126, that the poets would find another bridge at hand unbroken across the sixth gulf, was a lie, according to diabolic custom; and that when Virgil tried to reassure Dante by telling him that the fiends were grinning at the sinners in the boiling lake, he was mistaken, as they were grinning at the deception practised so successfully upon himself.

It is possible that our readers may be fairly disgusted with Dante's devils, and may compare them disadvantageously with those of Milton. It cannot be denied that they are a low vulgar set, without a single good quality to redeem their baseness. It is quite otherwise with Milton. On reading the *Paradise Lost*, we feel sure that Satan as there depicted could no more have done what these devils do, than could the hero of our favourite romance stoop to any unbecoming or ungentlemanly action. His grandiloquent speeches, his delighted admiration of the material beauty of the universe, his half-promptings to repentance—these and many other inventions of Milton's great epic are, we cannot help feeling, utterly unsuited to Malacoda, Barbariccia, and their followers. But the one merit of Dante's conception, that which outweighs all others put together, is his obedience to religious truth; his recognition of the great principle

that not only virtue in its strict sense, but all natural refinement whatever, is God's gift to his creatures ; and that in a soul finally abandoned by him there remains nothing good or pleasant, morally or physically. So in like manner it was a wise instinct with ancient painters to represent devils as the impersonations of ugliness, that the outward and visible form might fitly indicate the character of which it was the embodiment ; and this holds good, however much such representations may now in the decay of faith have been turned to ridicule by doggerel poets and jesters. And therefore we accept the lying and coarseness, the treachery and cruelty, of the devils described in this and the following Canto, as creations of true genius, worthy of our highest admiration, and such as could be ill spared even from the masterpiece of all poetry.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXI.

THUS we from bridge to bridge proceeded, talking
 Of matters by mine epic here eschewed ;
 Then, when already on the summit walking,
 We stopt to see the next deep fissure hewed
 In Malebolge with its useless wailing ;
 And there its strange obscurity I viewed.
 Just as, in Venice' arsenal, unfailing
 Through winter time the pitch tenacious boileth
 To caulk their unsound timbers, then for sailing
 Unfit ; and in that interval one toileth 10
 At his new vessel, and another pitches
 The ribs whose firmness many a voyage spoileth ;
 One hammers hard at prow or stern ; one hitches
 A coil of cordage ; one his oars reneweth ;
 One the rent mizen, one the mainsail stitches ;—
 Even thus a slimy pitch beneath us breweth,
 (No fire but wrath divine its heat providing,)
 Which on all sides with scum its margin glueth.
 I looked, but nought beheld I there abiding
 More than the bubbles which the boiling raised, 20
 All surging up and then again subsiding.
 And while with fixed countenance I gazed
 Below, my guide 'Take heed, take heed,' out-crying,
 Drew me towards him whence I stood. Amazed
 At this I turned, as one who lingers trying,
 Until that sudden fear his heart dismayeth,
 To witness that from which he should be flying,
 And then no longer for the sight delayeth
 Retreat :—for lo, a fiend behind us running
 Across the rock his black-hued form displayeth. 30

Ah me, how fierce his countenance and cunning !
 In attitude how bitter he appeared,
 With outspread wings and feet all slowness shunning !
 Upon his shoulder, sharp and proudly reared,
 A sinner's burden hung, the thighs together
 And the feet's sinews tightly clutched. He neared
 Our bridge and cried, 'Ho there, sharp talons, hither !
 Lo, one of Santa Zita's chiefs arriving :
 Plunge him beneath ; for I must journey thither
 Again : great numbers of them there are thriving, 40
 All save Bonturo thieves and cheats false-hearted,
 Of no for lucre quickly yes contriving.'
 He threw him down, and turning then departed
 O'er the hard rock ; nor mastiff e'er unchained
 With so much haste in quest of thief hath darted.
 The sinner sank, and then with muscles strained
 Rose ; but the fiends who 'neath the bridge had station
 Cried, 'Here no shrine the sacred Face hath gained :
 'Tis different swimming here from Serchio's fashion ;
 Wherefore, unless thou wish to taste our hooks, 50
 Make us above the pitch no elevation.'
 Then bit they him with full a hundred crooks ;
 And said, ' 'Tis needful here thou caper hidden ;
 So if thou canst, in secret filch.' So cooks .
 Oft in like mode have their attendants bidden
 To plunge the boiling meat with flesh-hooks under
 To the mid caldron, thence to float forbidden.
 Then the good Master, 'Lest those waiting yonder
 Perceive thee here, beneath some rock's protection
 Crouch down, that it may shield thee well ; nor ponder 60
 In fear at aught of hindrance or objection
 Against me done ; when here before, I heeded
 This pass, and stored it in my recollection.'
 Then he beyond the bridge's head proceeded ;
 But on the sixth bank as he was descending,
 A brow of dauntless courage there was needed.
 As dogs their storm and furiousness expending
 Which round the poor man suddenly hath surged,
 Who stands and begs in low entreaty bending ;
 So from beneath the bridge they forth emerged, 70
 And turned their hooks all towards him. But unshaken,
 'Let none of you be so perverse,' he urged ;
 'Ere that one hook its hold of me hath taken,
 Come one by whom my story may be tried :
 So will his plan to grip me be forsaken.'

Then all at once 'Go, Malacoda!' cried ;
 Whereat one moved, the others still remaining,
 Who as he came, 'What profits it?' replied.
 'Think'st thou to see me, Malacoda, gaining
 Such progress onward,' said my guide indignant, 80
 'Safe hitherto from all your schemed restraining,
 Without God's will and destiny benignant?
 Let me advance: so in Heaven's law 'tis written,
 That I should guide one through this realm malignant.'
 Then sank his ire, by this reproof so bitten,
 That he let fall his hook to ground, and chiding
 Said to the rest, 'Now must he not be smitten.'
 'O thou that crouched on the bridge art biding
 Betwixt the crags,' thus me my guide addressed, 90
 'Come now safe hither from thy place of hiding.'
 Then quick I moved, and on towards him pressed,
 And all the devils forward round me closed,
 So that I feared the pact would be transgressed;
 As once I saw the troops in fear supposed
 Who from Caprona went by stipulation,
 Themselves beholding by such foes enclosed.
 To my lord's side in close approximation
 I drew myself, nor ever moved my glances
 Off from their mien of evil inclination.
 Then one to another, as they bent their lances, 100
 'Wilt thou I touch him on the hip?' demanded;
 Who answered, 'Ay, make sure as he advances
 To notch him.' But that demon who was banded
 In converse with my master, quickly turned,
 And, 'Quiet, quiet, Scarmiglione,' commanded.
 And then to us, 'Soon will your feet be spurned
 From further progress by this rock which lieth
 Cleft to the bottom, as will be discerned,
 Of the sixth arch. But if your courage trieth 110
 Yet onward, up by that ravine 'tis given
 To climb; close there another rock supplieth
 Your road. Some five hours later, yestereven,
 Twelve hundred years and sixty-six were tending
 To their completion, since this path was riven.
 Some of my comrades thither am I sending,
 To guard, lest any from the wave be landed;
 Go with them; for they will not dare offending.'
 Straightway, 'Advance there forward,' he commanded:
 'Alichino, Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo:
 Lead the patrol thou, Barbariccia. Banded 120

With them, tusked Ciriatto, Draghignazzo,
 Graffiacane and Libicocco follow ;
 Then Farfarello, Rubicante Pazzo.
 Search round for those that in the slime should wallow ;
 But these guard safely to the bridge desired,
 Which goes unbroken o'er the adjacent hollow.'
 Then, 'Master, ah! what see I?' I inquired ;
 'Nay, without escort go we, if in earnest
 Thou know the road ; by me is none required.
 If thou as clear as is thy wont discernest, 130
 Seest not how each his teeth in fury grindeth,
 And with his eyebrows threateneth vengeance sternest ?
 But he, 'No cause for fear my spirit findeth :
 Let them grin on, their evil pleasure sating,
 For 'tis at those the wave in torture bindeth.'
 Then each 'twixt teeth an outstretched tongue creating,
 Ere to the left across the bank they bounded,
 Turned to their captain, for the signal waiting,
 Which he to them with obscene trumpet sounded.
 (*To be continued.*)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTII

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

THE Gospel of this day gives us first the calming of the tempest on the Lake of Tiberias, and then the healing of the demoniac who was possessed by the legion ; concluding with the abject folly of the Gadarenes who rejected the presence of the Healing Saviour.

This narrative is the theme of the meditation. First we have the storm in nature ; still held and restrained by the Maker's power, who says to the wind as to the wave, 'So far shalt thou come and no farther.' We feel a strange exulting fear in the sight of the lightning flash, and the roar of the tempest ; and yet more blessed is the power that tames and orders 'the unruly wills and affections of sinful men,' and calms their passions into the peace which passeth all understanding.

Yet is there not a love of excitement which believes life to consist in the tumult of human impulses? Nay, which, while forced to spend a quiet eventless career, loves to contemplate the furious conflict of passion, whether in the records of actual guilt or in works of imagination. To delight in such scenes is verily to choose to dwell in the grim

sepulchres in the mountain side—amid rottenness, dead men's bones, and the howls of the possessed—rather than to follow the Prince of Peace up the mountain side in the showery freshness of the morning after the storm. So following, so resting on Him, there is perfect repose and security; for 'as the hills stand about Jerusalem, so standeth the Lord round about His people from this time forth for evermore.'

Can there be a recoil from such security—a preference for the deadly contention of opposing evils, the desert, the tomb, the chain? Alas! too often the world gains the victory: the loss of some temporal possession (like that of the swine) alarms the selfish spirit; slavish terror is awakened by the manifestation of power, and the Gadarene temper drives the Saviour from the heart. Yet even then His endless pleading is not over. He draws the soul from dreams of earth—now by nature's lessons, now by those of the Gospel—till often the victory is won, and 'their lawless cries are turned to hymns of perfect love.'

We believe that the temptation to contemplate vice and to love the excitement of the study of passion, to which these verses primarily referred, was that afforded by Byron's poetry; and that the last lines expressed the hope that could not but be felt that such a change in the unhappy poet would come while it was not yet too late. In these days the works that dwell on the foul and dark wiles and violences prompted by mis-called love, ambition, or revenge, have not even the ornament of poetry, nor the poor excuse of being the veritable utterances of a diseased spirit. They are mere idle simulations. May not this poem remind us—ere we beguile our time with them in sheer idleness and curiosity—that they put us in danger, not indeed of 'doing such things,' but of 'taking pleasure in those that do them.'

The Sleep of our Lord on the Lake during the tempest has been the subject in the *Lyra* of that most musical and descriptive poem entitled 'Sleeping on the Waters,' which works up from the flower in the cottage window, which 'is not afraid of the snow' all around, to the babe sleeping unconsciously in the midst of a mourning or terrified household; then looks back to Moses slumbering in his bulrush ark.

'What recks he of his mother's tears,
His sister's boding sigh?
The whispering reeds are all he hears,
And Nile soft weltering nigh
Sings him to sleep: but he will wake,
And o'er the haughty flood
Wave his stern rod, and lo! a lake,
A restless sea of blood.'

Soon, however, a still mightier sea obeys him, when

'From left to right the watery wall
From Israel shrinks away.'

Passing on in thought,

‘Hail! chosen type and image true
Of Jesus on the sea;
In slumber and in glory too,
Shadowed of old by thee.’

Save that Moses slept calmly by the summer stream, He tossed on the tempestuous lake amid the alarm of His disciples. There had been a prophet who slept while the storm raged, until he awoke and cast himself into the abyss, and therewith came hope and life; and He who so slept on the Lake of Galilee, was even then about to cast Himself into the ‘wider wilder gulf’—the gulf of death itself, to win safety, hope, and life, for His Ark, the Church.

The hidden reference all along is to the apparent sleep of the Saviour in the midst of the tempest, and to the faith that should trust to the Presence, in the certainty that He can—in His own time—deliver His people, smite His foes, and make Redemption perfect, since He hath already given His Life a ransom for His own Ark.

THE PURIFICATION.

VERY Spring-like, fresh, and bright, are the verses that celebrate this festival, like the snowdrops, that are its appropriate flower. So simple are they too, that they scarcely need any word of comment on the truth they illustrate—that among all who thronged to the Temple, as on this day, the only ones who ‘saw their God’ in the Infant then presented were the ‘pure in heart,’ as represented by the Blessed Mother, Joseph, Simeon, and Anna; and in like manner, it is still only such as, like them, in purity of heart, are able to discern their God as presented to them in His Church—

‘Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His Cradle and His Throne
Chooses the pure in heart.’

Again: in the Lyra we are brought into the midst of one of the sweet, sunny, smiling days, that sometimes already give promise of Spring, with their violets, snowdrops, and thrush-notes, though still in the midst of ‘the stern bleak months that lead the year.’ Such a gleam befits the one rejoicing day of our blessed Lord’s Infancy, when His holy Mother ascended the Temple stairs.

‘Pure from her undefiled throes,
Her virgin matron arms enclose
The only Gift the wide earth knows,
Not all unmeet
For the dread place where now she goes—
His Mercy-seat.’

Gladness, and songs of faith and joy, met her then; but just as our untimely February gleam dies fast away into mist and chill, so even with the glad prophetic greeting of Simeon mingles the dread prediction of anguish and sorrow, like a funeral knell sounding in the midst of a feast, or thunder in a summer night.

So let me be content though my lot be cast in shade,

‘ And learn of Mary’s spotless Dove,
With moanings meek,
And soft wing gliding high above,
Thy face to seek.’

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

‘CURE Sin, and you Cure Sorrow,’ is the title of the present poem, and it is one that serves to guide us to the link of thoughts that might otherwise have seemed somewhat disconnected. That call, so frequent in the Psalms, upon God to awaken and make us feel His power and support against His enemies and our own, is often taken up by us in impatience and want of faith, when it seems to us as though He were asleep or deaf to our calls, because we seem left to ourselves; while all the time

‘ He is there, and at His side
He triumphs who for sinners died.’

The real reason of our sense of desolation is that we will not look at Him. We are not really mourning for the lack of Him and of His heavenly comfort, but for the worldly losses that have depressed our spirits. It is not that we want His grace, but the restoration of our own enjoyments; as, for instance, age might bemoan the departure of the delights of youthful love, when after all these were but a sort of idolatry. The secret of our dreariness is not longing after God Himself, but for Him to give us back our pleasures. It is a cowardly spirit that so shrinks, and our tears are mere selfish repinings.

Indeed, many a seemingly desert spot in our life is the very opportunity for bringing the greatest blessings on ourselves and others. In the full tide of successful preaching at Samaria, St. Philip the Deacon was suddenly summoned away to the desert, where he seemed to be utterly devoid of any means of doing good; but he neither delayed, murmured, nor questioned. And in that desert he met the Ethiopian, himself patiently traveling in that lonely spot, and studying in obedient faith the holy words which he could by no means understand, but he did not therefore reject. As the two met, all dreariness was over—the one had found his work and purpose, the faith of the other was enlightened; and when the holy bath of Baptism had been administered, they went on their way rejoicing, never probably to meet again upon earth, but each with a joy that no man could take from him. That Ethiopian had with

him what could not be dimmed by the glare of high estate, nor the gloom of woe and want—that gift which is lacking to the cold and proud, who let themselves be bewildered by a heartless crowd, and terrified by every vain report, whereas ‘No storm can now assail the charm he bears within.’ It is sin that causes dreariness and sorrow, our own iniquity that hides from us the face of God. Let us weep away our own sin, and then we not only may see clearly for ourselves, but become the intercessors for others.

In the *Lyra* we have some of the sternest and most awful of Mr. Keble’s verses, entitled ‘The Cradle Guarded.’ They seem to have been elicited by that which he always regarded as absolute cruelty—the endeavour to explain away the declarations of Divine vengeance and everlasting punishment. Fear is needful as well as love; and therefore, already we are reminded that wrath is laid up for the day of wrath. Even as the edges of flame glow up from the pit in Raffaele’s St. Michael—as volcanoes used to be regarded as doors of hell—so even in harvest joy we are reminded of the fate of the chaff and of the weed, and the robes of the vintager are dyed with crimson. And if His angels and saints above cry ‘How long, O Lord holy and true, dost Thou not avenge the blood of Thine own elect,’ His innocent little ones here below keenly desire to see justice done on the wrong.

These are His awful tokens, and verily it was from the lips of our Lord Himself that we received the fullest intimation of the horrors of everlasting death; and therefore His duteous spouse the Church fears to conceal these terrors from her children, and ‘the strain Love taught her she in love repeats.’ So ‘call it not hard’ that it is in the midst of her choicest festival hours she sings her notes of warning in the hymn *Quicunque*. ‘Call it not stern’ that she never lets her babes lose sight of the smoke hanging over the bottomless pit, though some may tremble whose love would keep them safe even without fear.

‘ Might the calm smile that on the infant’s brow
So brightly beams, all its deep meaning tell,
Would it not say, “ For love’s sweet sake allow
Fear’s chastening angel here with me to dwell ?

Was not the purchase of my quiet bliss
A life-long anguish and a cross of woe ? ”

For surely our very thankfulness for our Redemption would be diminished did we not rightly estimate what it saves us from.

If we learn such a lesson at the side of the cradle, as we see that the child’s character needs fear as well as love to guide it, it may be learnt also from the rugged heights that guard the peaceful valleys.

We believe the scenery here described is in the Isle of Skye. There is a rock which below seems a mere peak or pinnacle, but when scaled proves to be a wide shelf, where the cormorant perches, and is strewn with huge rocks as though they had been cast there by giants. Standing

on the edge, looking down the precipice into the dark abyss on the landward side, are visible grim crags, a thousand feet below, partly shrouded in cloud, and for ever shaded from the sunlight. A place of terror indeed, it must be, making the gazer on the giddy height feel himself a helpless child, upborne by a powerful arm over a flaming gulf.

‘O surely then to his heart’s deep is brought
The prayer, the vow there evermore to cling;
And sickening turn from the wild haunting thought—
“What if at once o’er the dread verge I spring!”’

The awful scene impresses on him that there is horror as well as beauty and sweetness in God’s world; and when he reaches the soft lovely glen hard by, he feels that it is well that in the fairest happiest homes we should think of judgement to come, so that the day may find us ‘watching and praying,’ not in careless security.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

‘THE Benefits of Uncertainty.’ It is one of the most poetical, and perhaps the most frequently recurring poems in all the volume. Who has not felt the heart-sickness of the suspense that would

‘pray for sharpest throbs of pain,
To ease them from doubt’s galling chain?’

and who has not felt at once rebuked and soothed by the very rhythm of the verse that ensues?—

‘Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet
To profit by Thy chastenings sweet;
For Thou wouldst have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill;
That on Thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean,
And this our frail and foundering bark,
Guide in the narrow wake of Thy beloved ark.’

The analogy is carried on through the best things earth gives. Victory seems infinitely more precious when it is but a merely possible success hanging in the balance, than when it is absolutely secure; and love’s first moment of doubting trembling hope has a charm beyond all the after certainty. The frail flower, the changeful spring, the last born babe—each is cherished with a peculiar dearness; and why?—

‘But that the Lord and Source of love
Would have His weakest ever prove
Our tenderest care; and most of all
Our frail immortal souls, His work and Satan’s thrall.’

For their lot remains even to the last in our own hands, and is the greatest uncertainty of all.

‘ I know not yet the promis’d bliss,
Know not if I shall win or miss ;
So doubting rather let me die,
Than close with aught beside to last eternally.’

For what is man’s best fancy of paradise?—the Greek’s Elysium of fair groves and meadows of flowers, the Arab’s ‘bright maidens and unfailing vines,’ the Northman’s endless chase and nightly festival,—all poor fragments of this low earth, utterly incapable of satisfying a mind that had any perception of immortal truth. In contrast with this, ‘the Heaven our God bestows,’ the blessedness of which ‘no prophet yet, no angel knows,’ no eye hath seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

From the aspiration to that intensity of glory, the poem turns to those who shall share it; neglected, unperceived, doubtful of themselves here, apparently lost like violets in the freezing blast, yet to awake to the ineffable joy in reserve.

‘ But peace—still voice and closed eye
Suit best with hearts beyond the sky ;
Hearts training in their low abode,
Daily to lose themselves in hope to find their God.’

‘It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like Him,’ was the motto of this poem, and so it is of that in the Lyra; but whereas the first related to the ‘it doth not yet appear,’ the second is upon ‘we shall be like Him.’

It is one of those charming poems, almost too simple for analysis, which perhaps we love best. As there is always an eager desire to trace the family likeness in a new-born child, so may the guardian angels be watching their charges to find the resemblance of some holy one gone before.

‘ For of His saints the sacred home
Is never quite bereft ;
Each a bright shadow in the gloom,
A glorious type hath left.’

So may these holy ones seek the dawning likenesses to the saints of old, in whose places the present generation are standing; and as the father’s right is owned first of all in the child, so in the whole communion, triumphant, militant, or new-born, there is that one Image predominant,

‘ the Fountain Orb of good,
Pure light and endless love.’

SAINT MATTHIAS.

THE qualifications of the two whom the Apostles chose to place before the Lord that one might be appointed in the stead of the traitor, become the text of a poem on the Christian Ministry. The chosen priest must have been a close follower of his Lord, learning lowliness from His cradle, patience from His Cross, and feeling His Divinity in agony as well as in glory.

‘But who is sufficient for these things?’ It is only Christ’s promise to His Bride—‘And lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,’—that could enable any to undertake the awful charge. None, uncalled by the Lord Himself, could dare; and that call must be certified by His hand and seal—that seal which is committed to His anointed heralds, that they may confer His commission to those who as kings and priests lead His armies and fight His battles.

Then saith the minister and good soldier of his great Captain—

‘fearless walk we forth,
Yet full of trembling, messengers of God;
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our worth,
By our own shame alike and glory awed.’

This is altogether a ministerial poem. That in the *Lyra*, entitled ‘Enacting Holy Rites,’ is of more universal application, describing how often the child’s play betokens the bent of his future mind, and almost acts it beforehand; just as the streams which have part of their course under-ground will bear along on their current, when they come to the surface again, the ‘floating tokens’ that have been thrown in near their source.

‘Oh, many a joyous mother’s brow
Is saddened o’er when sports are rife;
And watching by, she seems e’en now
The tale to read of coming strife.
Through lawless camp, through ocean wild,
Her prophet eye pursues her child,
Scans mournfully her poet’s strain,
Fears for her merchant loss alike and gain.

Anxious she is if his inclination seem cast in these secular delights; how much more if he strive dimly to imitate the priestly functions? Then her hopes soar above the highest heaven, but her fears fall below the lowest deep; for what is so fearful as the lot of the false apostle, and those who fail like him?

‘Cast ye the lot, in trembling cast,
The traitor to his place hath past,’

was once said; and how should we not strive by prayer and fast that the ‘dangerous glory of the priesthood should fall only on brows worthy

to retain it, and that the boy's imitation of holy rites may be such an omen as were St. Athanasius' youthful instructions to his comrades on the sea-shore, when he baptized them in full earnest, and as it had been done in all reverence and simplicity, the Bishop of Alexandria deemed that the Sacrament need not be administered.

In such a hope the mother watches her son, praying for him 'in hope when most he fears, in trembling when his hopes mount high;' and her prayers, wafted by her guardian angel, strike a chord above of more than angel sympathy.

For if there was unspeakable heaviness on the soul of the Saviour

' When with the traitor in His sight,
His secret sad He told apart ;'

yet when He spake of the treasures hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes, it was with infinite gladness and thanksgiving ; and such joy is with the Good Shepherd when His children shew His true tokens of mingled meekness and daring, as they whisper their part in chants of Heaven.

' " Else," warning love cries out, " beware
Of chancel screen and altar stair ;
Love interceding kneels in fear,
Lest to the Pure the unholy draw too near." '

(*To be continued.*)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. II.—LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

'At evening time it shall be light.'—*Zechariah*, xiv. 7

(*Tune, Melita.*)

NEED hath the Golden City none
Of nightly moon or noon-day sun ;
And every pilgrim waiting here
Till down from Heaven the Bride appear,
With this sure word may meet the night—
At evening time it shall be light.

With dull despairing gaze beyond,
The world would have my heart despond,

And cries, 'Life endeth with the tomb,
And after glory comes the gloom ;'
My soul, heed not the world's affright,
At evening time it shall be light.

The deep dark shades may overwhelm the day,
And all the splendours melt away ;
The night may lower—but not for one
Whose life is hid beyond the sun ;
My God shall make the darkness bright,
At evening time it shall be light.

It shall be light ; and all below
My soul believed in, it shall know,
Unclouded then mine eyes shall see
The heart of every mystery :
In breadth and length and depth and height,
At evening time it shall be light.

It shall be light ; when I behold
The Blessed Vision long foretold !
The dearest hope, the sweetest grace,
My soul's Beloved face to face.
Dear Lord, upon my longing sight
O bring the evening and the light !
Amen.

CONTENTED WE OUR GOD ADORE.

ALONE, alone, the wilderness
Is fairer than the fertile vale,
And as the stars of heav'n grow pale
When the warm sun awakes to bless,
So in that all-consuming fire
The dearest thing that we desire

Is turn'd to nothingness, and we
Allured by one gentle Voice,
In silence on our knees rejoice,
Nor ever would depart from Thee
To that tumultuous city street,—
To live alone has grown so sweet.

M. K.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XII. (*continued.*)

THE LAST OF THE ÁRPÁDS.

A.D. 1278 TO A.D. 1301.

LÁSZLÓ IV. was now the only male representative of the House of Árpád in Hungary. It may, however, be remembered that András II.'s third wife, Beatrice d' Este, bore a son, shortly after the death of her husband. This son, named István, led a most adventurous life. Born at the court of his uncle, Azo VII., Margrave of Este, he there remained till he grew up, when an unsuccessful attempt made by him to upset his uncle's government obliged him to leave Italy. He fled for refuge to his step-sister, Jolantha, Queen of Arragon; returned after a time to Italy, and was chosen Podestà of Ravenna; but being soon driven thence, retired to Venice, and married Thomasina Morosini.

Neither his step-brother, Béla IV., nor his nephew, István V., had cared to acknowledge their connection with him, but had on the contrary done their best to keep him out of Hungary. Now, however, when the race of Árpád had so greatly diminished, the people, fearing lest it should become altogether extinct, urgently entreated László to call home his cousin András, the only son of István, who was now dead. László yielded to the wishes of the nation, and made András—'the Venetian,' as he was called—Duke of Slavonia, thus acknowledging him as heir-presumptive to the throne.

András seems to have settled very quietly in Slavonia, and to have done few acts of any importance. It is indeed not improbable, that László circumscribed his power; or it may have been that the Duke was wise enough to see that the less he interfered with matters of state, the better. Hungary was at this time in a miserable condition. The young king's mother, Erzsébet, though brought up at the Hungarian court, had never thoroughly forgotten or abandoned her Kuman habits; and as for the relations, whom she delighted to have about her, they retained to the full their wild lawless ways, and scarcely made an attempt at adopting the manners of Christians and Europeans. Nor were the Hungarian lords whom the Queen favoured by any means models either of wisdom or virtue. Yet these were the examples László had had before his eyes from his childhood; among such persons, and under such influences, he grew up, indulged in every whim, and corrected by no one. One of his tutors, indeed, was punished as guilty of high treason, for having presumed to cane his Majesty. Under such circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that his naturally violent temper grew wilder as he grew older; that he

too favoured the Kumans, and liked to adopt their easy-going manners. He had no affection for his Angevin wife, Isabella, and therefore left her in a nunnery on the Margarethen-Insel, while he lived a wild lawless life with the Kumans, and other like-minded companions. As for the government, he troubled himself vastly little about it, and left it entirely in the hands of his mother and Pektári, who shamelessly broke the laws, and robbed the State, the Church, and private persons, without compunction.

Their example was of course followed by the nobles, and all order seemed to be at an end. The castles, built for defence after the departure of the Mongolians, became nests of robbers; the weak were plundered by the strong, and orphans were robbed of their inheritance by their neighbours. In the plains beyond the Danube wandered the Kuman tribes, still, for the most part, heathen. They respected no rights of property, pastured their cattle in whatever fields or gardens they chanced to come across, laid hands on anything they fancied, and, as if they had been in an enemy's country, plundered or made slaves of the inhabitants. So great was the general insecurity, that the collector of the Pope's dues did not know how to get the money safely to Rome, and wrote to inform his pontifical master of the dilemma in which he found himself.

The Hungarian prelates also sought help from Rome, and the Pope despatched a legate to László, who at first refused to receive him; but, being afterwards persuaded to yield, went into the opposite extreme, and became almost abjectly submissive. He promised everything that was demanded, and kept his word so far as to summon a Diet, at which the following arrangements were made with regard to the Kumans. Their chiefs promised, in the name of the seven tribes, that they should become Christians within a very short time, and that each tribe should give a hostage as a pledge of their good faith. They were also obliged to promise that they would give up dwelling in their dearly-loved tents, and build themselves respectable houses. The legate even insisted that they should be required to cut their hair and shave, and lay aside their peculiar dress; but the Diet was more merciful, and only required that they should conform to Christian habits in other more important respects. The Diet concluded by charging the Palatine Csák Máté to keep a watchful eye upon public affairs, punish robbers, and above all, restore to their rightful owners any lands which had been taken from the Church or private persons. This latter clause was evidently directed against the bad influence of the Queen-mother and her favourites. As soon as the sittings of the Diet were ended, the legate held a synod; but in his zeal for the Pope, he endeavoured to bring in measures which threatened the freedom of the Hungarian Church, and encroached on the rights which had belonged to the King of Hungary, from the very foundation of the monarchy.

László indignantly ordered the town of Buda to shut her gates upon

the assembled prelates, and not allow them to buy provisions. This step he probably took by the advice of some of the bishops themselves; for there still were some who were unwilling to make over the rights of their country to the Papal Chair. However this may be, it was so far successful that the Synod was compelled to dissolve; but the legate, withdrawing to Pressburg, laid the country under an interdict, and excommunicated the King. But László was not so easily awed into submission. He appealed to the Pope, forbade his bishops to have any intercourse with the legate; and upon discovering that the Bishop of Erlau dared to disobey him, he fell upon his possessions, and carried off the inhabitants of the Erlau valley, declaring that he was in league with the rebels of the Zips. However, his courage was not of the steady kind; and when he had received a threatening letter from the Pope, followed by exhortations to submission from Charles of Sicily and Rudolf of Germany, it forsook him entirely, and left him ready to make any concessions that might be demanded of him. Little good resulted from the interference of the legate, for even had his mind been sufficiently free from ambitious schemes for increasing the power of the hierarchy, he could not, as a foreigner, have done much to improve the civil state of Hungary. Foreign influence cannot inspire a bad government with wisdom, strength, or justice, and the attempt at interference generally results in making bad worse. In this case, no sooner had the legate turned his back, than László returned to his evil ways, his example being naturally followed by the nobles, who were becoming more and more independent of all authority.

The severity of the decrees made at the Diet with respect to the Kumans, roused them to revolt. Rather than give up their faith and their gipsy-life, they vowed they would leave Hungary; and accordingly they set out to join their relations in Kumania, (Moldavia,) under the leadership of Oldamur. László hurried after and overtook them, and having defeated them in a sanguinary battle, compelled the survivors to return. This sudden severity towards his former favourites, seems to have caused some estrangement between himself and his mother, and to have put a period to her influence in the government; but still matters went on none the better. Indeed, the land was in such a miserable state, that Oldamur, who had escaped from the late battle, returned in 1285 at the head of some Kumans and Nogai Tatars, committed great depredations, even made his way as far as Pest; and yet was able to go back unhindered, till he reached Transylvania, where the Széklers and a few nobles fell upon them, took away their booty, and set free some thousands of prisoners whom they were carrying off. This is the first time we find mention made of the Nogai Tatars, many of whom seem either to have settled in Hungary of their own accord, or to have been kept there as prisoners.

László had never felt much cordiality towards his father-in-law, Charles of Anjou, and had steadily refused his demand that Dalmatia

should be given up to Sicily as the marriage-portion of the Hungarian Princess Maria;* but still he had been in some awe of him. Now, however, the warlike powerful king was dead, and László felt himself freed from all restraint. He shut his wife Isabella up in the nunnery on the Margarethen-Insel, where she often lacked even necessities, while her husband was amusing himself with his Kuman and Tatar favourites, living in their tents, and adopting their costumes, quite heedless of state affairs, and indifferent to the fact that Johann von Güssingen, whose estates extended from the borders of Styria and Austria to Raab, had become so independent as to make war upon Duke Albrecht, and conclude peace without consulting the pleasure of anyone but himself. Fresh remonstrances from the Pope caused him to set Isabella again at liberty; but no sooner was the pressure withdrawn, than he relapsed into his old evil ways, taking the Kumans back into his favour, and allowing them such license that there was no safety for life or property.

In this state of things, the Pope and Bishops devised a plan, which, though intended to remedy them, was ten times worse than the evils themselves. They preached a crusade against the Nogai Tatars, Mahometans, and heathen; but the rabble which flocked to the episcopal standards preferred joining the Kumans in pillaging to fighting with them; and too late the Bishops found they had called into being a force which it was quite beyond their power to control. They were obliged to have recourse to the King; and László promised pardon to all who would lay down their arms at once. The wild crusaders, however, would not obey till they were dispersed by soldiery aided by the Kumans. The assistance afforded by the Kumans on this occasion rendered them dearer than ever to László, who, committing all cares of government to the Palatine Mizse, a lately-baptized Mahometan, set out on a wandering expedition with the Kuman tribes.

But he did not wander long, for the time had come when his love for the Kumans was to prove fatal. There were jealous hearts among them, and eyes that could not bear to see the favour he bestowed upon the Nogai Tatars; and as he was one night sleeping in his tent, he was murdered by the brothers of one of his chief Kuman favourites. After his death, they called him Kuman László; for his mother was Kuman, his friends and his enemies were Kuman, and so also were his murderers. His name was long remembered by the impoverished Magyar labourer, whose stock of cattle had been so reduced by the lawlessness of the times, that he was frequently obliged to yoke himself or his children to his two-wheeled cart, which he then called 'Kuman László's cart.'

András the Venetian, Duke of Slavonia, had lived so quietly in his duchy for the last ten years, that it is scarcely wonderful that others besides himself started up to claim the vacant throne immediately upon

* Sister of László, married to Charles's son, Charles the Lame.

László's death, or that even in Hungary there was a party hostile to him. However, he at once despatched his plate and other valuables to Stuhlweissenburg, and then set out for the same place with his wife Fennena. On the road, however, they were taken prisoners by Johann von Güssingen, and detained some days, till their release was effected by other of the nobles on promise of ransom. Even when they reached the coronation-city their difficulties were not over; for the hostile party, unable to effect anything by violence, tried in underhand ways to delay the coronation, by hiding the crown. When this was at last discovered, and the ceremony performed, a pretender made his appearance, giving himself out as András, the late king's brother, who had really died in childhood. This false András was, however, soon put to flight, and then the new king had to turn his attention to more formidable rivals.

The Emperor Rudolf, who, as we have shewn, owed so much to the assistance of Hungary, more particularly the brilliant and decisive victory over his dangerous enemy Ottokar, now shewed his gratitude, and redeemed the fair promises he had made to László, by declaring Hungary a vacant fief of the empire, and as such bestowing it on his son, Duke Albrecht of Austria. The only right he had, or could even allege, was that derived from the act of homage performed in Béla IV.'s name to Friedrich II.; and that, as Rudolf well knew, had been not only declared null and void by the Pope, but actually was so in equity. Even had Friedrich performed the conditions upon which Béla did him homage, Hungary would have had every right to refuse to acknowledge him and his successors as her feudal lords, since she had not been consulted, and her consent, spoken by the Diet, was absolutely necessary to the validity of any such arrangement. It must be remembered, that the Kings of Hungary were never, even in their most powerful days, absolute monarchs. They held their power, such as it was, from the nation, and without the nation's consent they could neither lay it down nor transfer it to another. These considerations, however, naturally affected Rudolf not at all. He had professed the warmest affection for Hungary, but he cared little for her constitution, and longed to have her safe under his own protecting wing. He went even farther; and as though the humiliation of being made over to Austria were not sufficient, he proceeded to divide the unfortunate country, giving all on the west of the Danube to Albrecht, and all on the east to Wenzel* of Bohemia, his son-in-law; thus making the kingdom of Hungary into two German states.

The Pope, on the other hand, who longed as much as the Emperor for the supremacy in Hungary, allowed his legate to crown at Naples the son of Maria and Charles the lame—Charles Martel; * declaring at the same time that Hungary had been from ancient times a fief of the

* Wenzel II. of Bohemia and Charles Martel were both, by their mothers, great-grandsons of Béla IV.

Holy See, and that no other had a right to dispose of her. He wrote to the Emperor and Albrecht to this effect, warning them not to venture to interfere with his vassals.

Meanwhile, the actual King of Hungary, whose dominions were being thus summarily disposed of, was doing his best to ingratiate himself with his subjects. At the coronation Diet he confirmed the privileges of different classes, and made several new and important laws, evincing a great desire to do justice by all. At Gyulafehérvár,* in Transylvania, he also held a Diet, and much pleased the people by the encouragement he gave to trade and manufactures. Born and bred as he had been at Venice, the great commercial capital of the world, he had naturally learnt to value trade as one of the chief sources of a nation's power and prosperity. These wise measures of the King gave general satisfaction, and together with the dread of seeing the country dismembered, served to attach all classes closely to him. Even the factious nobles allowed themselves to be conciliated; so that it seemed as though order and prosperity might once more reign in Hungary.

Peace, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. In the spring, András despatched an embassy to Albrecht of Austria, demanding the restoration of the towns he had taken from Hungary during the war with Johann von Güssingen; but the Duke's only answer was to seize Pressburg. Whereupon András, at the head of a large army, marched into Austria, which he found ripe for an insurrection. Albrecht had not managed to make himself popular with his subjects, who, indeed, so thoroughly hated him, that, with the encouragement afforded by the approach of the Hungarian army, they even rose against him, and shut him out of Vienna. To add to his misfortunes, his great father Rudolf died at this time; and with the greater part of his own subjects in revolt, the enemy in possession of many strong places, and his capital besieged, Albrecht found himself obliged to seek speedy assistance. His letter to the Bishop of Regensburg gives a comical idea of the style of correspondence affected by princes of his time.

'The poets,' he writes, 'describe a serpent, which lurks in marshes, and which, if you chop off one of its heads, immediately supplies its place by thirty fresh ones. The Hungarians seem to us to belong to the same race; they are poisonous by their own inward wickedness, cunning by their deceitful subtlety; and they escape like slippery eels out of the hands of those who try to catch them. For though we did once annihilate them, they have come to life again in greater numbers than before, and are jumping up out of their marshes like frogs. We therefore warn you to hasten promptly with your soldiery, to assist us in destroying them.' The Bishop, however, appeared to be in no hurry to obey the summons, for he replied, 'The Huns, whose settlements are now occupied by the Magyars, once poured out of their own country with irresistible force, and made their way to the lands beyond

* White City of Julius—now Karlsburg or Weissenburg.

the Rhine, destroying all that they encountered on their march. Since therefore the Hungarian kingdom is so much larger than all others, it were vain to imagine that it can be so easily annihilated by any injury done to either of its extremities. Often enough have your forefathers bitterly rued the consequences of provoking this brave nation to war. In conclusion, remember

“The triumphant Béla, on the victorious wings of war,
Prostrated the Duke,* and slew both Austrians and Styrians.”

Hopeless of obtaining any help from the prudent Bishop, Albrecht found his wisest plan would be to yield the Hungarian towns, and make peace. And now at length András, feeling himself to be firmly established on the throne, sent for his mother, Thomasina, to come and take up her abode at the Hungarian court. There seemed little reason to fear any attack from Charles Martel, who had hitherto taken no steps to make good his claims; and as for his father, Charles the Lamé, in whose stead he was reigning at Naples, he had enough to do with the disastrous war he was waging with the King of Arragon for the recovery of Sicily.

But precisely at this time, when all seemed to promise well for András, Charles Martel began to bestir himself. He induced his mother, who was then in Provence with her husband, to make over her rights to him; and armed with her proclamation, and the consent of the Pope, having also previously been crowned by the Legate, he called on the Dalmatian towns to recognize him as their king. In spite, however, of his bribes, (the offer of protection, and facility for their trade with Italy,) the towns stood firm, replying that they had already done homage to one Hungarian king, and they only recognized as such one who had been crowned in a Hungarian town with the crown of St. Stephen. Charles Martel was therefore clearly formidable only from the favour shewn him by the Pope; and as the latter died at this time, 1192, and the Papal Chair remained vacant for the next two years, András had nothing to fear from this quarter for the present. Feeling, however, that he required a thoroughly trustworthy governor, he made his mother Ban of Dalmatia, and himself spent some time in the province, endeavouring to counteract any ill effects that might arise from the machinations of Charles Martel. Further to strengthen his position, he joined the league of the German Princes, who had united to place Duke Albrecht on the Imperial throne, in the room of Adolf von Nassau, with whom they had speedily become dissatisfied. It might have seemed as though his enemy Albrecht were the last person András would wish to see Emperor of Germany; but he joined the league out of policy, demanding as the price of his adhesion, that the Princes should pledge themselves not to give any assistance to Charles Martel. This they readily promised, though two of their

* Friedrich von Babenberg.

number, Duke Albrecht and Wenceslaus of Bohemia, were brothers-in-law of the Angevin prince.* It was a strange fate which seemed to compel Hungary always to be instrumental in building up the power of the Habsburgs.

The chief trouble András had for the next year or two, was in attempting to curb the excessive power of his unruly barons; many of whom were in possession of lands to which they had no right, and persistently refused to give them up. Some severity was necessary, for the Vajda of Transylvania and Csák Máté, who reigned almost like a little king over great part of north Hungary, openly refused compliance with the King's orders; and though they as well as the rest were at length reduced to obedience, their power was not broken, though their ill-will to the King was greatly increased, for he had neither strength of character, nor means sufficient thoroughly to subdue them.

In 1294, the feeble-minded Celestine V. was chosen to fill the Papal Chair; and on his entrance into Rome, Charles the Lamé, and his son Charles Martel, walked on either side of him, holding the bridle of his ass; in return for which piece of homage, he rewarded them by crowning Charles Martel King of Hungary with his own hand.

The new-made king died, however, in the following year; and as his three sons were all young, András might fairly have hoped to be left in peace, had not the feeble Celestine been succeeded in five months time by Boniface VIII., one of the most powerful, obstinate, and ambitious men who ever wore the tiara. It is possible that András might have purchased the new Pope's favour, by doing him homage, and acknowledging him as his feudal lord; but as a son of free Venice, who had ever manfully resisted the pretensions of Rome, as king by hereditary right, and the choice of his people, he scorned to beg his crown from Rome. At all events, there is no trace of his ever having turned to her for help. With fatal blindness, he, however, united himself more closely to Austria, by marrying Agnes, the daughter of Duke Albrecht; but he did not by this add to his happiness, for Agnes married him only in obedience to her father, and seems not to have been a very amiable wife.

Meanwhile, Boniface, as he could not with any decorum openly attack András, employed himself in paving the way for his protégé by all the secret means in his power. The new Archbishop of Spalatro, chosen by András, had failed to seek from Rome the ratification of his appointment; and Boniface, eagerly taking advantage of this circumstance, deposed him, nominating in his stead the chaplain to Queen Maria. András made no opposition, very probably because he suspected no harm; but the wisdom of the Pope's policy was very soon apparent, as in a few months all the towns in Dalmatia were won over to the Angevin interest, through the influence of the Archbishop.

* Charles Martel had married Clementia, sister of Albrecht.

Unfortunately, the King's thoughts were not at this time turned entirely towards the affairs of his kingdom. In the spring of 1298, he went to Vienna, ostensibly for the purpose of betrothing his only daughter Erzsébet to Wenceslaus, Crown-Prince of Bohemia; but in truth, the betrothal served only as a pretext for the assembly of several princes of Germany to concert measures for the deposition of Adolf von Nassau in favour of Duke Albrecht. Shortly after, a large Hungarian force joined the Austrian army: Adolf was killed in battle, Albrecht triumphantly crowned at Aachen, and Hungary achieved the glory of having again played the part of foot-stool to the Habsburgs as they once more ascended the Imperial throne.

Meanwhile, the Angevin party had been gaining ground, for many of the discontented nobles were glad to join it, and thereby embrace the opportunity for gratifying their love of plunder. András too lost courage, and feeling unable to cope with his rebellious vassals, called an extraordinary Diet of all classes in his kingdom but the Magnates. The people, the lower nobles, the clergy, and all the bishops, with one exception, were devoted to him; and had he been a great ruler, he would have seen it to be his best policy to rouse them to make common cause with him against the great nobles, who were indeed the common foes of the people and the clergy, as well as of the King. But András failed to perceive the advantage he would gain by this line of conduct, or it may be he had not sufficient force of character to venture upon so bold a step. A wise ruler for peaceable times, he was not fitted by nature to cope with the difficulties that surrounded him; difficulties which were in no degree of his making, but had been left him as an heir-loom by his predecessors on the throne.

The Diet issued several wise decrees, gave the King almost unlimited power of dealing with the Magnates, appointed a general Diet to be held on the plain of Rákös in the spring of the following year—and there, unfortunately, its powers ended. It had done its best by decrees and resolutions to place the affairs of the kingdom on a better footing; but neither decrees nor resolutions were of avail without the power or firmness to put them in force; and these neither King nor Diet possessed; consequently, matters went on pretty much as before. It was not wonderful that the Diet found fault with the King for weakness and indecision; but it was a wonderfully bold piece of injustice on the part of the rebel barons to accuse him at Rome of being the author of all the troubles and disturbances.

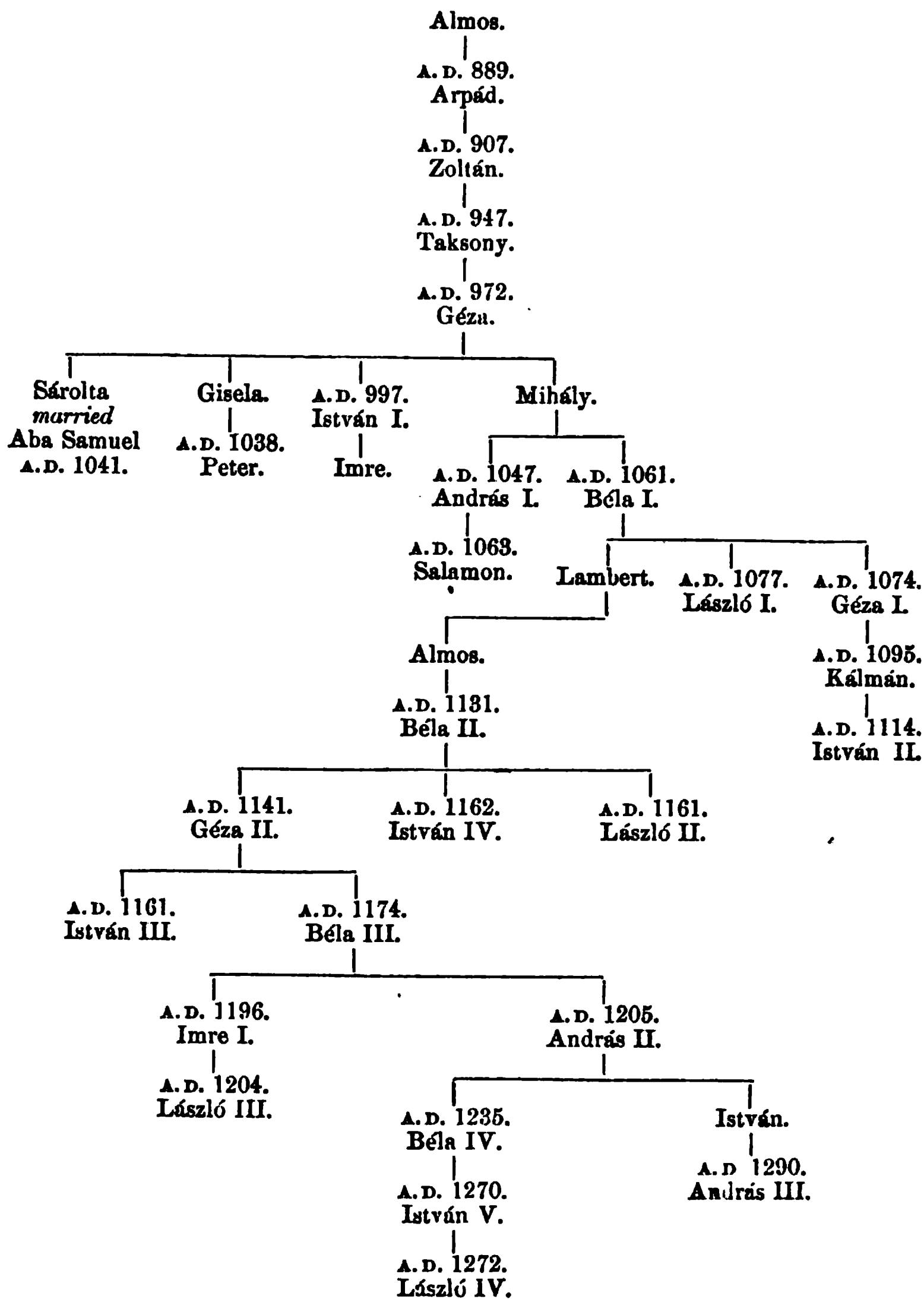
This complaint was coupled with a request that Boniface would send their king, Charles Robert, speedily to Hungary; but the Pope could hardly comply immediately with this request, though he declared his conviction that the only hope for Hungary lay in the protecting care of the Holy See. The only Bishop who had refused to attend the Diet, was one whom András had especially favoured, and had lately raised to the Archbishopric of Grán; where he soon shewed himself not only utterly

ungrateful, but ready to become the tool of the Pope, and the enemy of his country's independence. This man Boniface now made his legate in Hungary, charging him to re-establish peace, punish heresy, and watch over the interests of the Church. Secretly, however, he was also charged to promote the interests of Charles Robert by all possible means.

At the Diet held the following year on the plain of Rákös, the Legate again refused to make his appearance, complained of injuries done to him and his see by the King and his adherents, and finally commanded all the Bishops to withdraw from the Diet on pain of punishment. Not one of them obeyed; but András was not the man to place himself at the head of the nation, and venture on a conflict with Boniface; the people, too, had a pious dread of opposing the head of the Church; and the Diet therefore contented itself with issuing a solemn protestation against the Legate, at the same time sending an appeal to Rome. Whatever other decrees the Diet may have issued, remained entirely fruitless; and in the spring of 1300 the Count of Brebir went to Apulia to fetch Charles Robert to Dalmatia, where towns, prelates, and barons, had long espoused his cause. Shortly after, the young Prince was crowned by the Legate at Agram; but neither the Bishop of Agram nor any other of the Hungarian Bishops would honour the ceremony with their presence. The arrival of Charles Robert, however, induced András to take steps which he had hitherto avoided. By the advice of the clergy and such of the barons as were faithful to him, he determined to seek the Pope's recognition of his title to the throne. Matters apparently progressed favourably, for the delegate wrote home saying that the young Prince had been sent to Hungary by his uncle Robert, the Regent of Naples, quite against the will of the Pope and Cardinals; that the latter regarded it as an act of folly, and approved the King's resolution to send the pretender a prisoner to Rome. András began to hope that he might win the Pope over to his cause; and as he had taken advantage of the permission given him by the Diet to call in foreign troops to assist him in reducing the rebellious barons to obedience, and had received a promise of help from his father-in-law the Emperor, it really seemed as if his throne might be more firmly established than ever. Before, however, this promise could be realized, András died, worn out by the troubles and anxieties of his eleven years reign. With him ended the male line of the House of Arpád, which had ruled the Hungarians for four hundred years. (A.D. 1301.)

HOUSE OF ÁRPÁD.

MALE LINE.



(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE ;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER II.

THE PIC-NIC.

‘There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid
 A damask napkin, wrought with horse and hound ;
 Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,
 And, half-cut down, a pasty costly made,
 Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
 Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
 Imbedded and injellied ; last, with these
 A flask of cider from his father’s vats,
 Prime which I knew ;—and so we sat and ate.’

Tennyson.

No. 8, ST. OSWALD’S BUILDINGS, was a roomy house, which owed its cheapness to its situation, this being neither in the genteel nor the busy part of Bexley. It was tall and red, and possessed a good many rooms, and it looked out into a narrow street, the opposite side of which consisted of the long wall of a brewery, which was joined further on to that of the stable-yard of the Fortinbras Arms, the principal hotel, which had been much frequented in old posting days, and therefore had offices on a large scale. Only their side, however, was presented to St. Oswald’s Buildings, the front, with its arched ‘porte cochère,’ being in the High Street, as it was still called, though it was a good deal outshone by the newer part of the town.

The next-door neighbours of No. 8 were on the one hand a carpenter’s yard, the view of which was charming to the children, and the noises not *too* obnoxious to their parents ; and on the other the Rectory garden, which separated them from the churchyard, now of course disused. It had no entrance towards their lane ; and to reach the church, it was necessary to turn the corner of the wall, and go in through the south porch, which opened close upon the High Street.

In this old street lay the two buildings that chiefly concerned the young Underwoods, *i. e.* the two schools. That for boys was an old foundation, which had fallen into decay, and had been reformed and revived in nineteenth-century fashion, to suit the requirements of the town. The place, though in the south of England, had become noted as a pottery, owing partly to the possession of large fields of a peculiar clay, which was so bad for vegetable growth, as to proclaim its destiny to become pots and pans, partly to its convenient neighbourhood to the rising seaport of Dearport, which was only an hour from it by railway.

The old St. Oswald's school had been moulded under the influence of new comers, who had upset the rules of the founder, and arranged the terms on the broadest principles of liberality, bringing, instead of the drowsy old clerical master, a very brisk and lively young layman, who had a knack of conveying instruction of multifarious kinds such as had never occurred to his predecessor.

Mr. Underwood had a certain liking for the man, and when tolerably well, enjoyed the breaking a lance with him over his many crude heterodoxies; but he did not love the school, and as long as he was able had taught his boys himself, and likewise taken a few day-pupils of the upper ranks, who were preparing for public schools. But when his failure of health rendered this impracticable, the positive evil of idleness was, he felt, greater than any possible ones that might arise from either the teaching or the associations of the town school, and he trusted to home influence to counteract any such dangers. Or perhaps more truly he dreaded lest his own reluctance might partly come from prejudice in favour of gentlemen and public schools; and he believed that where a course seemed of absolute necessity, Providence became a guard in its seeming perils. Indeed, that which he disapproved in Mr. Ryder's school was more of omission than commission. It was that secularity was the system, rather than the substance of that secularity.

So Felix and Edgar went to school, and were in due time followed by Clement and Fulbert; and their bright wits, and the educated atmosphere of their home, made their career brilliant and successful. Mr. Ryder was greatly pleased to have got the sons of a man whom he could not but admire and respect, and was anxious that the boys should be the means of conquering the antiquated prejudice in favour of exclusiveness at school.

Felix and Edgar were neck and neck, carrying off all the prizes of the highest form but one—Felix, those that depended on industry and accuracy; Edgar, those that could be gained by readiness and dexterity. Both were to be promoted to the upper-form; and Mr. Ryder called upon their father in great enjoyment of their triumph, and likewise to communicate his confident certainty that they would do him and Bexley credit by obtaining the most notable scholarships of the University. Mr. Underwood was not a little delighted, grateful for the cordial sympathy, and he fully agreed that his own lads had benefited by the clear vigorous teaching they had received; but though he smiled and allowed that they had taken no harm, he said good-humouredly that 'Of course, he must consider *that* as the proof of his own powers of counteraction.'

'Exactly so,' said the school-master. 'All we wish is, that each home should exercise its powers of counteraction. We do the teaching, you form the opinions.'

'Oh! are we parents still to be allowed to form the opinions?'

'If you *will*. Your house is your castle, and the dungeons there may be what you will.'

‘Well, I cannot have a quarrel with you to-day, Ryder! As long as I can shew up my boys as tokens of God’s blessing on their home, you are welcome to them as instances of wits well sharpened by thorough good instruction.’

Mrs. Underwood had likewise had a congratulatory visit that was very gratifying. The girls’ school, a big old red house, standing back from the road at the quietest end of the town, was kept by two daughters of a former clergyman, well educated and conscientious women, whom she esteemed highly, and who gave a real good grounding to all who came under their hands, going on the opposite principle to Mr. Ryder’s, and trying to supply that which the homes lacked.

And they did often succeed in supplying it, though their scholars came from a class where there was much to subdue; and just at present their difficulties had been much increased by their having been honoured by the education of Miss Price. Seven governesses in succession had proved incapable of bearing with Lady Price; and the young lady had in consequence been sent to Miss Pearson’s, not without an endeavour on her mother’s part to obtain an abatement in terms in honour of the *éclat* of her rank.

There her airs proved so infectious, that, as Miss Pearson said, the only assistance she had in lessening their evil influence was the perfect lady-likeness of the Underwood twins, and the warm affection that Wilmet inspired. Alda headed a sort of counter party against Caroline Price, which went on the principle of requiting scorn with scorn; but Wilmet’s motherly nature made her the centre of attraction to all the weak and young, and her uprightness bore many besides herself through the temptation to little arts. Both sisters had prizes, Alda’s the first and best; and Miss Pearson further offered to let Wilmet pay for her own studies and those of a sister, by becoming teacher to the youngest class, and supervisor during the mid-day recreation, herself and her sister dining at school.

It was a handsome offer for such a young beginner, and the mother’s eyes filled with tears of pleasure; and yet there was a but—

‘Not come home to dinner!’ cried the children. ‘Can’t it be Alda instead of Wilmet? We do always want Wilmet so, and Alda would do just as well at school.’

Alda too was surprised; for was not she more regular and more forward than her twin sister, who was always the one to be kept at home when any little emergency made Mamma want the aid of an elder daughter? And the mother would almost have asked that Alda might be the chosen governess pupil, if Mr. Underwood had not said, ‘No, my dear, Miss Pearson must have her own choice. It is a great kindness, and must be accepted as such. I suppose Robina must be the new scholar. My little pupil will not leave me.’

Geraldine only heard of the alternative, to say, ‘I’ll be nobody’s pupil but yours, Papa.’

While Robina was proportionably exalted by her preferment, and took to teasing everyone in the house to hear her spelling and her tables, that she might not fulfil Edgar's prediction by going down to the bottom of the baby-class; and up and down the stairs she ran, chanting in a sing-song measure—

‘Twenty pence are one and eightpence,
Thirty pence are two and sixpence,’

and so on, till her father said, smiling, ‘Compensations again, Mother: the less you teach them, the more they are willing to learn.’ The mother shook her head, and said the theory was more comfortable than safe, and that she did not find Lancelot an instance of it.

But there was a general sense of having earned the holiday, when the grocery-van came to the door, on a morning of glorious sunshine. Edgar and Alda, true to their promise, had walked on so far ahead as to avoid being seen in the town in connection with it; and Fulbert had started with them to exhale his impatience, but then had turned back half-way, that he might not lose the delicious spectacle of the packing into the vehicle. A grand pack it was: first, the precious hamper; then a long sofa-cushion, laid along the bottom; then Geraldine, lifted in by Sibby and Felix, and folded up with shawls, and propped with cushions by Mamma, whose imagination foresaw more shaking than did the more youthful anticipation; then Mamma herself, not with ‘little baby,’ but with Angela on her lap, and Angela's feet in all manner of unexpected places; then a roll of umbrellas and wraps; then Wilmet, Fulbert, Lance, and Robina—nowhere in particular; and lastly Papa, making room for Clement between himself and the good-humoured lad of a driver, who had not long ago been a member of the choir; while Felix, whom nothing could tire on that day, dived rapidly down a complication of alleys, declaring he should be up with the walkers long before they were overtaken by the van.

Next appeared Mr. Audley, with his pretty chesnut horse, offering in the plenitude of his good-nature to give Lance a ride, whereupon vociferous ‘*me toos*’ resounded from within the curtains; and the matter was compounded on ride and tie principles, in which the Underwood juniors got all the ride, and Mr. Audley all the *tie*—if that consisted in walking and holding the bridle.

By the time the very long and dull suburbs of Bexley were passed, with their interminable villas and rows of little ten-pound houses—the children's daily *country* walk, poor things!—the two elder boys and their sister were overtaken, the latter now very glad to condescend to the van.

‘Oh, how nice to get beyond our tiresome old tether!’ she said, arranging herself a peep-hole between the curtains. ‘I am so sick of all those dusty black beeches, and formal evergreens. How can you stare at them so, Cherry?’

But Geraldine was in a quiet trance of delight; she had never spoken a word since she had first found a chink in the awning, but had watched with avid eyes the moving panorama of houses, gardens, trees, flowers, carriages, horses, passengers, nurse-maids, perambulators, and children. It was all a perfect feast to the long-imprisoned eyes, and the more charming from the dreamy silence in which she gazed. When Felix came up to the slit through which the bright eyes gleamed, and asked whether she were comfortable and liked it, her answer was a long-drawn gasp from the wells of infinite satisfaction, such as set him calculating how many drives in a Bath-chair the remnant of his birth-day gift would yet produce.

But there were greater delights; corn-fields touched with amber, woods sloping up hills, deep lanes edged with luxuriant ferns, greenery that drove the younger folk half mad with delight, and made them scream to be let out and gather—gather to their hearts' content. Only Mamma recommended not tiring themselves, but trusting that Centry Park would afford even superior flowers to those they passed.

They reached the lodge-gate at last. They were known, for the Castle had been long untenanted, and they, like other inhabitants of Bexley, had from time to time enjoyed themselves in the Park; but to-day there was a shadow of demur. The gentleman who was going to buy the place was looking over it—but surely—

Horror began to spread over the inmates of the van.

'But did you come by appointment, Sir?' added the gate-keeper's wife, coming out; 'the gentleman's name is Mr. Underwood.'

Mr. Underwood was obliged to disclaim any appointment; but he looked round at the children's blank faces, and saw lips quivering, and eyes gazing wistfully into the paradise of green shade, and added, 'If the gentleman has not actually bought it, he could not object. We do not wish to go near the house.'

Maybe Mr. Audley, who was standing near the gate, added another more substantial argument, for 'Oh, certainly, Sir,' at once followed; and the van was allowed to turn down a gravelled road, which skirted an extensive plantation.

Everyone now left it, except Mrs. Underwood and Cherry; and the children began to rush and roll in wild delight on the grassy slope, and to fill their hands with the heather and ling, shrieking with delight. Wilmet had enough to do to watch over Angela in her toddling tumbling felicity; while Felix, weighted with Robina on his back, Edgar, Fulbert, Clement, and Lance, ran in and out among the turf; and Alda, demurely walking by her papa, opined that it was 'very odd that the gentleman's name should be Underwood.'

'Less odd than if it was Upperwood,' said her father, as if to throw aside the subject; and then, after a few moments thought, and an odd little smile, as if at some thought within himself, he began to hand in flowers to Cherry, and to play with little Angela. Mr. Audley had

gone to put up his horse at the village inn, and did not join the party again till they had reached what the children called Pic-nic Hollow—a spot where a bank suddenly rose above a bright dimpling stream with a bed of rock, the wood opening an exquisite vista under its beech trees beyond, and a keeper's lodge standing conveniently for the boiling of kettles.

Here the van was disposed of, the horses taken out and provided with food, Cherry carried to a mossy throne under a glorious beech tree, and the hampers unpacked by Mamma and Wilmet, among much capering and dancing of the rest of the family, and numerous rejected volunteers of assistance. Felix and Alda were allowed to spread the table-cloth and place the dishes, but Edgar was only entreated to keep the rest out of the way.

Meanwhile, Geraldine sat under the silvery bole of her beech tree, looking up through its delicate light green leaves to the blue sky, not even wanting to speak, lest anything should break that perfection of enjoyment. Her father watched the little pale absorbed countenance, and as Mr. Audley came up, touched him to direct his attention to the child's expression; but the outcry of welcome with which the rest greeted the new comer was too much for even Cherry's trance, and she was a merry child at once, hungry with unwonted appetite, and so relishing her share of the magnificent standing-pie, that Mrs. Underwood reproved herself for thinking what the poor child would be if she had such fare and such air daily, instead of ill-dressed mutton in the oppressive smoke-laden atmosphere.

And meantime, Lance was crowing like a cock, and the other boys were laughing at Robina for her utter ignorance of the white-fleshed biped she was eating.

'No, Clem, chickens have got feathers and wings, and their long necks hang down! This can't be one of them.'

'Perhaps it is a robin red-breast,' said Felix.

'No, nobody kills robin red-breasts, because they covered the poor little children with leaves.'

'Will you cover me with leaves if I am lost, Bobbie?' said Mr. Audley; but as soon as she found that his attention was gained, she returned to the charge.

'Please, did it come from your own home? and what is it, really?'

'Why, Bobbie, I am hardly prepared to say whether it is a Hamburg or a Houdan, or a more unambitious Dorking. Cannot you eat in comfort without being certified?'

'The species will be enough for her without the varieties,' said her father. 'You have given us a new experience, you see, Audley, and we may make a curious study of contrasts—not of Audley and myself, Mother dear, but of the two Underwoods who seem to be in this place together to-day.'

'Who is it?' was of course the cry; and the inquiry was in Mrs.

Underwood's eyes, though it did not pass her quiet lips. It was to her that he answered, 'Yes, my dear—Tom; I have little doubt that it is he. He was a very rich man when last I heard of him.'

'Is that the man at Vale Leston?' whispered Alda to Felix. 'Oh, I hope he is not coming here to insult us.'

'Bosh!' said Felix; 'that man's name is Fulbert. Listen, if you want to hear.'

'Twenty years ago,' continued Mr. Underwood, 'I thought myself a prodigiously fine fellow—with my arms full of prizes at Harrow, and my Trinity scholarship—and could just, in the plenitude of my presumption, extend a little conceited patronage to that unlucky dunce, Tom Underwood, the lag of every form, and thankful for a high stool at old Kedge's. And now, my children view a cold fowl as an unprecedented monster, while his might, I imagine, revel in *pâtés de foie gras*.'

'O Papa, but we like you so much better as you are!' cried Geraldine.

'Eh, Cherry!' said Mr. Underwood, 'what say you? Shouldn't you like me better if I were buying that king beech tree, and all the rest of it?'

Cherry edged nearer, mastered his hand, and looked up in his face with a whole soul of negation in her wistful eyes. 'No, no, no—just as you are,' she whispered.

Some mood of curiosity had come over him, and he turned an interrogative look elsewhere.

Alda spoke. 'Of course, it would be horrid not to be a clergyman; but it is a great shame.'

'No,' said Wilmet, 'it can't be a shame for this cousin Tom to have earned a fortune fairly—if he has; but'—and she pressed her hands tightly together as she looked at the thin worn faces of her parents—'one can't help wishing. Why do things always go hard and wrong?' and the tears dimmed her bright eyes.

'Because—they *don't*,' said her father, with a half-serious quaintness that vexed her, and forced her to turn away to let the tear drop.

Clement said in his calm voice, 'How can you be all so repining and foolish!'

And Mr. Underwood, almost in lazy mischief, pursued his experiment. 'Eh! Felix, you are the party most concerned—what say you?'

'Most concerned?' Felix looked up surprised, then recollected himself. 'I don't care,' he said, with an appearance of gruff sullenness; but his father could not content himself without continuing in a semi-teazing tone, 'Don't care—eh? Why, this Centry Underwood once belonged to our family—that's the reason Tom is after it. If I had not scouted old Kedge, you would be prancing about here, a Harrovian, counting the partridges.'

'Don't,' broke in Felix with a growl.

'Never fear, Fee,' cried Edgar, with his hand on his brother's

shoulder; 'if one man got on in life, another may. If one only was grown up, and had the start—' and his blue eyes sparkled.

'I did not know Care's clutch had been so tight,' sighed Mr. Underwood, half to himself, half to his wife. 'It is not safe, my gentle Enid, to try such experiments. Eh!' rousing himself, 'what's that? Have the mob there a right to any sentiments?'

'Only,' cried Clement, shouting with laughter, 'Lance thought you were wanted to hold a high stool for Jack Ketch.'

'For a green goose!' shouted Lance indignantly.

'Oh!' cried Robina, in the tone of one who had made a scientific discovery, 'did the goose have a high stool to lay the golden eggs?'

'A most pertinent question, Bobbie, much more reasonable than mine,' said Mr. Underwood; while his colleague gravely answered, 'Yes, Bobbie, golden eggs are almost always laid by geese on high stools.'

'I've got a picture of one! It has got a long neck and long legs,' quoth Bobbie.

'It is only a flamingo, you little goose yourself,' cried Clement.

'Here is the golden egg of the present,' said Mr. Underwood, replenishing the boy's plate with that delicious pie. 'What's that beverage, Wilmet? Any horrible brew of your own?'

'No; it is out of Mr. Audley's hamper.'

'The universal hamper. It is like the fairy gifts that produced unlimited eatables. I dreaded cowslip wine or periwinkle broth.'

'No, no, Papa,' sighed Alda, 'we only once made cowslip tea at Vale Leston.'

'Vale Leston is prohibited for the day.—Master Felix Chester Underwood, your good health; and the same to the new Underwood of Centry Underwood.'

'Shall we see him, Papa?' asked Alda.

'If either party desires the gratification, no doubt it will come about.'

'Shall not you call on him, Papa?'

'Certainly not before he comes. Mother, some of the wonderful bottle—ay, you covetous miser of a woman, or I'll make a libation of it all. Audley, it must have wrung your father's butler's heart to have thrown away this port on a pic-nic. What did you tell him to delude him?'

'Only what was true—that I was to meet a gentleman who was a judge of the article.'

'For shame!' he answered, laughing. 'What right had you to know that I knew the taste of Cape from Roriz?'

But his evident enjoyment of the 'good creature' was no small pleasure to the provider, though it was almost choking to meet the glistening glance of Mrs. Underwood's grateful eyes, knowing, as she did, that there were three more such bottles in the straw at the bottom of the hamper. And when baby Angela had clasped her fat hands, and, as 'youngest at the board,' 'inclined the head and pronounced the

solemn word,' her father added, '*Gratias Deo*, and *Grazie a lei*. We must renew our childhood's training, dear Mary—make our bow and curtsy, and say 'Thank you for our good dinner.'

'Thank Felix for our pleasant day,' said Mr. Audley. 'Come, boys, have a swing! there's a branch too good not to be used; and Ful has already hung himself up like a two-toed sloth.'

Then began the real festivity—the swinging, the flower and fern hunting, the drawing, the racing and shouting, the merry calls and exchange of gay foolish talk and raillery.

Mr. Underwood lay back on a slope of moss, with a plaid beneath him, and a cushion under his head, and said that the Elysian fields must have been a prevision of this beech-wood. Mrs. Underwood, with Felix and Wilmet, tidied up the plates, knives, and forks; and then the mother, taking Angela with her, went to negotiate kettle-boiling at the cottage. Geraldine would fain have sketched, but the glory and the beauty, and the very lassitude of delight and novelty, made her eyes swim with a delicious mist; and Edgar, who had begun when she did, threw down his pencil as soon as he saw Felix at liberty, and the two boys rushed away into the wood for a good tearing scramble and climb, like creatures intoxicated with the freedom of the greenwood.

After a time they came back, dropping armfuls of loose-strife, meadow-sweet, blue vetch, and honey-suckle, over delighted Cherry; and falling down by her side, coats off, all gasp and laughter, and breathless narrative of exploits and adventures, which somehow died away into the sleepiness due to their previous five mile walk. Felix went quite off, lying flat on his back, with his head on Cherry's little spreading lilac cotton frock, and his mouth wide open, much tempting Edgar to pop in a pebble; and this being prevented by tender Cherry in vehement dumb show, Edgar consoled himself by a decidedly uncomplimentary caricature of him as Giant Blunderbore (a name derived from Fee, Fa, Fum) gaping for hasty-pudding.

'That's a horrid shame!' remonstrated Geraldine. 'Dear old Fee, when the whole treat is owing to him!'

'It is a tidy little lark for a Blunderbore to have thought of,' said Edgar. '"Tis a good sort of giant after all, poor fellow!'

'Poor!' said Cherry indignantly. 'Oh, you mean what Papa said—that he is the greatest loser of us all. I wonder what made him talk in that way! He never did before.'

'I am sorry for *him*,' said Edgar, indicating his brother. 'He is famous stuff for a landlord and member of parliament—plenty of wits and brains—only he wants to be put on a shelf to be got at. Wherever he is, he'll go on there! Now, a start is all I want! Give me my one step—and then—O Gerald, some day I'll lift you all up!'

'What's that?' said Felix, waking as the enthusiastic voice was raised. 'Edgar lifting us all! What a bounce we should all come down with!'

'We were talking of what Papa said at dinner,' explained Cherry. 'What did you think about it, Fee?'

'I didn't think at all, I wished he hadn't,' said Felix, stretching himself.

'Why not?' said Cherry, a little ruffled at even Felix wishing Papa had not.

'There's no use in having things put into one's head.'

'O Felix, you don't want to change?' cried Cherry.

'No,' he said; but it was a 'no' in a tone she did not understand. The change he saw that hardship was working was that from which he recoiled.

'That's like you, Blunderbore,' said Edgar. 'Now, the very reason I am glad not to be born a great swell, but only a poor gentleman, is that so much is open to one; and if one does anything great, it is all the greater and more credit.'

'Yes,' said Felix, sitting up; 'when you have once got a scholarship, there will be the whole world before you.'

'Papa got a scholarship,' said Cherry.

'Oh yes!' said Edgar; 'but everyone knows what happens to a man that takes Orders and marries young; and he had the most extraordinary ill-luck besides! Now, as Ryder says, any man with brains can shine. And I am only doubting whether to take to scholarship or art! I love art more than anything, and it is the speediest.'

The conversation was broken, for just then Wilmet was seen peering about with an anxious careful eye.

'What is it, my deputy Partlet?' asked her father. 'Which of your brood are you looking for?'

'I can't see Robina,' said Wilmet anxiously. 'She was swinging just now, but neither she nor Lance is with the big boys.'

'Flown up higher,' said Mr. Underwood, pretending to spy among the branches. 'Flapsy, come down! Bobbie, where are you?'

A voice answered him; and in another moment Robina and Lance stood in the glade, and with them a girl newly come to her teens, whom they pulled forward, crying, 'She says she's our cousin!'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Underwood; 'I am sure you are very much obliged to her.'

'I am Mary Alda Underwood,' said the girl abruptly; 'and I'm sure there must be a very naughty boy here. He had put these poor little things up a tree, and run away.'

'No, no! He only put us up because Tina bothered about it!' screamed Lance and Robina at once; 'he wasn't naughty. We were being monkeys.'

'Black spider-monkeys,' added Robina.

'And I swung about like a real one, Father,' said Lance, 'and was trying to get Bobbie down, only she grew afraid.'

'It was ten feet from the ground,' said Mary Alda impressively, 'and

they had lost their way; but they told me who they were. I'm come down with my father to see the place.'

Mr. Underwood heartily shook hands with her, thanked her, and asked where her father was.

'Gone out with the man, to see a farm two miles off,' she said. 'He told me I might stay in the house, or roam where I liked, and I saw you all looking so happy; I've been watching you this long time.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Underwood, 'till you captured two of us! Well, we are obliged for the introduction, especially if you are to be our neighbour.'

'And my cousins will be friends with me,' continued Mary Alda. 'I'm all alone, you know.'

'No, I did not know,' said Mr. Underwood. 'Are you the only child?'

'Yes,' said she, looking wistfully at the groups around her; 'and it is very horrid—oh dear! who is that pretty one? No, there's another of them!'

Mr. Underwood laughed heartily. 'I suppose you mean Wilmet and Alda,' he said. 'Come, girls, and see your new cousin—Mary, did you say?—Your name backward, Alda Mary.'

'Mary,' she repeated. 'Papa calls me Mary, but Mamma wants it to be Marilda all in one word, because she says it is more distinguished; but I like a sensible name like other people.'

Mr. Underwood was much amused. He felt he had found a character in his newly-discovered cousin. She was Underwood all over in his eyes, used to the characteristic family features, although entirely devoid of that delicacy and refinement of form and complexion that was so remarkable in himself and in most of his children, who were all, except poor little Cherry, a good deal alike, and most of them handsome. There was a sort of clumsiness in the shape of every outline, and a coarseness in the colouring, that made her like a bad drawing of one of his own girls; the eyes were larger, the red of the cheeks was redder, the lips were thicker, the teeth were irregular; the figure, instead of being what the French call *élancé*, was short, high-shouldered, and thick-set, and the head looked too large. She was over-dressed, too, with a smart hat and spangled feather, a womanly silk mantle and much-trimmed skirt, from which a heavy quilling had detached itself, and was trailing on the ground; her hands were ungloved, and shewed red stumpy fingers, but her face had a bright open honest heartiness of expression, and a sort of resolute straightforwardness, that attracted and pleased him; and moreover, there was something in the family likeness, grotesque as it was, that could not but arouse a fellow-feeling in his warm and open heart, which neither neglect nor misfortune had ever chilled.

'I think I should have known you,' he said, smiling. 'Here! let me introduce you; here is our little lame white-hearted Cherry, and the twins, as like as two peas. Wilmet, Alda—here!'

‘Shall I mend your frock?’ was Wilmet’s first greeting, as she put her hand in her pocket, and produced a little house-wife.

‘Oh, thank you! You’ve got a needle and thread! What fun!’

‘The little ones are very apt to tear themselves, so I like to have it ready.’

‘How delicious! And you mend for them? I wish I had anyone to mend for. Please shew me, and let me do it. I tried to tear the nasty thing off, but it would not come. I wish Mamma would let me wear sensible print like yours.’

‘Are you laughing at us?’ said Wilmet rather bluntly.

‘No, indeed, not a bit,’ said Marilda, or Mary Alda, eagerly. ‘If you only knew how tiresome it all is.’

‘What is?’

‘Why, being fine—having a governess, and talking French, and learning to dance, and coming down into the drawing-room. Then Grandmamma Kedge tells me how she used to run about in pattens, and feed the chicken, and scrub the floor, and I do so wish I was her. Can you scrub, and do those nice things?’

‘Not a floor,’ said Wilmet; ‘and we live in the town.’

‘So have we done till now; but Papa is going to get this place, because he says it is family property; and I hope he will, for they will never be able to screw me up here as they do at home. I say, which is Fulbert? Won’t your father punish him?’

‘Oh, no! You should not have told, Marilda. We never tell Papa of little tricks of the boys.’

‘But the little darling might have broken her neck.’

‘Oh! life in a large family is made up of *might haves*,’ said Alda.

‘Why, I do declare there’s a smaller still! What a little duck!’ and she pounced upon Angela.

‘We have a smaller than that,’ said Wilmet—‘Bernard, only we left him at home.’

‘Tell me all your names!’ cried Marilda, delighted.

She was perfectly happy, and chattered on in great delight in her downright voice, as much at ease as if she had known them all her life. She shared their tea, and wanted Mr. Underwood to come and see her father at the house; but as she could not promise his early return, and it was necessary to get the van under weigh before five, this could not be.

However, she would not leave them till they were all packed into the van, and then only parted with repeated kisses and auguries of many future meetings; so that the children looked down a vista of unlimited enjoyment of Centry Park. Edgar, little gentleman as he was, saw her as far back on the way as he could venture.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

SPENCER TRENEER was very ill indeed. Lord Pendyne wrote off to his father, and made whatever arrangements he could for the comfort of the invalid by the aid of the surgeon in attendance. Mr. Bertram Treneer might be a week, or two or three weeks, before he made his appearance; in the meantime the Earl felt that the responsible person was himself. He was not one ever to shrink from his duty; and of course, that he had no particular liking for his unsatisfactory cousin did not affect his giving him the most assiduous care during his illness. At times Spencer was low and wandering, then the delirium became incessant; an English physician was called in, and then another. The Earl felt extremely anxious, and still he could get no tidings of his uncle. Before Mr. Treneer arrived, Lord Pendyne was so ill himself that he was compelled to surrender his charge into the hands of the doctors and the nurse.

‘Anna, love, if I should have a touch, just a touch, of this fever, what would be the best thing for you and Ada to do?’

‘Fever, Clement! was it fever? Infectious fever?’

‘It is a typhus fever *now*, they tell me; but I am not going there to-day, as I do not feel very well. Very likely it is nothing, only I shall stay at home. But I should like to leave the hotel if I am going to be ill. See if you can find me anything.’

‘O Clement! But I know what you would say—“Thy will be done.” I do say it. What is it you wish, love? I am ready.’

‘Perhaps I am only over-tired, love; but find me a house if you can, by offering a very high price; take Ada with you, and I will lie on this couch. Order the carriage, and send Robert to me.’

There did not seem to be much the matter, so the two ladies set forth together as requested.

But even with the assistance of friends, they did not find the task an easy one. Returning through the Corso, they passed by Robin Gray, and Lady Pendyne stopped the carriage.

There was a very large house, Robin replied to their eager inquiries, a palazzo, perhaps it might be called, opposite to that of Mr. Easdale. The family went out of it yesterday.

They thanked Mr. Gray very sincerely, and driving round, made all the arrangements at once.

‘Now, dearest Ada, what is to be done with you if dear Papa should be ill? This must be our next consideration.’

‘With me! I shall help to take care of him—with you, Mamma, or anyone else who may be necessary.’

‘No, love. It would add to our anxiety so much.’

‘Do not let us imagine that Papa is going to be ill at all.’

‘I cannot help it, Ada. I could see it in his face.’

And then the tears came, both the hearts were so full. They drove home in silence, Lady Pendyne musing as to what might be the best thing to be done with Adela. Of course they had numerous friends and acquaintances in Rome, but there was no time excepting perhaps that short time in the carriage.

The idea of leaving her parents in their trouble filled to overflowing the loving heart of Adela, but then came the thought that if they lost her they would be alone; and so she must consent to this temporary parting now, although she had so decidedly refused to entertain the idea of a *permanent* separation, notwithstanding that in every newspaper her own name and that of the young Viscount Newlyn had been coupled together in a bridal arrangement just before they came to Rome. For the Earl and Countess had refused to let her give up her happiness for them. ‘So shall we have him for a son,’ they had pleaded; and Adela had not refused. Only there must be no separation, she had said, for she could not have left them childless. Neither must she run the risk—or at least grieve and alarm them both, and someone else—by persisting in nursing her father.

‘If I may not stay,’ she said, as she ascended the stairs with an almost breaking heart, ‘then let me have some of the servants, and perhaps there may be room for me in that house of the Easdales’ opposite. At least I shall see you from the windows, and that will be something. They cannot inhabit all that great place, and perhaps Mrs. Ellis would come and give me her company.’

‘I should like her to be with you,’ said the Countess; and according to Adela’s desire, this was the arrangement effected.

It was some days after that Robin met a man in the Pendyne livery. ‘How is the Earl?’ he inquired. ‘I have heard that he is not so well.’

‘His Lordship is very ill, Sir, very ill indeed, and very much excited.’

‘I am very sorry,’ said Robin. ‘Will you say to Lady Pendyne that I should be glad if there is anything that I can do.—Mr. Gray,’ he added, perceiving that the man did not know him, and putting a card into his hand.

‘Mr. Gray!’ repeated the servant; ‘oh, I beg your pardon, Sir. But it is for Mr. Gray that my Lord has been calling ever since he has been ill.’

‘For me!’ exclaimed Robin. ‘If the Countess had sent, I should willingly and gladly have gone to him.’

‘It has distressed my Lady very much, Sir,’ said the man, who was greatly troubled himself by his master’s illness. ‘My Lord has kept on calling out quite loudly for Mr. Gray about some pictures, and has entreated that you would come and see him, Sir. It seems as though it would have quieted his Lordship, but my Lady said it would not

be right to send, for fear you should take the fever. But it would have quieted his Lordship, I dare say,' continued the man, for he could not regard Robin's life as being of the same importance with that of his master.

'Are you returning soon?' said Robin, going straight to the point at once. 'Will you say to Lady Pendyne, with my compliments, that I propose to call, and shall be most happy if I can be of any service.'

'Yes, Sir, directly,' said the man; and touching his hat, he turned and ran before Robin to the entrance of the palazzo.

The youth was ushered into a very desolate-looking reception room. The man, Robert, who had acquainted him with the Earl's desire, very speedily re-appeared. Her Ladyship was greatly obliged by Mr. Gray having kindly called. But was it with the intention of complying with Lord Pendyne's request? Did Mr. Gray know that the illness was fever?

Mr. Gray was aware of the nature of the Earl's illness, but he should be most glad to visit him, if Lady Pendyne or the doctors thought it might tranquilize the patient. He was not unaccustomed to a sick room, and had no fears for himself.

The man took up no second message. Respectfully and gratefully he led the way, and brought Robin immediately to the Earl's apartment, as Lady Pendyne had requested, if the replies should be, as she expected, in the affirmative.

Altered, sadly altered in a few days; but the patient recognized Robin almost immediately, and put out a feverish hand.

'I have wanted you very particularly, Mr. Gray—very particularly—very particularly indeed,' the Earl faltered out in a very wandering manner. 'It was about that picture—something about it, but what it was I cannot recollect just now—cannot remember it at all.'

'You will do so presently, my Lord,' said Robin, taking and holding the offered hand. 'I have been very much engaged: you will, I hope, excuse my not having called to know your wishes. I have been very sorry to hear of your being ill.'

'But I cannot remember now what I wanted so much to say,' continued the sick man almost fretfully. 'It was very important, and I know that you will go away before I can bring it into my mind.'

'No, with Lady Pendyne's permission I will stay,' replied Robin, looking towards the Countess. 'Do not try to recall it now, my Lord, and presently it will come back.'

'Presently it will come back,' replied the Earl; 'that is, if you do not go away.'

'I do not wish to go away,' said Robin.

'But everyone goes away,' pursued Lord Pendyne mournfully; 'everyone, I assure you, Mr. Gray. And if you will believe it, I have not seen my doctor for a week.'

Robin did not believe it, of course, but there was no occasion to say

so. 'You will lie here quietly, my Lord,' he said, 'while I remain, and perhaps you may get a little sleep.'

'And then you will go away like the rest,' returned the invalid; 'I will *not* sleep.'

'No, I will stay with you, indeed, if Lady Pendyne will permit me to do so,' answered Robin.

'You will stay with me.' The Earl turned an earnest loving look upon the young painter. 'You will stay with me,' he said, and both his hands were extended to imprison Robin's. 'Then I will lie quite quiet, and there will be no hurry to settle about the pictures.'

Robin looked towards the Countess. Her anxious face seemed calming down a little. 'It is very trying,' she said sorrowfully, 'this idea that we are leaving him alone, when I am scarcely ever absent, and he has, as you may be certain, *every* attention and care.'

'It must be trying indeed,' said Robin feelingly. 'But perhaps you would permit the change for which there seems to be a sick man's fancy just now. Allow me to remain, Lady Pendyne, while I can be of any service. When Mr. Easdale was ill, I used to take turns with Mrs. Easdale in sitting up. Let me stay here to-night, while you rest, as an experiment.'

'Will you, with the nurse? I shall be too willing, I fear. He has never been so calm. If it should only last! But it is unfair towards you.' She dropped her voice, for the patient's eyes were closing. How could she say more when a breath might rouse him up?

So they remained still—quite still; and with Robin's hand pressed fondly to his heart, the Earl passed gently into a quiet and refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER week is now passing away, a happier one than that recorded in our previous chapter. No other fancy succeeded to the longing for Robin Gray. Nor did his presence excite Lord Pendyne, as it was feared might be the case, upon the subject of his pictures. From that first sleep the Earl awaked with a better pulse, and an abatement of some serious symptoms. But he still kept to his idea of something particular to be said, which Robin as often suggested that he had better postpone. Then returned the fear lest he should go away, and the repetition of his promise; and so passed away the week, at the close of which the Earl's senses had been restored to him, although his mind possessed little of its usual power.

Weak as an infant, Lord Pendyne lay upon an easy couch—a cheerful promotion of the last few days. Why Robin Gray, the young artist, should be so often by his side, he could not tell; but he had several times informed the Countess that it was very agreeable to him, and

therefore, since Robin had appeared to be well and happy at his post, Lady Pendyne decided that she could not part with him at present.

The Earl seemed to feel that if he alluded to the subject with Robin, he should have to tell him that he could be spared : so he had held fast by his new nurse, and said nothing, except the few grateful words prompted by the overflowing of his heart.

The time had however arrived at last. The Earl lay upon his couch ; Robin had just closed his book, perceiving that there was something to be said. The Earl did not talk much, and of course there was no longer any restless anxiety about pictures.

‘I do not understand, Mr. Gray, why my wife should have troubled you to come and take care of me. It is very pleasant, but really you must think it very hard upon one so much engaged as yourself : to say nothing of my illness having been, I suppose, something of the same fever as my cousin’s.’

‘My work is standing over just for the present, my Lord,’ said Robin. ‘I am not troubling myself about it. Taking a little holiday, you see.’

‘But we must all appear to you so selfish,’ continued Lord Pendyne. ‘It really makes me quite ashamed, when I think of it ; and of course I knew nothing about the request. I suppose I was too ill to be talked to. But Lady Pendyne must really apologize.’

Robin smiled.

‘It must surely have been Lady Pendyne,’ the Earl continued. ‘And I fear, Mr. Gray, that she was thinking much of my safety, and very little of yours.’

‘Indeed, Lady Pendyne did very kindly think of me, often,’ replied Robin. ‘But I am not afraid of catching fevers. Nor has yours been at all of the same infectious kind as Mr. Treneer’s, the doctor said. And I thought I might be of use. Yours is a very valuable life, Lord Pendyne ; I am thankful that it has been preserved to your family and to the country.’

‘But at some risk to yourself, Mr. Gray, as well as to my wife. She looks sadly thin and worn.’

‘The Countess required assistance,’ remarked Robin, ‘not being strong enough to bear the nursing alone.’

‘But that is the puzzle,’ replied Lord Pendyne. ‘The Countess was not alone. There was the nurse, and Robert, and all my people. What in the world could make her send to you?’

‘Lady Pendyne did not send to me, my Lord, I assure you. I inquired of your man Robert, one day, and he mentioned—’ Robin stopped.

‘My man could not have suggested your coming to nurse me, surely?’ said the Earl, somewhat astonished.

‘No one asked me to nurse you, my Lord. I volunteered because—Lady Pendyne will explain it to you better than I can.’

‘Tell me now, if you please, Mr. Gray. It will make my head ache to lie and puzzle myself about it.’

Robin did not wish to say; but it would not do to make an invalid’s head ache.

‘While you had so much fever,’ he explained, ‘you had it in your mind so strongly to ask questions about pictures, and wished me to come, anxiously. Do not think about it now, my Lord. I was glad to comply; no one sent to me, but Robert mentioned it to me when I met him, as it seemed, by accident, and then I came to the house, to know whether it was possible to be of any use. It was my very earnest wish, and being at your side has been a great happiness to me.’

‘Was it *my* selfishness then, Mr. Gray? All my doing. Involuntarily then. I do not recollect it at all.’

‘Do not ever think of it again,’ said Robin; ‘while I sat by the bedside you seemed quieter—Lady Pendyne said so; and that rewarded me at once.’

‘I fear that it will be impossible to shew you my sense of your kindness; and of course, now, the reason of your having been here is clear to me at last.’

‘There are not many to whom I can minister in any way,’ said Robin; ‘and it is not well that life should be a mere drive after one’s profession.’

‘It would never be that with you,’ said the Earl warmly.

So warmly that Robin was growing uneasy, and the light step at the door was a relief. He rose and left the room as the Countess entered it.

‘Are you tired out, Anna love? you look so pale.’

‘No, Clement. *Tired?* I feel like a bird. And so do all your nurses.’

‘Anna, that dear young man must go home now.’

‘Can you spare him? He was your own choice, love, not mine.’

‘So I have just learned. Do you know that I have been actually apologizing to him for *you*, thinking that you had sent for him. And that made him tell me the truth.’

‘You were so very much excited, and wandering, and your desire to see Mr. Gray seemed to leave you no peace. I believe Robert considers that he did a remarkably clever thing in mentioning it. And perhaps he is right.’

‘And now what can we do for this youth, having stopped his work, and allowed him to run this risk?’

‘Nothing *now*. Let us wait. He will be sure that he has made friends who are not likely to forget him. But we must not offer what would look like payment for his act of Christian kindness.’

‘No. He must be, and will be, contented now with having won our hearts in return. Was it wrong in me that I longed to have had just such a son?’ He was so weak that the tears stood in his eyes. ‘But he must go home now, Anna, and paint again.’

‘Not to-day, it would be so abrupt.’

It did happen that day, nevertheless, in a most unexpected manner. As Robin descended the staircase he heard Mr. Easdale’s voice at the door.

‘Will you give this to Mr. Gray?’ he said. Robin went to the door, and stood outside to speak to his friend for a moment.

‘Your sister sends you this, Gray,’ said he; she would like to see you, if you can come across for a moment. We must not admit so dangerous a person, of course.’

Robin opened his note.

Dear Rob,

Read the enclosed, and pray come over and talk to me about it as soon as you can.

‘The enclosed,’ was cut from the second column of the Times, and ran thus—

ROBIN AND AMY.—Come and soothe the last anxious moments of an old Gipsy woman’s life. She has something to say to you respecting a letter, and makes piteous lamentations upon some former injustice to some one in your days of childhood, which she wishes to repair.

—— Hospital, London.

Amy came to the door to meet her brother. ‘What can we do, Robin? It is old Madge; must we leave her to her misery, think you?’

‘Certainly not. And I wish we were with her now. If my purse will let me, I ought to go off at once.’

‘This something to our advantage. The answer which never came. Old Madge must have kept it back, and probably she has it now. And she saw the distress she was occasioning. Dreadful!’

‘We must get that letter, certainly,’ said Robin. ‘Who knows what the result might be?’

‘The result would be only Mrs. Sutton’s real address in the Bush, I dare say. And we have had enough of her, and she of us,’ replied Amy.

‘Very likely, but we must know. And I will go and see what they will say there.’

He looked towards the Earl’s windows, and after a few more words, and final arrangements, he ran across to the palazzo.

Could he be allowed a few words with Lady Pendyne as soon as possible? Every moment increased his anxiety to have an interview with old Madge, before it should be too late.

Lady Pendyne came down to Mr. Gray immediately.

‘It is, I find, of some importance that I should be in London,’ said Robin, as the Countess entered. ‘Do you think that I could leave Lord Pendyne without his missing me?’

‘I am quite sure, Mr. Gray, that you can go at once, if it is important to you to do so.’

‘It may be very important indeed,’ said Robin. ‘An old person who knew us formerly is craving to see us in her last moments, and we hear that she has something very particular to say. Even now it may be too late.’

‘Pray go at once,’ said the Countess, very kindly; ‘and remember that what is important to you, Mr. Gray, is now matter of great interest to Lord Pendyne and myself. Tell me if I can assist you in any possible way.’

Robin coloured a little. He wanted money beyond any need which he had ever had for it before. He could travel, but he should be spending that which was intended for his maintenance during his winter at Rome. And he was certainly not going to claim payment for recent services.

Lady Pendyne anticipated him.

‘Mr. Gray,’ she said, ‘we shall be the ruin of your prospects if it is not forcibly prevented. We have been longer in the world than you. Journeys to London cannot be undertaken by you and your sister as the birds take them. Neither can work be hindered, as yours has been by us, without cost. This must be our affair—for the present at least. If you like to *call* it a loan until you are a very rich man, do so; but give me the pleasure of aiding you to go in comfort. As a kindness to myself, and a favour which I ask you to grant me. And for your sister’s sake.’

It would be impossible to refuse a request so worded. Besides, too, much might depend upon this journey, and the means within his reach in London.

‘For your first reason, Lady Pendyne,’ he replied, ‘and for my sister, as well as on my own account, I hope I may not be wrong in taking what you so kindly offer. Although I acknowledge a feeling of shame in so doing.’

‘No, no,’ said the Countess, ‘you must not feel that when you do no wrong. And when I have asked it as a favour.’

‘That is your great kindness,’ returned Robin; ‘and the result might be indeed important.’

‘That old person may want money before she will tell you her story,’ continued the Countess. ‘However, you will not encourage that feeling if it can be avoided in any way.’

‘She used to be very fond of money once,’ replied the youth; ‘but at such a time as this, it would seem impossible to retain any attachment for it.’

Lady Pendyne was taking up her pen as Robin spoke; and writing a cheque, she handed it to him at once. He warmly thanked her, and asked if he might see the Earl. Lady Pendyne assented.

‘And I have a few things here ready packed, which Amy sent; so if I might ask the favour of one of your men conveying a key to my sister, I would start at once for Civita Vecchia.’

‘Would you like to leave it with me, Mr. Gray? I will enclose it for her.’

Robin was too glad. And if you and Lord Pendyne should be able to pay my poor rooms a visit during my absence, you would find a number of sketches, some of them by better hands than mine, in the upper drawer of the chest in the window, of which this is the key. Amy will not want it if you should be inclined to look over the drawings, only in Rome one scarcely likes to speak of anything which can be seen equally well in London.'

'Thank you, Mr. Gray. I will keep the key; the sketches may amuse Lord Pendyne, as well as myself, and he must keep away from public places for the present.'

A few parting words with the Earl, very few and quiet. Private business recalled him to London for a brief space. Lord Pendyne seemed low and tearful immediately. 'Farewell,' said he. 'May God bless and protect you. If you should want anything, write to me or to my wife.'

Robin had a little time for reflection as he left the palazzo, and for one moment his heart misgave him, as he thought of turning, not to, but away from, his work. However, an explanation seemed to come to him clear and distinct. He had left his professional studies to aid and to serve, where no other could take his place; where he seemed to be specially required. And he was doing the same again now. This time it might also be a benefit to himself; but, if so to him, then likewise to Amy. It was a call of duty, a prompting from within which he dared not silence. A difficulty about means might have stayed his flight; but here was the money in his hand. And it could serve as part payment, perhaps, for his 'Fate of the Galley Slaves.'

Suddenly, he bethought him of the pleasure it would be to Amy to know that he was going comfortably. He wrote an enigmatical line, which he knew she could comprehend, and left it at the door on his way. She and Mr. Easdale had promised to meet him at the port, but possibly they might be prevented.

They were not, however, prevented. The steamer was to leave in half an hour when he arrived, and before that time had elapsed, he had the pleasure to find them by his side.

'Amy, darling,' he began, for his parting speech: but Amy looked so much more happy than at any previous partings, that he stopped, and looked into her face for an explanation. And then she laughed.

However, he began again, for the time drew on. 'Amy darling, you will write to me, and you will be sure to give me a late report of Lord Pendyne.'

'No, Rob, I cannot. Say farewell to Mr. Easdale properly, before you speak to me.'

Rob did as he was bid.

Then Amy said quietly, 'I am going with you to see old Madge, if she is living.'

'You, Amy!'

‘Why not, Gray?’ remarked Mr. Easdale. ‘You told her, you know, about the cheque, and she means to help you spend it.’

‘Or take care of it,’ said Amy. ‘And old Madge may want me. Perhaps I may be able to do more with her than you. It might be important, Rob.’

‘It might, perhaps. Then there is the fever to think of. I am straight from the house.’

‘The Earl has no fever now,’ said Mr. Easdale, ‘and we do not believe it to have been of an infectious kind.’

‘Only the Earl took it.’

‘In Mr. Treneer’s house, yes. That locality is not fresh, like ours,’ replied Mr. Easdale. ‘But you need not scare anyone after the steam across.’

‘Lady Adela is soon to go to her parents again,’ said Amy. ‘O Rob, she is so sweet. But we shall never meet upon the same terms again. She used to ask me to come and sit with her, and we used to place ourselves near the windows and look at the palazzo, and have such pleasant talks. She had no heart for visitors, she said, while the Earl was ill. They say she is engaged to Lord Newlyn, only she cannot bear the idea of leaving her parents childless.’

‘I must really leave now, as I am not proposing to be off with you to England,’ said Mr. Easdale, taking a hand of each. ‘My best wishes for your good success, and take care to do your best with the ancient dame who is giving you so much trouble.’

They parted. And soon a short cough from the steamer told Mr. Easdale that he had only just ensured his safety in time.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD’S CRUSADE.

BY EVELYN TOD.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARCH OF THE ARMY.

A STRANGE host it was that Vendôme beheld assembled on the banks of the Loire one morning in August, 1212. It was the trysting day of the youthful Crusaders; and no less than thirty thousand * children of every age and rank, from every part of France, were gathered together—little things of eight or nine, whose mothers had wept over and kissed them for the last time that morning, and who gazed with childish pride at the

* ‘Essent circiter triginta millia.’—v. p. 459, Alberici Monachi Trium Fontium Chronicon, edit. Leibnitz.

bright Red Crosses on their shoulders—tall youths of fifteen or sixteen, some of whom, unless report belied them, came rather because they found the bonds of parental or feudal discipline irksome, than from any burning religious zeal; and among them all, our runaways, Raoul and Aloys, who mixed freely in the crowd, strong in the conviction that, even were the Sire de Cervoles to track them to Vendôme, he could hardly face the storm that would rise against him if he attempted to force away two vowed Crusaders. No one looked more proud or hopeful than Aloys, whose usually pale face was slightly flushed with excitement, as he made his way to the painted car whereon stood the boy-leader of the host. Raoul was more subdued than his wont; he was thinking of his mother. His father, a bold knight and a loyal vassal, but one of the harshest of men, was less to him than De Cervoles; but the one stipulation he had made, on consenting to follow Aloys, was that he must bid farewell to his mother. The poor Dame de Saint-André, going forth on some charitable errand among her husband's tenants, had been startled by Raoul, apparently dropped from the skies, rushing at her, giving her a long embrace, and disappearing again. But she settled in her own mind that the Sire was hunting in the neighbourhood, and that therefore her impetuous son had paid her a flying visit.

A vision of her thin, worn, but sweet face, was floating before him; and it was not dispelled till he found himself close beneath the Leader's station. Then he looked up, and saw a boy about twelve years old, arrayed in a sort of priestly habit, who was addressing the multitude. Small, slight, fair-haired, a cross grasped in his right hand, that wondrous child was pouring forth, in a wild sweet voice, sentence after sentence of passionate oratory. Written down and coldly considered, his discourse would very likely have been incoherent enough; but when listened to, with all the advantages that thrilling tones and angel features could give, its power was irresistible. Women melted into tears, men listened devoutly, young faces kindled with warlike ardour, and even the doubting Raoul believed, as the Infant Prophet declared his commission from Heaven to go to the relief of Jerusalem, and deliver it by the hands of the Innocent.

Who was this Prophet? No answer can be given; all that is known is, that he and another child, even younger,* each led an army forth, the one from Germany to Genoa, the other from Vendôme to Marseilles. But in later years, when the disastrous termination of the enterprise had opened his disciples' eyes, fearful tales gathered about his name. Two young clerks, so ran the story, prisoners in the hands of the chief of the Assassins, 'the Old Man of the Mountain,' had been released by him on promise that they would lure to slavery the children of France; one of them, at least, was supposed to re-appear in the person of the so-called 'Master of Hungary,' who nearly forty years later, with the same fluent

* 'Quidam minus decem annorum infans.'—p. 623, Sicardi Episcopi Cremonensis Chronicon, Muratori, vii.

persuasiveness, the same professedly celestial commission, the same dark compact with Heathenesse, gathered the shepherds and herdsmen of France to rescue Saint Louis from the Musselmans.

Wildly improbable as these stories are, they are all the old chroniclers can tell us; and we must be content to remain in ignorance, though we may well acquit this poor boy of the hypocrisy and treason charged upon him, and believe him rather to have been an earnest imaginative child, who had brooded over the desecration of the Holy City till his brain turned, and wiser heads than his caught the madness from him. By this time, De Nogent would scarce have dared to speak slightly of the Children's Crusade, for half France, priest and layman, noble and churl, were firm believers in it, and would have resented scorn as blasphemy.

The Leader's exhortation was finished, the last vows had been sworn, the last crosses donned, the last farewells spoken, and the army began its march—thirty thousand clear young voices raising their monotonous plaintive chant—'Lord Jesus, restore to us thy Holy Cross.'

Marseilles was the destination of the pilgrims—a long and weary way in that hot summer weather; but hearts were stout and hopes high, and a welcome awaited them at every town. Kind-hearted people gladly gave the young Crusaders food and lodging; and if a few dropped off, fresh recruits poured in at each halting-place. It was true that there were men of evil lives among them, who perhaps came at first with intent to gain absolution for their sins, but who soon began to scent their prey; and every day there were more cries of complaint from children, who had been deprived by them of the food and money they had either brought with them or received as gifts from the faithful; and every day the voice of the young Prophet seemed to have less power over these robbers.

More than once Raoul, who, gentle-born as he was, had bent his pride to accept the charity offered him, found himself plundered in this way, and after a first attempt at resistance, learnt that it was wiser to suffer in silence. Things became yet worse when the pilgrims reached the arid south of France, when scorching sun and clouds of dust by day, and mosquitoes by night, harassed the luckless army. Water, too, was scarce; wolves prowled about, ready to pounce on any straggler; and the stragglers were many. The younger ones, of course, were the first to flag; and in pathless wood or burning plain, child after child sank down with hunger, thirst, or weariness, and was left to perish.

Raoul kept up his heart, and struggled on, even when his feet were bleeding, and his whole life seemed to be scorched up by that terrible sun, with the same determination that he had shewn in smaller matters at Château Cervoles: he tried to cheer his companions with the sort of talk he had often heard among men who had seen service—how in every army the weaklings dropped off by scores during the first campaign, and how one must get seasoned, and even the sun of Palestine would be nothing when one was once accustomed to it. Yet do what he could, Raoul could

hardly refrain his tears when he saw the friends he had made on the march lie down to die from utter exhaustion. But Aloys was undismayed. His voice rang the clearest in the chant, his smile was bright, and his spirit unbroken, though day by day he grew paler and thinner, and more apt to stumble at small obstacles, more willing to lean on Raoul's strong arm. 'I am not much of a warrior yet, Raoul,' he said, half laughing; 'I shall mend in time.'

Raoul shook his head, and made no answer. He never was more thankful in his life than when he heard they were drawing near Marseilles; and when the sea was at last visible, the Ten Thousand Greeks could hardly have uttered a more joyful cry.

'Yes,' said a lad near him, with a heavy sigh, 'it looks cool yonder. May the Holy Saints bring us there alive, for we have thirty miles of sand and sun yet.'

'Courage! we can manage that,' said Raoul hopefully. 'Where's Loy?'

He cast his eye down the rear ranks, where he had last seen Aloys; for of late the two friends had rather avoided each other, feeling too wretched to talk.

'Little De la Ferté?' said a young noble of fifteen, with the selfish indifference bred of suffering. 'Why, he, or some one like him, dropped five minutes ago.'

He had no need to speak twice; Raoul's slow limp was exchanged for a hasty stride, as he faced about and sped back on the way they had come. A child was lying across the track; and as he came up he recognized but too well the black locks whose sheen had long been dimmed by the dust of travel, and the white upturned face.

He knelt down by Aloys' side and endeavoured to rouse him: 'O Loy, Loy, look up—speak to me!'

Aloys raised his head, and made an attempt to stand; in a moment he sank back again, with his hand pressed on his forehead.

'Art thou hurt, dear Loy?'

'My head pains me so,' murmured Aloys. 'And I am so tired.'

Raoul looked aghast; he had not the faintest idea what to do. Wine he had none; no water was in sight. All around the arid plain and the sky of burning blue met his gaze; in the distance he saw the child-army on its march, too far off now for a cry to reach it, even if a cry would have been regarded. He had often heard of Crusaders dying in the desert, and in the last week or two he had done more than hear; was that to be his companion's fate? In sheer desperation he spoke roughly—'Fie on thee, Loy! to turn faint-heart at the last. Get up.'

Aloys meekly took the offered hand, and rising to his feet, walked a step; then he dropped to one knee.

'Indeed I cannot help it, Raoul,' he said through his tears; 'I cannot walk.'

'Aloys, it is life or death!' cried the young Crusader vehemently.

‘Then I must die,’ said the poor child, drooping his head. ‘Go on, Raoul.’

But Raoul gave no heed to the last words. He lifted the slight form in his arms, and carried it to a bush, which afforded a little shelter from the rays of the sun. There he laid Aloys down, resting the head on his own knee, and considered what was to be done next.

One or two of the robber-followers of the army passed by, but Raoul’s gay dagger and gold-clasped belt had fallen a prey to them long before this, and he was not worth the plundering; a few careless glances or scoffing words were all they bestowed on him. Aloys never ceased imploring him to go on, reminding him of his vow, and bidding him leave him to die; while Raoul answered soothingly, but firmly, that he must stay with him; but by degrees the entreaties grew more and more impassioned, the language more confused, and at last a wild piteous cry for his father to come and take him away, startled Raoul into the knowledge that Aloys was delirious.

Saint-André almost wrung his hands in despair as he heard his friend wandering in fever, now murmuring his vow of pilgrimage or the chaunt of *Domine Jesu*; now fancying himself at Cervoles, laughing and disputing with his comrades; now calling on the father he had never known, and the mother who had long been dead. ‘He will be better when the sun goes down,’ said Raoul to himself; but the shadows grew longer and longer, and there was no change; while afar off a sound smote on the listener’s ear which chilled his very blood—the howl of a distant wolf. Bitter remembrances crowded into the boy’s mind—the mother he had left to weep for him, the authority he had so often set at naught, the pilgrimage he had undertaken, as his conscience told him, in disobedience, or at best, in a spirit of adventure and bravado; and almost for the first time in his life, Raoul did look seriously at his conduct, and his prayer for forgiveness was more than a customary form.

Hark! there was a noise of jingling bells; and Raoul, with a sudden spring of hope, laid Aloys’ head down, and rising to his feet, flew rather than ran in the direction of the sound. A train of baggage-mules was moving slowly over the plain, attended by some half-dozen servants, while in the rear of all, mounted also on a mule, rode a man of about five-and-thirty, whose dress and general appearance denoted him to be a rich merchant.

‘For the love of Heaven—’ began Raoul, catching the mule’s bridle in his determination to be heard.

‘Stand off, young lad,’ interposed one of the serving-men, rather officiously pushing Raoul away. ‘Beggars should keep their distance.’

Saint-André’s eyes flashed; but after all, travel-stained, haggard, and almost barefooted as he was, the mistake was excusable.

‘Nay, Pierre,’ said the merchant mildly; ‘let the boy tell his tale.’

‘I have a companion hard by, well-nigh dying of fatigue and thirst,’ cried Raoul eagerly. ‘As ye are Christians, bring him where he may

have food and shelter: we are gentle-born, and have kin who would reward you. At least give us some water, for love of the Lord's pilgrims.'

He pointed as he spoke to the Cross on his shoulder, scarlet once, but now faded into a hue scarcely distinguishable from the rest of his doublet; and the merchant grew still more kindly in manner: 'Be not distressed, my child, we will find thy companion. Lead me to him.'

'Pray Heaven your charity come not too late!' murmured Raoul, as the merchant followed him to where Aloys lay.

'Pray Heaven indeed,' said the new-comer, as he bent over the unconscious boy. 'But we will do all we can, with God's blessing.'

And calling to his servants, he had Aloys lifted on to a mule, and bade Raoul mount another, saying he would hear his tale as they travelled towards Marseilles.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOST FOUND.

GREAT sorrowing had there been over Aloys at Château Cervoles, and great execration of Raoul, for no one thought of giving him the credit, such as it was, of being follower rather than leader. 'He has been the death of poor little Loy,' said the Demoiselle de Cervoles, fairly weeping, to the Dame de Saint-André, whose heart was bursting with grief for the loss of her wayward son. Saint-André himself, with many oaths, declared Raoul was sure to be found some time or other, made divers rough apologies to his Lord de Cervoles for the boy's misconduct, vowed he would punish him well when he caught him, and in short, disguised his sorrow under more than usual savagery of demeanour.

The search was given up at last.

The horse Aloys had ridden on that fatal hunting morning was found running wild, with bridle broken and saddle turned round; and, as the crafty Raoul foresaw when he abandoned the animal, this was considered as fair presumption of the rider's death. There were masses said for Loy; and then Château Cervoles occupied itself with the wedding festivities of the fair Blanche, whose hand had been sued for and obtained by our old friend Guillaume de Nogent.

And all this time Aloys lay dangerously ill at the house of the good merchant of Marseilles. Maître Olivier Sabin, as he was called, brought the two wanderers to his home, and intrusted them to the care of his comely Italian wife, whose kind heart was melted at once by the sight of the suffering child, even to the extent of tolerating the enforced presence of Raoul, whom she left to be entertained by Françoise, her pretty little daughter.

Raoul was no pleasant guest just at present. If in his natural state he

was too wild, now he was depressed till he almost seemed sullen. Aloys might be dying, and he simply could not leave him; but there was the vow of pilgrimage binding his soul, and the town was filled with the surviving Crusaders and their Prophet, waiting to embark; and when he learnt that the vessels were absolutely ready, thanks to the charity of two Marseilles merchants, Hugues Ferreus and Guillaume Porcus, who had engaged to transport the host free of charge, he grew nearly frantic with uncertainty as to whether he should go or not.

Maître Olivier shook his head. 'I would not say evil of any man, and it may be that they mean well and honestly, but I much misdoubt this sudden generosity of Ferreus and Porcus. Rumour accuses them of selling Christian slaves to the Saracen; and men who will do that, are like to play these children some knave's trick.'

'It boots not talking on't,' said Raoul wearily; 'I must stay by my comrade—that is, if you do not turn me into the streets, good Maître Olivier. I fear I must seem discourteous, for I cannot thank you enough for all you have done; and we must be a sore trouble to you.'

'See here,' said the merchant, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; 'you will be a sore trouble to yourself with all your doubts. Your friend is sick nigh unto death; you say yourself, and I think the same, that it behoves you to tarry beside him; well then, if the way to Palestine is thus closed against you, why should you be for ever wavering, intending one thing yesterday and another to-day?'

'Then my chance is lost for ever; and I must go back, as some did ere half our march was over, saying that they knew not wherefore they had set out.'

With a long whistle, Raoul turned away; but though he uttered not another word on the subject, he was wretched till the Child-Crusaders had fairly set sail from Marseilles, and it was too late to change his mind. Then he devoted himself to watching and attending on his companion with all a brother's tenderness; and words cannot describe his relief when the leech pronounced the worst over, and Aloys out of danger. Under his terrible anxiety, the bold strong-limbed boy had grown thin and pale; and when the good wife Lucia, telling him he would make himself ill too, fairly ordered him out of the sick-room to escort Françoise to the market, Raoul was so silent and dreary at first, that the little maiden thought him the most stupid boy she had ever met. She was very sorry for Aloys, too, in her way, and picked out the finest grapes and the ripest figs in Marseilles for him, when he was well enough to eat them; but after all, he was a stranger to her, and she could not be expected to be very unhappy about him.

Raoul's cup of bitterness was perhaps filled to overflowing, when Maître Olivier announced to him that, having occasion to send certain goods into that part of France, he would despatch a letter to the Sire de Cervoles, to tell him of the whereabouts of his runaway wards, and that he thought Raoul had better write also.

'But never a line can I write,' said Raoul, with a young noble's pride in his ignorance, and moreover, very glad of the excuse.

'Père Antoine often comes here,' answered the merchant, 'and he can write for you. Indeed, young Sir, it is only fitting courtesy to your lord.'

Raoul made a face expressive of disgust, but he did not refuse; and so Père Antoine was asked to the house.

Once the boy thought of writing to his mother instead. She would receive him back, he felt sure, without a word of reproach, and joyfully kill the fatted calf for him. But then it would be said that he wanted his mother to beg him off; and his pride revolted at that. Better tell De Cervoies at once.

That he would be forgiven, he was pretty confident—that is, he would not be dismissed to his father's in disgrace; but Raoul's heart sank at the thought of the fasting and stripes and imprisonment which would in all likelihood be his portion. He had borne them all unflinchingly, when he knew that his fellow pages were admiring his audacity and success in evil-doing; but to come back to them after such utter failure—it was hard!

A very short and blunt letter it was that Raoul dictated to the priest, telling facts in the driest way, expressing no penitence, making no excuse; but the good Father had his own ideas of an epistle.

'Read it to me,' said Raoul, when it was finished; and clasping his hands tightly behind him, he listened in silence. It was self-abasement itself when it came out of the priest's hands: Raoul's defiant tone had been changed to the humblest submission in dust and ashes, and deprecation of the anger he merited.

'Must I say this?' asked poor Raoul.

'Truly, my son,' quoth the priest, 'I see not how else it can be said.'

'I can't—I won't—' stormed Raoul; "'entreat him to deal leniently with me," forsooth! I had liefer say, "Here I am—flay me alive if you list!"'

'My child, my child,' said the priest, amazed at this violence; 'why shouldest thou wish to add one offence to another?'

Raoul stood undecided. Henry shivering in the snow at the Pope's gate, John surrendering his crown to the Legate, could hardly have suffered worse agony of shame than the wild wayward boy at this moment.

'Well, if you think I must, Father,' he said at last, forcing a laugh. 'But after sending this, there will be nothing left for me but to enter the Sire's presence on hands and knees, with a saddle on my back, like Foulques Nerra's son. However—'

And champing his teeth as if an actual steel bit was galling his mouth, Raoul seized on the pen, and with a savage splutter of ink, which sadly spoilt the appearance of the priest's beautiful writing, made a very crooked cross at the foot of the letter as his mark.

However, having despatched his submission, Raoul's heart was lightened; and he set off in more cheerful mood with Françoise to the harbour next day, feeling that he would enjoy himself while he could.

A vessel had just come in, and was unloading her cargo—a sight which always afforded interest to the inland-bred boy, whose utter ignorance of all nautical or commercial matters amused Françoise greatly. It was something delightful to him to watch the red-capped sailors, jabbering in every language under the sun, and running about like monkeys; to see the bales of goods brought on shore, or the passengers, when such there were—mostly pilgrims or merchants—landed.

The vessel in question belonged to the port of Marseilles, but her master was a Genoese, a fierce, dark, piratical-looking fellow, who had evidently been put out of temper by some hitch in the arrangements about unloading, and was abusing the harbour regulations and his crew in a mixture of Italian and French, occasionally spurring up some laggard among the sailors to his work by a sharp prick with the dagger he carried. 'Here, fellow!' he exclaimed to one, in his most surly tone, 'lend a hand, canst not thou? When we took thee on board out of charity, thou mightest do somewhat to pay thy passage, thou idle dog!'

'Put thy dagger up,' said the defaulter quietly; 'I can work without a goad.'

The answer was given in such pure French, and the voice and manner were so unusually gentle and dignified, that Raoul turned at once to look for the speaker, and soon made him out, helping to lift a heavy sack of corn on to the back of a sailor. He was a tall, slightly-made man, in a ragged semi-Turkish dress, with the worn, harassed expression of countenance and the bent shoulders that tell of labour and trouble, though handsome withal; and as Raoul watched him, a strange feeling came across him that somewhere before he had seen those wistful brown eyes, and that pale thoughtful face.

'Knowest thou yon man, Françoise?' he asked.

'How should I know all the mariners who land at Marseilles?' said Françoise, laughing. 'Not that yon tall thin spectre you gaze at is a mariner; at least, he is not like any sailor that ever I saw. Now, my young Lord Saint-André, *will* you come away? I am so tired of standing here, getting pushed about, and ropes caught under my feet; and I want to go and buy some grapes.'

'Beshrew thee and thy grapes!' said Raoul, impatiently. 'I can get grapes at Cervoles. There, Françoise, don't pout; I did not mean to vex thee; but thou seest I cannot have the harbour at home.'

'Aloys likes grapes,' said Françoise; and this settled the matter. It is true that it was a work of time to drag Raoul away from the delights of the port; but at last it was done, and he loitered about in the fruit-market while Françoise did the bargaining and beating down, at which she was already very expert.

Then the boy and girl sauntered lazily through the narrow paved

streets, Raoul carrying Françoise's basket, where the choicest clusters were set apart for Loy; while the rest of the fruit began rapidly to disappear.

'You will be sorry to leave Marseilles, Maître Saint-André,' said the little maid, as she picked the grapes from her bunch, 'and to go back to one of those gloomy towers where you knights and nobles live.'

'Why—yes,' answered Raoul, doubtfully. 'I could almost wish myself aboard one of your trading-vessels, free as the wind, and with all the world before me. But I know not—I should be willing enough to return to Château Cervoles, were it not for thoughts of the reception I am like to meet with.'

'Will they throw you into a dungeon?' asked Françoise, with wide frightened eyes; for it was by no means a very uncommon thing for a rich merchant to be seized by a robber-noble, and fettered and tortured in the depths of some lonely fortress; and tales of such deeds had naturally given the burgher-maiden a fearful idea of a noble's castle.

Raoul laughed; but his mirth was rather forced, and he turned the conversation by asking Françoise if she had ever seen a tournament. On being answered in the negative, he launched forth into a vivid description of one which had taken place at Château Cervoles about two years previously, which his hearer eagerly drank in.

'And so then, Françoise,' he said, after describing the lists and all the preparations for the jousts, 'when everything is ready, then the knights ride in on their destriers, with foot-cloths of crimson and purple and blue and every colour, sweeping the ground, and bells jingling on their bridles, and snowy plumes in their helms, and shields set with jewels, and—'

But Raoul's harangue was suddenly cut short by a strong hand being laid on his collar; and as he looked up in anger and amazement, he found himself in the grasp of the man whom of all others he least wished to see—the Sire de Cervoles.

'Now, wretched boy, what hast thou done with Aloys?'

Raoul's wits were so hopelessly confused by this sudden rencontre, that he could not find words to answer; and when the fiery old Sire gave him a rough shake, which made him feel perfectly powerless in his captor's hold, his ideas were not the clearer for that.

'For Heaven's sake,' said another voice in an agonized tone, 'tell me if Aloys de la Ferté be dead or alive!'

The second speaker was none other than the tall man Raoul had watched a few hours ago helping to unload the vessel, though now his Turkish dress was concealed by a long cloak; and the boy saw at once who it was the stranger resembled. These soft dark eyes were like Aloys, and no one else.

Françoise, less thunderstruck than her companion, came to his assistance by saying, 'The young Lord Aloys lies sick at my father's house, Messires; but he is better than he was.'

‘Thanks to thee, little maid, for that word!’ returned the stranger. ‘Better, thou sayest?’

‘Saint-André, speak thou, or I’ll make thee!’ exclaimed the Sire fiercely. ‘Is all as the child says?’

And as Raoul answered in the affirmative, the old noble released him, and turning to the stranger, he said with a gentleness that was all the more marked after his late passion, ‘Gualtier, I am right glad.’

‘Take me to him—let me see him,’ was all the other replied; and in obedience to De Cervoles’ command, Raoul led the way to the merchant’s house.

This then was Gualtier de la Ferté! This worn, bent, ill-clad stranger, ordered about by a ruffianly sea-captain, was the hero whom Raoul’s fancy had pictured as a gallant and fearless knight! Even as he strode eagerly along the street after his guides, he gave place to every man he met, almost shrinking aside; while De Cervoles kept the middle of the road, and altered his course for no one. None of the party spoke till the two nobles had entered the merchant’s house; and while De Cervoles was introducing himself to the good wife, who was rather dismayed by this sudden invasion, Gualtier turned to Françoise, and asked where Aloys was.

‘I shall startle him,’ he said in his low subdued voice. ‘Tell him that his father has come home.’

But Gualtier had not long to wait. In a few minutes Françoise beckoned him into the inner room, Aloys raised himself on the bed with a little cry of pleasure, and the Crusader folded his only child in a long loving embrace.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUMINATION.

(IN SIX PARTS.)

PART II.—BYZANTINE ILLUMINATION.

WITH the foundation of the Eastern Empire began a new era of art; and out of the Christian Faith arose new ideals of perfection, the embodiments of which had yet to be found. It was not for want of fine models or of Art Schools that Constantinople failed in laying a broad and good foundation for Christian art, for there can be little doubt that Constantine intended his new city to be the nursery of sculpture and architecture to the Roman Empire. It was with this idea that he made the ancient cities of Greece contribute their choicest treasures to enrich it, and that schools of architecture were founded in the surrounding provinces. But the first great epoch of art had passed away for ever.

The new religion brought with it a vast treasury of symbolism and traditional lore, which sought for expression on the final emergence of the Church from persecution; and the forms of the ancient faiths could not be galvanized into life again by an age in which human life was passing into an entirely new stage of development, and to which the beautiful careless life of the Greeks, with all its forms of expression, had become a bright dream of the past.

Lifeless as pure Byzantine art was, for the most part, its chief interest lies in the great influences which it exercised throughout Europe, wherever the missions of the Eastern Church extended; for, polished and refined as was the wealthy city, it was not there, but among the rude conquerors of Lombardy, that the foundations of living art were again laid, and the way prepared for Nicolo Pisano and Giotto. In Rome itself, after several centuries of decline, art was in the sixth century hopelessly degraded; probably Eastern influence preserved its feeble existence, and Eastern artists composed the mosaics, some of which still remain in the Italian churches. These mosaics are the only works existing in sufficient numbers to enable us to form an idea of early Christian art. Manuscripts, being the most perishable of all kinds of painting, are very rare, and probably those of the earlier centuries must have perished from Rome and Ravenna during the invasions of the Goths. In Constantinople itself, and wherever its influence extended, mosaic became the most important branch of art, and the blank walls of the Roman basilicas were covered by Byzantine workmen, with the only kind of mural painting as yet discovered. Originating among the Byzantines, who probably learned the elements of the art from Eastern tribes, it yet could not be brought to perfection in the cramped schools of Byzantium, or under the despotism of the Eastern Church. Yet these early efforts attract interest and attention, when we remember that they were the beginnings of the art which was to find its consummation in the mosaics of St. Mark's and Murano, with pavements 'waved like the sea, and dyed like a dove's neck'—walls within and without a wealth of beauty, all burning gold, and richly stained glass and clear marbles—a noble inheritance for Venice, and a prestige of her future glory. It is possible that the knowledge of colour learned by the Byzantines in the treatment of mosaics may have been a reason for the comparatively deep tone of colour prevalent in all their early painting. It is especially noticeable in the illuminated MSS., from the fact that all other early work is quite pale in colouring till the eleventh century.

The great type of early Byzantine art is the celebrated Church of Santa Sofia, which is considered by architectural writers to form a starting-point, from which to date its commencement. It evidences, with contemporary work of all kinds, the transitional state of art at the period. The sculpture is to a great extent copied from Roman models, and there is an entire absence of animal life in it. The capitals seem combinations of all the old Greek orders, and many of them were actually

taken from old buildings, to be inserted in the new one. There could indeed be little to hope for the art of a people whose first models were from the debased work of Rome, and who, as time went on, reproduced the same types in yet feebler imitation. The lifelessness which marks the Byzantine work was, however, in part the result of the despotic sway exercised by the Eastern Church. Kügler mentions that in the argument brought forward at the Second Council of Nicæa, A. D. 787, in favour of the use of images in church, it was said, 'It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable rule, a tradition of the Catholic Church.' This traditional treatment of religious subjects has been adhered to by the Eastern Christians from that time, and is now, as it was in those early centuries, fatal to all progress in art.

The later Roman art died out after the sixth century, or became merged into that transplanted from Constantinople. Christian painting in Rome seems to have adhered for a long time to the characteristics of the rude art of the Catacombs, as in the representation of events and persons by symbolical figures and classical legends; our Lord being represented under the form of Orpheus and various other symbols. In 692 A. D., the Council of Constantinople proclaimed that the personal representation of Christ was to be preferred to the symbolical, and a new element was thus introduced into Christian painting. One of the first examples extant of the representation of our Lord in human form is in a Syriac copy of the Gospels written in the sixth century in Mesopotamia, which became one of the chief schools of Eastern painting. There is in this MS. a miniature of the Crucifixion, with soldiers at the foot of the Cross playing at a Roman game.

The ancient manner of writing among the Romans was that of using red and black inks for the text on white vellum ground; and this custom prevailed all over the Western Empire. There was, however, another method, which originated with the Greeks, and passed on from them to the Romans about the second century. This was the 'golden style,' which consisted of letters written in gold on vellum stained purple or rose-colour. It was most popular at Constantinople, and was there brought to great perfection, according, as it did, with the Eastern taste for costly and gorgeous ornament which prevailed there. Writing in silver is also to be met with, but very rarely; probably it was little practised on account of the tendency of silver to tarnish. One of the earliest remaining specimens of the golden style of writing is the Roman Calendar at Vienna, which is attributed to the third or fourth century. Some time later, coloured letters and ornaments on gold grounds were introduced; and the gradual increase of gold on the borders and other parts, indicate the diffusion of the Byzantine style. Another MS. of about the third century is the celebrated Virgil of the Vatican. It is richly decorated throughout with miniatures, the high lights in which are picked out with gold. The oldest copy of the entire Bible is the Greek

Codex Alexandrinus, which was written early in the fifth century. In this MS. there is no gold, and the only ornamentation consists in the use of red ink and occasionally flourished lines. The 'Cottonian Genesis,' in the British Museum, which is also very ancient, has been unhappily nearly destroyed by fire. About the eighth century the art of staining vellum seems to have declined, and the colour used to have become duller; and gradually the custom prevailed of inserting only a few leaves of the stained material, perhaps the title-page or preface; or occasionally the centre of the page is coloured and the border left white. A curious characteristic of early MSS. was that of adopting classical images for the representation of ideas. Thus in a Byzantine Psalter of the ninth century Melody stands as a female figure by David's side; further on, Wisdom and Prophecy are with him; and in another picture, Repentance. In a fine MS. of the wars of Joshua, the river Jordan is personified by a man leaning on an urn from which the water flows: the town of Gibeon is represented by a seated woman, with sceptre, crown, and nimbus. This MS. is written on a roll of fine parchment, and probably dates from the seventh century. In later times, when these symbolical figures appear in MSS., which they occasionally do till the thirteenth century, they are no longer dressed in the classical garments, but in the dresses worn by the Byzantine ladies of the period.

Almost all over the Western world and the Slavonic North are found traces of Byzantine influence over art, especially in the ninth century. Early Arabian art was also strongly coloured by its characteristics, and in its turn seems to have mingled many of its peculiarities with the later work of the Byzantines. But about this time, another school of art was arising, which, though barbarous enough, had within it the germ of life and the promise of future power. This became ere long the root of all the Gothic art of Europe, and is known as the Lombardic school. While Byzantine art clung to its traditional forms without an effort at progress or revival, this Lombard element grew year by year in knowledge and power; and, extending itself by means which we cannot trace, leavened all the early art of Europe. It has been noticed before that the Byzantine artists were obliged by the rules of their Church to confine the forms of their pictures within the limits prescribed by tradition; so that their manner of representation has been for centuries the perpetual repetition of certain ancient models copied with increasing feebleness as the work became more mechanical. Gorgeous colours and splendour of gold and silver was all that remained to Byzantine painting after the tenth century. But in Lombard work there is no limit whatever to the subject or the mode of representing it, and its spirit inspired the schools of the widely-spread Byzantine style with new life and vigour. A glance at the figures of men and animals in any MS. of the period is sufficient to ascertain if the Lombard element has been at work. There dawns in the faces an expression never seen in the fixed stare of the melancholy visages in Byzantine paintings, and in the gestures and

movements there is real life though rudely expressed. The animals, no longer nondescript monstrosities, are evidently observed to the best of the artist's power. Mr. Ruskin, in speaking of Lombardic art in one of his lectures, said, 'You have often heard it said that Giotto was the founder of art in Italy. He was not; neither he, nor Giunto Pisano, nor Nicolo Pisano. They all laid strong hands to the work, and brought it first into aspect above ground; but the foundation had been laid for them by the builders of the Lombardic churches in the valleys of the Adda and the Arno.'

It is noticeable that this early Gothic school exercised but a transient influence on the art of Constantinople and its immediate neighbourhood. And although in some Greek MSS. of the ninth and tenth centuries the Lombardic influence is traceable, the conventional types and mannerisms were with few exceptions rigidly adhered to, and Byzantine Illumination had become in the fourteenth century so bad, as to lose all claim to be called art.

In many Byzantine MSS. the initial letters are formed of human beings in all imaginable attributes; these are called anthropomorphical alphabets, and are many of them ingeniously designed, though this quaint conceit is never found in the best periods of Illumination.

Zoographical alphabets, or letters formed of birds and beasts, are still more common; but this is a taste which prevailed more or less in all times and places among Illuminators. The fish and serpent seem to have been special favourites, and through the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, whole alphabets are often to be met with formed of these two animals separately or woven together.

In 1203, when Constantinople was taken by the Venetians, the works of art suffered greatly, and many were consumed by fire. The capture of the city also caused numbers of artists to emigrate to Italy, which probably hastened the extinction of art in the ancient Byzantine schools. The glory had indeed departed from the splendid city, decked though she still was with all the lifeless beauty of gold and dazzling colours. For, till the end, the Byzantine Church surrounded herself with the splendours of costly mosaics and jewelled vestments and all the gorgeous appurtenances of a stately ritual. Till within the walls of that first work of the early Byzantines, the magnificent Church of Santa Sofia, the Bishops, Priests, Emperor, and nobles of the ill-fated city met to celebrate for the last time their grand old Liturgy before the silver altar, and beneath the 'golden dome,' which, tradition says, was lined with pure gold. But long ere that time the spirit of art had passed away from Constantinople, to find a new existence among the rude and barbarous Gothic hordes of Western Europe.

(To be continued.)

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XI. (*continued.*)

NORTH TIROL—THE INNTHAL.

INNSBRUCK (*continued*); WALLENSTEIN'S VOW—THEOPHRASTUS PARACELSUS, HIS MYSTERIOUS DEALINGS—THE TUMMELPLATZ—THE SILBERNE KAPELLE—EARTHQUAKE AND DEARTH, THEIR LESSONS—FERDINAND'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; ANALAGOUS LEGEND OF RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG—FERDINAND'S SECOND MARRIAGE—THE CAPUCHIN CHURCH—MAXIMILIAN THE DEUTSCHMEISTER, INTRODUCES THE SERVITES—PAUL LEDERER—MAXIMILIAN'S HERMITAGE—S. LORENZO OF BRINDISI—DREIHEILIGKEITSKIRCHE—PROVISIONS AGAINST RAVAGES OF THE THIRTY YEARS WAR—THE SIECHENHAUS—LEOPOLD V.; DISPENSED FROM HIS EPISCOPAL JURISDICTION, AND VOWS; MARRIES CLAUDIA DE' MEDICI—FRIEDRICH V. TIEFENBACH—FESTIVITIES AT INNSBRUCK—THE HOFGARTEN—KRANACH'S MADONNA, MARIÄHÜLFESKIRCHE BUILT TO RECEIVE IT; TRANSLATION TO THE PFARR-KIRCHE UNDER FERDINAND KARL.

ANOTHER local tradition attaches to the spot where Wallenstein, while a page in the household of Ferdinand and Philippine, fell unharmed from the window of the corridor leading to the dining-hall, making in the terrible moment a secret vow to the Blessed Virgin of his conversion if he escaped with life, which hastened the work begun doubtless by Philippine's devout example and teaching. There is another, again, more marvellous still, and dating from an earlier period, and shortly before the purchase of the castle by the reigning family. It is said that Theophrastus Paracelsus, of whom so many weird stories are told, was at one time sojourning at Innsbruck—where, another tradition has it, he died—and in the course of his wanderings in search of plants of strange healing powers, came to this outlying and then neglected castle. A peasant woman seeing him pass her cottage weary and footsore, asked him to come in and rest and taste her freshly-baked cakes, of which the homely odour scented the air. The man of strange science thanked her for her hospitality, and in return touched the tongs upon the hearth with his wonder-working book, and behold the iron was turned into pure gold. The origin of such a legend as this is easy to trace; the book, of the *touch* of which such virtue is fabled, plainly represents the learning of the studious savant, which brought him as well as fame, pecuniary advantage, enabling him to astonish the peasants with payment in the precious metal not often seen by them. But there are many others told of him, the details of which are more complicated, and wander much further from the

outline of facts. The way in which he became possessed of his wonder-working power is thus accounted for.* One Sunday morning when he was as usual wandering in search of plants in a forest on the heights not far from Innsbruck, he heard a voice calling after him out of a tree. 'Who are you?' cried Paracelsus. 'I am he whom men call the Evil One,' answered the voice; 'but how wrong they are you shall judge, if you but release me out of this tree you shall see I shall do nothing but good.' 'How am I to set about it?' asked the clever Doctor. 'Only look straight up the stem of the pine opposite you, and you will see a bung with three crosses on it, all you have to do is to pull it out, and I am free; if you do this I will show you how good I am by giving you the two things you most desire, an elixir which shall turn all to gold, and another which shall heal every malady.' Paracelsus, lured by the tempting promise, pulled out the bung, and straightway an ugly black spider crawled out of the hole, which quickly transformed itself into an old man wrapped in a scarlet mantle. The demon kept his word, and gave the Doctor the promised phials, but immediately began threatening the frightful vengeance he would wreak on the exorcist who had confined him in the tree. Paracelsus now blamed himself for his too ready confidence in the character the demon had given himself for goodness, for he knew the impossibility of outrunning him and getting to Innsbruck in time to warn the exorcist, but he bethought him of a means of playing on the imp's vanity. 'What a powerful man that same exorcist must be,' said Paracelsus, 'to turn a tall powerful fellow like you into a spider, and then drive you into a tree.' 'Not a bit of it,' replied the imp; 'he couldn't have done anything of the sort, it was all my own doing.' 'Your own doing!' exclaimed Paracelsus, with a mocking laugh. 'Is that likely? I have heard of people being transformed by some one of greater power than themselves, never by their own.' 'You shall soon see though,' said the provoked imp; and with that he quickly resumed the form of a spider, and crawled back into the hole. Paracelsus, it may well be imagined, lost no time in replacing the bung, on which he cut three fresh crosses to renew the spell; and never can he again be released, for it was agreed never to cut down this forest on account of the protection it afforded the country against the avalanches.

But, it may be asked, the wonder-working phials once vouchsafed to man, would surely be taken good care of. There is a legend to provide for that too.† When the other doctors of Innsbruck found that Paracelsus so far exceeded them in skill, they determined to poison him; Paracelsus had knowledge of their plot by his arts, and he knew there was only one remedy against the poison they had adopted, and he shut himself up, telling his servant not to disturb him for five days. At the end of the fourth day, however, the curious servant came into his room and broke the spell. He had employed a wonder-working spider to draw out the poison, which

* Nork, *Mythologie der Volkssagen*, p. 419.

† Von Alpenburg; *Mythen u. Sagen Tirols*.

it would have done in the course of five days. Disturbed on the fourth, Paracelsus knew he must die. Determined that the jealous members of his profession should not profit by their crime, he sent his servant with the two phials and bid him stand on the middle of the Inn-bridge and throw them into the river. Where they fell into the river, the water was streaked with molten gold.

It only remains to call attention to the splendid and truly Tirolean panoramic view from the pretty terrace of Ambras with its luxuriant trellis of passion flower and 'virgin vine.' Overhanging the village of Ambras is the so-called *Tummelplatz*, where in the lifetime of Ferdinand and Philippine, many a gay tournament was held, but since used as burying-place; first for the military hospital, to which the castle was at one time devoted—and some seven or eight thousand patriots were interred here between 1796 and 1810; and afterwards for those who fell successfully resisting the Italian invasion of 1859.

Whatever was the manner of Philippine's death, it was bitterly lamented by Ferdinand, who found the usual refuge of human grief in raising a splendid monument to her memory in the so-called *Silberne Kapelle* in the Hofkirche. The chapel was built by him to satisfy her devotion to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; and in her lifetime was so called from the solid silver image of the Blessed Virgin, and the bas-reliefs of the mysteries of the rosary in the same metal over the altar, itself a valuable ebony carving. She had loved to pray there, and it accordingly formed a fitting resting-place for her mortal remains. Her effigy in marble over her altar-shaped tomb is a figure of exceeding beauty, and is ascribed to Alexander Collin; it stands under a marble canopy. The upright slab of the tomb is of white marble, carved in three compartments; the centre one bearing a modest inscription, and the other two, subjects recording her charity to the living and the dead; the outline of the town of Innsbruck as it appeared at her day forms the background. By his desire Ferdinand was buried near her; his monument is similarly sunk in the thickness of the wall, which is adorned with shields carved in relief, bearing the arms of his house painted with their respective tinctures; and on the tomb are marble reliefs, setting forth, after the manner of those on Maximilian's cenotaph, the public acts of Ferdinand's life. This chapel came to be used afterwards for Italian sermons by the consorts of subsequent rulers of Tirol, many of whom were Italians.

In 1572, Innsbruck was visited by a severe shock of earthquake, which overthrew many buildings, and so filled the people with alarm, that temporary wooden huts were built in the open field where they took refuge. Ferdinand and Philippine had recourse to the same means of safety, and while living thus, their only daughter, Anna Eleonora, was born. In thanksgiving for this favour, and for the cessation of the panic, the royal pair vowed a pilgrimage to Seefeld,* which they accomplished

* Part VIII., Vol. viii., p. 896.

on foot, accompanied by their sons; above two thousand Innsbruckers following them. The general sentiment of gratitude was further testified by the enactment on the part of Ferdinand, and the glad acceptance on the part of the people, of various rules of devotion, which have gone to form the subsequent habits of the people. Three years of dearth succeeded the earthquake, and were accepted by the pious ruler and people as a heavenly warning to lead them to increased faith and devotion. Many Lutheran books which had escaped earlier measures against them were spontaneously brought forward and burnt; special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was promoted, Ferdinand himself setting the example; for whenever he met the Viaticum on the way to the sick, whether he was in a carriage or on horseback, he never failed to alight and kneel upon the ground, whatever might be its condition. This was indeed a special tradition of his house; it is told of Rudolf of Hapsburg, that one day as he was out hunting, a furious storm came on, soon swelling the mountain torrents, and sweeping away paths and bridges. On the brink of a raging stream, which there was no means of crossing, stood a priest, weather-bound on his way to carry the last Sacrament to a dying parishioner. Rudolf recognized the sound of the bell, and directed his steps by its leading to pay his homage to the *hochwürdigste Gut*. He no sooner learned the difficulty than he dismounted, and offered his own horse to the priest. When the priest brought the mount back next day, the pious prince told him he could not think of himself again crossing a horse which had been honoured by having borne his Lord and Redeemer, and begged him to keep it for the future service of religion.

While Philippine's relations never sought to overstep the limits which imperial etiquette had set them, Ferdinand seems to have treated them with kind cordiality. An instance of this was the magnificence with which he celebrated the marriage of her nephew, Johann von Kolourat, with her maid-of-honour, Katarina von Boimont, in 1580: the '*Neustadt*' or principal street afforded space for tournaments and races which lasted many days, and attracted the remaining votaries of chivalry from all parts of Europe. The festivities were closed by a splendid pageant in which Ferdinand took part as 'Olympian Jove.'

In 1582 Ferdinand married Anna Katharina Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, who was equally pious with Philippine. The marriage was celebrated at Innsbruck with great pomp. She has the honour of being the first to introduce the Capuchin Order into Germany; it was not indeed decided without some discussion in the general chapter of the Order to let the monks accept the consequence of being exposed to a colder climate than that they were used to. The first stone of their monastery was laid by Ferdinand and Anna Katharina in August, 1593, at the intersection of the Universitäts-gasse and the Sill-gasse. Ferdinand died the following year, regretted by all the people, but by none more than by Anna Katharina, who passed the remainder of her days in a convent she had founded at Innsbruck. She died in 1621, and desired the following

inscription to be put on her tomb:—‘*Miserere mei Domine dum veneris in novissimo die.*’

The warning of disastrous years, 1572–4, was not only fruitful as I have shewn above in spiritual profit; it was also turned to practical account by Ferdinand in his desire to relieve the distress of the peasants. In the first months of threatening famine, he bought with his own means large provisions of grain in Hungary and Italy, and opened depôts in various parts of Tirol, where it was sold at a reasonable price. To provide a means of earning money for those who were shut out of their ordinary labour, he laid out or improved some of the most important high-roads; he likewise exerted himself in every way to promote the commerce of the country. His reign conferred many other benefits on the people; many laws were amended and brought into conformity with the altered circumstances of the age; the principle of self-taxation was established, and other measures enacted which it does not belong to my present province to particularize. He introduced also the use of the Gregorian Calendar, and gave great encouragement to the cultivation of letters. It was by his care that the most authentic MSS. of the Niebelungen poems and other examples of early literature were preserved to us.

As Ferdinand had no children by Anna Katharina, and those of Philippine were not allowed to succeed, the rule over Tirol recurred at his death to the Emperor Rudolf II., Maximilian’s eldest son. In 1602, however, he gave over the government to his brother, Maximilian, who is distinguished by the name of the *Deutschmeister*. Tirol was again fortunate in her ruler; Maximilian was as pious and prudent a prince as his predecessors. He promoted the educational establishments of the town, and was a zealous opponent of religious error; he brought in the order of Servites to oppose the remaining germs of Lutheran teaching; the church and monastery at the end of the Neustadt being built for them by Katharina Maria.* A fanatic named Paul Lederer, one of the very few Tirol has produced, rose in his reign, and carried away about thirty persons to join a kind of sect he attempted to form; but the Tirolese, always jealous of any inroad upon the unity of the faith, were forward to arrest the growth of error; and in accordance with the laws of the age, he was tried and executed, after which his followers were no more heard of.

Maximilian was much attached to the Capuchin Order, and built himself a little hermitage within their precincts, which is still shewn, where he spent all the time he could spare in prayer and meditation; following the rule of the monks, rising with them to their night Offices, and employing himself at manual labour in the field and in the workshop like one of them. His cell is paneled with plain wood, the bed and chair are of the most ordinary make, as are the ink-stand and other

* There are some pictures in the church by Theophilus Polak, Martin Knoller, Grasmair, and other native artists; and the frescoes on the roof by Schöpf are worth attention.

necessary articles, mostly his own handiwork; it has a window high up in the chancel, whence he could assist at the Offices in the church. The Empress Maria Theresa visited it in 1765, and seating herself in the stiff wooden chair, exclaimed, 'What men our forefathers were!' Another illustrious pilgrim, whose visit is treasured in the memories of the house, was S. Lorenzo of Brindisi, when on his way to found a house of the Order in Austria. The monks begged of him his Hebrew Bible, his walking-stick, and breviary, which are still treasured as relics. All the churches of Innsbruck and many throughout Tirol felt the benefit of his devotion to the Church. His spirit was emulated by the townspeople, and when the fatal epidemic of 1611 ceased its ravages, the burghers of Innsbruck built the *Dreiheiligkeitskirche** for the Jesuits as a thank-offering that the plague was stayed.

The temporal affairs of Tirol received no less attention from Archduke Maximilian than the spiritual; with the foresight of a true statesman, he discovered the coming troubles of the Thirty Years War, and resolved that the defences of his country should be in a state to keep the danger at a distance from her borders. The fortified towers, especially those commanding the passes into the country, were all overlooked, and plans of them carefully prepared, all the fortifications being carefully put in repair. The living bulwarks, the ready defenders of their beloved mountain Vaterland, attracted his still more special attention, and he furnished them with a regulation suited to the needs of the times. He settled also several outstanding disputes with the Venetians, with Count Arco, and with neighbours over the north and west frontiers; and an internal boundary quarrel between the Bishops of Brixen and Trent. The death of Rudolf II., in 1612, had invested him with supreme authority over the country, and simplified his action in all these matters for the benefit of the commonwealth.

Another outburst of pestilence occurred in 1611; the old *Siechen-haus* was not big enough for all the sick, and had no church attached to it. Two Jesuits, the professor of theology at their university, and Kaspar von Köstlan, a native of Brixen, assisted by a lay-brother, devoted themselves to the service of the sick; their example so edified the Innsbruckers, that in their admiration they readily provided the means at their exhortation to build a church. Hanns Zimmermann, Dean of the Burghermasters, bound himself by a vow to see to the erection of the building, and from that time it was observed the fury of the pestilence began to diminish. Maximilian bought the neighbouring house and appointed it for the residence of the chaplain of the *Siechen-haus* and the doctors. He gave also the altar-piece by Stötzl, representing the three *Pestschutzheiligen*,† and another quaint and curious picture of the plague-genius.

Maximilian died in 1618, and a religious vow having kept him

* Holy Trinity Church.

† Patron saints against pestilence.

unmarried, the government was transferred to Leopold V., Archduke of Styria, again a most exemplary man. His father was Charles II., son of the Emperor Ferdinand I.; he had originally been devoted to the ecclesiastical state, and nominated Bishop of Strasburg and Passau; but out of regard for the exigences of the country, a dispensation, of which I think history only affords two other examples, was granted him from Rome. He married the celebrated Claudia de' Medici, Duchess of Urbino. Though also Governor of the Low Countries, he by no means neglected the affairs of Tirol. Some fresh attempts of Lutherans to interfere with its religious unity, as well as to foment political dissensions, were put down with a resolute hand; Friedrich von Tiefenbach, sometime notorious as a politico-religious leader in Moravia, was discovered in a hiding-place he had selected, in the wild caves at Pfäfers below Chur, and tried and beheaded at Innsbruck in 1621. The selection of Innsbruck for the marriage of the Emperor Ferdinand II. with his second wife Eleonora, daughter of the Duke of Mantua in 1622, revived the splendours of Maximilian's reign, for the Emperor stayed there some weeks with all his court; the *Landeswehr* turned out three thousand strong to form his guard of honour. It was the depth of winter, but the bride braved the snow; the Count of Harrach was sent out to meet her on the Brenner Pass with six gilt sledges, and a vast concourse of people. It is recorded that the Emperor wore on the occasion an entirely white suit embroidered in gold and pearls, on his shoulders a short sky-blue cloak lined with cloth of gold, and a diamond chain round his neck. Eleonora, more in accordance with the season, wore a tight-fitting dress of carnation satin embroidered in gold, over it a sable jacket, and a hat with a plume of eagles' feathers. The banquet was entirely served by young Tirolean nobles. The Emperor's present to his bride was a pearl *parure*, costing thirty thousand ducats; and that of the town of Innsbruck a purse of eighteen thousand ducats. Leopold was confirmed by his imperial brother in the government on this occasion. His own marriage was celebrated with scarcely less state than the Emperor's in April, 1626, an array of handsome tents being pitched in the meadows of Wilten, where the *Landesschützen* performed many marksmen's feats for the diversion of the company assembled for the ceremonial; this included the Archbishop of Salzburg, who officiated in the Church function, one hundred and fifty counts and barons, and three hundred of noble blood. The visit of the Grand-duke of Tuscany, in 1628, and of Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, in 1629, were other notable occasions of rejoicing for Innsbruck.

Leopold benefited and adorned the town by the enclosure and planting of the *Hofgarten*, and the bronze equestrian statue of himself, still one of its chief ornaments; but his memory has been more deeply endeared to the people by the present of Kranach's Madonna, which they have copied in almost every church, household, and highway, of the country.

It is a little picture on panel, very like many of its date, in which the tenderness of devotion beams through and redeems all the stiffness of mannerism, but which we are apt to pass, I had almost said, by the dozen, in the various galleries of Europe, with no more than a casual glance. With the Tirolese it was otherwise; their faith-inspired eyes saw in it a whole revelation of Divine mercy and love; they gazed on the outpouring of maternal fondness and filial confidence in the unutterable communion of the Mother and the Son there portrayed; and deeming that where so much love reigned no petition could be rejected; they believed that answers to the frequent prayers of faith sent up before it were reaped an hundredfold,* and the fame of the benefits so derived was symbolized in the title universally given to the picture of *Mariähülsbild*.† Leopold being in the early part of his reign on a visit to the Elector of Saxony, on occasion of one of his journeys between Tirol and the Low Countries, and being lost in admiration of his collection of pictures at Dresden, received from him the offer of any painting he liked to select. There were many choice specimens, but the devotional conception of this picture carried him away from all the rest, and it became his selection. He never parted from it afterwards, and it accompanied him in all his journeyings. When in Innsbruck, it formed the altar-piece of the *Hofkapelle*, whither the people crowded to kindle their devotion at its focus. After the withdrawal of the allied French, Swedish, and Hessian troops, in 1647, the Innsbruckers, in thanksgiving for the success of their prayers before it, built the elegant little circular temple‡ on the left bank of the Inn, still called the *Mariähülskirche*, thinking to enshrine it there; but Ferdinand Karl, who had then succeeded to his father Leopold, could not bear to part with it, and gave them a copy instead, by Paul Schor, inserted in a larger picture representing it borne by angels, and the notabilities of Innsbruck kneeling beneath it; the *Mariähülskirche* is introduced into the background landscape. However, the number of people who pressed to approach it were so great, that he was in a manner constrained to bestow it on the *Pfarrkirche* only two or three years later, where it now remains; it was translated thither during Queen Christina's visit, as I have mentioned above. It was borne on a car by six white horses, the crowded streets being strewn with flowers. It is a small picture, and has been let into a large canvas painted in Schöpf's best manner, with angels which appear to support it, and beneath, S. James, patron of the church, and S. Alexius. A centenary festival was observed in memory of the translation by Maria Theresa in 1750, when all the precious *ex votos*, the thank-offerings for many granted prayers, were

* Thirteen volumes were filled with the narrations of such answers received between 1662 and 1665.

† Picture of Mary 'Help of Christians,'—'*Auxilium Christianorum*.'

‡ Inglis says that Schor was the architect of this church, and that he had assisted in building the Vatican.

exposed to view under the light streaming from a hundred silver candelabra, the air around perfumed by the flowers of a hundred silver vases. The procession was a splendid pageant, in which no expense seems to have been spared, the great empress herself, accompanied by her son, afterwards Joseph II., heading it. This was repeated—in a manner corresponding with the diminished magnificence of the age—in 1850, the Emperor Ferdinand I., the Empress Anna, and other members of the Imperial family, taking their part in it.*

The only remaining act of Leopold's reign which calls for mention in connection with Innsbruck, was the erection of the monument to Maximilian the Deutschmeister, in the Pfarrkirche, almost the only one that was spared when the church was rebuilt after the earthquake of 1667 and 1689, the others having been ruthlessly used—the head-stones in building up the walls, the bronze ones in the bell-castings.

(*To be continued.*)

R. H. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE PEABODY.

It was on Loch Katrine that we saw him first. Our little steamer was puffing on its way northwards from the Trossachs, and we were vainly peering after Ellen's Isle through a curtain of dense Scotch mist. Some of us were sitting in the cabin, with our faces glued to the little round windows, now hopelessly opaque from the streams running down them. But Annie, despite all injunctions, insisted on remaining on deck, to lose no possible glimpse of those poetic shores. At last, our boat stopped at the head of the lake; and here we remember a tall old man with white hair, a strongly made man, whom one could not overlook, making his way from the farther end of the cabin, attended by a gentleman considerably younger. We lost them here, for they went on by the coach; but, following later, we found them again at Inversnaid, where the tall old gentleman sat contentedly napping after the 'tea and eating,' as the waiters call it. He had no good cause for content: the chairs were wretchedly straight and stiff; and people were talking all around him. But he was evidently accustomed to take things as they came, and to make the best of them.

The morrow was a Sunday, very wet; not hopelessly wet, but gusty

* It is painted on panel, thirty inches by twenty-one; the figure of our Lady is three quarter-length, but appears to be sitting, as the foot of the Divine Infant seems to rest upon her knee; and the tradition concerning it is, that it represents an episode of the Flight into Egypt, when, as the Holy Family rested under a palm-grove, they were overtaken by a band of robbers, headed by S. Demas, the (subsequently) penitent thief. The Holy Child is indeed represented *clinging* to His Mother—not as in fear, or even as if need were to suggest courage to her, but simply as if an attack sustained in common impelled a closer union of affection.

and wild, with dark clouds hanging about the hills, and on the opposite shore, and dyeing the central conical one of a dull strange purple. There was no church; only a little cottage meeting of Presbyterians at some distance. So we contented ourselves with reading the Psalms for the day, and then started for that long climb which will always remain so vividly in our memory: the thundering winds coming dashing and whirling upon us, with such sharp arrows of Highland rain, as made us cower under the lee side of the big stones, our only bit of shelter. It didn't matter that the grass was wet; our boots had long been no better than soaked sponges; and for the rest, we women were well wrapped in waterproofs. At the top we found a cairn, under which we rested. There are no words to recall the magnificence of those deep valleys, which fell on either hand, with the opposite hills all dashed with sudden gleams or sudden shadows. The gentlemen struck up Gounod's 'Nazareth;' the colour of the song was exactly the colour of the scene. And here we first realized to the full the charm of Keble's hymn for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity:

'Where is Thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice?'

and so on. We all know it.

Then we came down again, Annie running on before us; and on the turn above the inn, she saw a gentleman approaching, the younger of the twain whom we had noticed. He stopped, and spoke to Annie in a pleasant way, with the liberty which seems allowable on one's travels.

'I thought you were Lady Harriet S——,' he said.

Annie wore a little red hood, and was walking with a sort of alpenstock, and altogether looked very outlandish. She did not think the mistake could be complimentary to Lady Harriet.

The gentleman went on talking about an odd stone he had seen by the road-side, and pointed it out, and communicated a little easy geology, and presently asked, 'Do you know the gentleman I am with?'

'The tall old gentleman? No.'

'He is a man who has been talked about as much as anyone in this generation,' said the stranger.

'Oh, do tell me who he is!' begged Annie.

After heightening her curiosity a little, he answered with a name which Annie at first could make nothing of, mistaking it for 'Pibdy.' But light soon darted in upon her; and she found this was the American pronunciation for the name of the well-known benefactor. She was very glad, for there was no man living for whom she had a greater admiration. She began to think how she would like a word from him, and how improbable it was that she should have it, and whether she might venture to ask his friend to intercede for a shake of the hand, so that she might say, 'Sir, as an Englishwoman, I must

thank you.' Then she told herself that this would be snobbish and pushing, and that she ought to let the great man pass unnoticed.

But when a few people were sitting by the table after dinner, ourselves and Mr. Peabody among them, he began to talk; and grew especially cheery with a lively maiden in our party, making little jokes about pretty girls, according to the old-fashioned way in which gentlemen used to think they made themselves agreeable. In Annie's opinion, it detracted from his dignity; and she went away, and stood at the door, looking out at the stars and the bulky mountain forms in that dim light. The younger American was standing by, and began to tell of a wonderful *Aurora Borealis* which he had seen.

'I wish I could see one!' cried Annie; and at that moment faint cubes of light came breathing and throbbing from the north.

It was very impressive, and very strange; and the American grew quite excited, and went and summoned his old friend to look too. Mr. Peabody came, smiled at the northern lights, and told Annie three times that she would catch cold. Three times she answered that she thought not; and when at last she went back to the dining-room, there was a merry little discussion about it between her and the dear kind old man, who seemed genuinely anxious. It ended in a challenge between the two, to be up betimes on the morrow to eat real Scotch porridge, which was duly ordered; and then he went to sleep again in his chair, and his friend taught us how to play Five Points.

So far, the benefactor was but an ordinary mortal; and Annie, who always likes her heroes to be heroic, was rather disappointed. But the morrow brought its reward. The morning was fine, and all the strangers went away, even before the porridge was eaten. Then, we had a long talk with that dearest of old men; and in the quiet chat, his face beamed out with so sweet a smile that it went straight down into one's heart like a chord of rich music. His eyes smiled with his lips; and he looked perfectly good, and innocent, and wise.

He talked about his mercantile career, and how it began with a venture on a little tea.

'I am thankful that I can say I never made a penny by a dishonest action,' he added.

Then he talked about his health: how, thirty years before, coming southwards from Glasgow, he had been seized with pains so dreadful, that he thought he should never reach London alive; and when there, found that this was the first attack of that rheumatic gout, which never left him for a fortnight until within two years of the time when he was speaking, in 1867. He hoped then that he had lost it.

We were rather shy in addressing him concerning his benefactions; but when we did so, we found him willing to speak of them in a simple straightforward way, which shewed far more real modesty than an affectation of silence would have done. He expressed much gratification at the kind notice he had received from so many great people,

particularly from that exalted personage whose thanks had been so frankly and graciously rendered on her people's behalf. He was grateful to Lord Stanley for saying that whatever business he must give up, the Peabody Trusteeship should be the last.

'I have such a nice letter from Eugenia,' he said, fumbling in a breast-pocket. 'The Empress, you know,' he explained. Finally, to our regret, the copy which he had with him was declared to be packed in a trunk, so we did not see it. The dear old face wore a dry little smile, as he told us how a certain widowed duchess had said she 'should wait for him.' I think he liked to talk about his great friends; but they had not spoiled him one bit, as we saw thus: a chaise drove up to the door, conveying an elderly man, who betook himself to trotting about in view of the windows, looking at the garden, &c. Mr. Peabody grew curious about him, and said to his companion, 'I know that face so well. I am sure it must be Lord R——, or one of his brothers. Do go and bring him in.'

We went away then, to leave him to a chat with the new-comer, with whom one of us, returning for a minute, found him in a lively conversation.

He afterwards said, 'I was sure I knew that man. I was so glad to meet him again. He is the father of our host here, and kept the inn at Balloch, when I stayed there some years ago.' He was quite as much pleased at the meeting as if the old innkeeper had been the great Scotch peer whom he had fancied him to be.

Annie, to whom it seemed Mr. Peabody had taken a fancy, had a long pleasant talk with him in the window just before we started. Looking out at her dear hills, and listening to the person whom she revered so highly, she was thoroughly content. Mr. Peabody began to joke her upon her 'engaged' ring, and to ask why she did not change it for a plain gold one; but she was never able to respond to such jokes, and soon turned the conversation to himself. She asked if he ever meant to go and live in America again.

He said, 'No; England suited him better; but he had promised his sister to go there in three years time, if he lived so long. He had lately paid a visit to his native country; and he mentioned certain large sums, each a fortune, which he had then given to every one of his relatives there. 'I shall keep a little more for them to have at my death,' he added; 'but beyond that, I feel I am justified in using the rest for the purpose for which I live; I mean, to shew my gratitude to my Maker.'

Those were his own words, as far as Annie could recollect them. They were very simply and gravely spoken.

'I do not give to individuals,' he remarked once; 'I find it unsatisfactory.'

His friend had told us how he was pestered with applications: that he had received one hundred and fifty letters the day before we met him,

and *only two* were not begging letters. One gentleman (!) had stated that he was not very well off; that there was a nice little place near him which could be bought for a couple of thousand pounds, or so, and that if Mr. Peabody would just kindly arrange this, and let him have say a hundred a year besides, he would be so very comfortable. We were all exceedingly indignant at this gentleman; but Mr. Peabody only smiled quite calmly and placidly.

Presently, one of us ran in to tell Annie that the boat was coming. Perhaps it was rather absurd of her to feel, as she did, a pang of keen regret to say good-bye, as it seemed, for ever, to this holy old man, whose simple talk and calm benign face gave us an insight into his character, which added tenfold to our English gratitude for his bounty to our working' people. He seemed sorry too, and took Annie's two hands, and suddenly bent down to give her a kind fatherly kiss, and a 'God bless you.' She prized them very much.

Then we went away, feeling as though we had left a dear friend.

It was September when we were in Scotland. One cold Sunday night in December, those among us who had not gone to church were surprised by a double knock, and far more surprised to see Mr. Peabody's companion in Scotland walking into our London parlour. Mr. Peabody had asked him to call, he said, and see how we were. The dear old man himself was at Brighton, recruiting from a long and dreary time of pain; his old foe, rheumatic gout, had attacked him again but two days after we parted from him, and again at the fatal Glasgow, where he had meant to embark for Ireland. But illness had held him prisoner. This account mingled regret with the pleasure we felt that he had remembered us. Annie wrote a little letter to tell him so, and received this kind note in reply, written in a trembling old man's hand, but square, and very clear.

January 15, 1868.

Dear Miss N——,

Mr. S—— gave me an account of his pleasant interview with you; and I have since received your very kind note, and have postponed a reply to the present time, intending to call upon you; but being now on the eve of leaving for Rome, to be absent till April, I find my time so extremely taken up by important business, that the pleasure must be deferred to another time.

Be assured that I recollect with much pleasure our meeting at Loch Lomond; and, although the first, hope it may not prove the last.

My health is now very good, and my cough has nearly left me.

Wishing you a happy new year, and every blessing,

I am very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

Annie put this away with two *cartes* which he had given her, and which she regarded as great treasures.

The visit to Rome was undertaken for the purpose of sitting to Story, the sculptor, for his statue, now near the Royal Exchange. Mr. Peabody was much pleased that this site (which he called the finest in London) had been granted for it; and it had also been his desire—though he would not bias the choice—that his fellow-countryman, Story, should be selected from the seven sculptors who competed for the task. The sight of Rome gave him little pleasure: his tastes were uncultivated; and he did not even enter St. Peter's. He loved travel for the sake of change of air, but did not seem to enjoy fine scenery. 'My eye is satisfied with seeing,' he said, when we talked to him about Loch Lomond; adding, (the only Americanism we heard from him,) 'I have seen Niagara.'

Another note reached Annie in the spring; and when the benefactor heard of her approaching marriage, he wrote to appoint a day on which to come and wish her joy. We were all looking forward to his visit. He came about noon, in a cab. Our hearts sank when we saw him; his last illness had done so much harm; the hale strong look was gone; he seemed smaller, his face shrunken, and his skin loose. But he said he was well, and talked cheerily. When he rose, he said good-bye to all, including Annie; but whispered to her, 'I want to say a word to you in another room.' When she went with him, and opened the door of the study, she found it filled with her Sunday scholars, waiting to try on the new hats which they were to wear at her wedding. So he stood in the hall, and began to fumble in his pockets, saying confusedly, 'Just a little thing I thought you would remember me by. I should have written, but my hand was too shaky.' By this time, the little parcel was found.

'Oh! but,' said Annie, almost crying, 'You know it wasn't for anything of this sort I wanted to see you again.'

'I know, I know,' he answered, pressing his gift, a handsome watch, into her hand; and then gave her what she valued far more, a second kiss and blessing. She had longed for God's blessing called down on her new life by this good man, whom she regarded as one of the most faithful soldiers and servants of our Master whom it had ever been her lot to know.

Two days after, his letter came. It was too kind for rescription, and shewed that among his many occupations, he had found time to consider carefully the character of a plain simple girl, whom he had met just once on his travels; though the result seemed to Annie far too favourable.

Probably part of his great success was due to this power of holding small things as well as great clearly before his mind.

That was the last we saw of him, until the announcement came that he was lying dangerously ill in Eaton Square, after his return from his last visit to America, hastened by the hope of benefit to his health.

We were very anxious;* and at last Annie wrote, a note which our honoured friend probably never saw, which she hardly expected him to read, but wrote, because she could not help writing of her sorrow and her deep trust, that if restored health were never granted, he might have the far higher blessing of patience and God's peace. Then we heard that he was dead.

We were very glad to be enabled to join the crowd who paid him the last honours in Westminster Abbey. We had rejoiced in his noble nature, and now rejoiced in every mark of reverence, in the vastness and the silence of that black-clothed throng. There were only a few who seemed to come out of curiosity, who jostled and whispered and pried: we were sorry that the lady in a blue bonnet, and the other with a red feather, were admitted. It seemed hard that they would not give themselves a little trouble on such an occasion. But as a whole, that mighty press of people were a silent testimony to the one deep feeling in English hearts towards the stranger who had dealt so nobly by us.

The details slip from one's mind and one's pen. It was not detail that we saw; it was an impression to be felt. The grey vault, with its sombre air, which the sunshine made no less solemn; the coffin, where *he* did *not* lie, and where we could not imagine him to be; the Premier standing there with bowed head; the solemn words read, and then the sweet strains rising and floating away, with a dream of comfort and hope in them; and the last look at his coffin, with the cross of white flowers, and his name, as it lay in its temporary vault.

Remembering these things, and reading some petty details which have been told concerning the benefactor, we feel sometimes that we know enough—perhaps not too much—to see in him the real man, the best that was in him, the 'sweetness and light' which performed the good works that follow him whither he is gone.

SKETCHES FROM INDIAN LIFE.

No. I.

I WENT to India in the civil service of John Company, many years ago, when good Lord William Bentinck was King of the East. Old Indians in white jackets and nankin trowsers, with the hookah between their shriveled lips, were still murmuring sadly at the rashness of the Dutch-

* It was a comfort to us all that, besides naming him in our private and family prayer, we were called upon to pray for him in our village service, the petition being prefaced by the explanation that, though he was neither of our own country, nor even of our own communion, we were bound to him by ties of national gratitude. A suggestion was made to the 'Times,' that this might be generally done, but the editor did not see fit to make it public.

man (for so they called the Governor General) in forbidding Suttee. To these old fellows it was hard indeed that wretched Indian widows should be deprived of their born right to be flung screaming on to the blazing funeral pile of their dead husband. Who had ever heard of such interference with the religion of the Hindoos? Depend on it, said these old gentlemen, this sort of thing will never do; there will be a row of some sort, and we shall have a second Black Hole. But somehow, in spite of all these forebodings, the government seemed stronger and more settled than before. Indeed, it was hinted that the self-satisfied old Governor General, who went stumping about Calcutta with a white hat and cotton umbrella, with less ceremony and pretence than a second-rate office clerk—it was hinted, I say, that this arbitrary old dictator was, contrary to all precedent, meditating a regular survey and measurement of the lands of Upper India, before deciding the amount of revenue which those lands ought to pay. In short, British India was then, as it ever has been, in a transition state; a state in which the facts of the present year overthrew the theories of the past. It behoved a young man fresh from England, and just setting out in public life, to open his eyes and ears, and to look about him with as much interest as the combined influences of prickly heat, musquitos, and home sickness, might permit.

Great was the hospitality of Calcutta in those days. Before I had landed came pressing invitations from persons whose existence even I had never known, but who had seen my name in the passenger list. My first evening was spent in Government House, at the table of the great Sir Charles Metcalfe, who, in the absence of the Governor General, presided in Bengal. Next morning, my new friends in the city of palaces, and many old friends whom I had known at Hayleybury, busied themselves to make me comfortable and happy. Rooms were secured for me in 'Writers Buildings.' Above all things and men it was necessary that I should employ a well qualified teacher or moonshee. For though, like other young civil servants, I had received at Hayleybury College a grand certificate of my acquirements and fitness for public employ; still I had looming in the distance another examination at the College of Fort William in Bengal. Now I had studied Persian, Hindostani, and Bengallee, enough to satisfy the professors at home; but found myself as little qualified to converse in those tongues as a school-boy is to talk Latin or Greek. So it was best for me—at least so I easily persuaded myself—to get a moonshee who would speak English. There was a Mahomedan, named Mahomed Buxh, who, as my friends declared, was just the man for me; a solemn attenuated native of Chittagong, in white muslin, with a Delhi shawl round his waist, a beard like a goat, and a large pair of spectacles. His skin seemed too tight for his poor body, and he had a trick of winking his eyes, shaking his head, and sniffing like a dog with incipient distemper. In other respects, though somewhat morose and reserved to the outward world, Buxoo was

to his young master a very good fellow. He had a thorough knowledge of Persian, &c., but his English was peculiar, being a mixture of book-learning and slang picked up from his young English pupils. For example, I well remember at the end of our first interview, when about to retire, he said, 'Now, Sir, shall I cut my estick?' I looked at him in wonder, until I remembered a favourite phrase of his late employer—one of my old college friends—who had, no doubt, been in the habit of saying to Moonshee, Now, Moonshee, 'cut your stick,'—in vulgar English—go.

Imagine us then, Buxoo and me, in the sweltering month of September, seated under a punkah, and hammering away at the Goolistan of Sadi. This poet sings—

The world, O Brother, for us remaineth not ;
Fix your heart on the Creator, and it sufficeth.

My heart, however, just then was fixed, amongst other objects, very much on horses and dogs. I longed to turn my back upon Calcutta, and to seek the happy hunting grounds of the north-western provinces. It was impossible not to confide my longings to Moonshee. Moonshee-jee, said I, for I had heard my servants thus address him, I can't live in this place; I hate Calcutta, the mosquitos, the prickly heat. The jackals drive me mad, howling at night under my window. I long to hunt them, to hunt hogs, to shoot, to be a man—in short, to go 'up country.' Bapree! bab! said Moonshee, in real or pretended alarm. Master go up country—plenty shoot, plenty hunt—how he can pass college? And the poor fellow began to shake his head and sniffle so violently, that I thought he was crying, and exclaimed at once, 'Master will go up country; but Moonshee must go with Master.' On this he vowed that I was his father and mother, and that he would go with me up to the mountains of snow if I desired, which, by the way, he actually did accomplish before he had done with me. I had to double his salary, and to pay sixty, instead of thirty, Sicca rupees per mensem for his services, and of course, to pay all his travelling expenses. But, for two reasons, I thought it expedient to incur this outlay. In the first place, a frightful ordinance had lately come from Leadenhall Street. Young civil servants of the East India Company, who failed to pass the prescribed examinations within a period of (I think it was) eighteen months, were to be sent back to the place from whence they came, and so far as John Company was concerned, 'no officer of mine.' Here was one very good reason for me to work hard. But there was another still more cogent. Although I had made up my mind to go to work in the far north-west, where the Hindostani language is used, I had no idea of passing the college examination in that language. I had taken up the Bengallee dialect when at Hayleybury, simply because it was supposed to be more easy than Hindostani, and for the same reason, although I was going to Hindostan; and turning my back upon Bengal, I now determined to

'pass' in Bengallee. Now, unless I took a native of that province with me, I had no prospect of finding a suitable preceptor in the north-west. So, as I said before, Buxoo must go with me, and by dint of bribery, this affair was settled.

Great and joyful was my excitement as the mornings, even in Calcutta, began to get cool. A long list of travelling gear was given me by my friends, including a hill tent (as it was called) for me, a smaller sort of gipsey tent for Buxoo, and a still meaner covering for my dogs. My Bengallee servants, one by one, began to make excuses. Generally they were summoned home by the sudden death of their mothers; in other words, they declined to go up country. But I found plenty of Hindostani fellows, with good *chits* or written characters, ready and willing to enter the service. A friend and ship-mate consented to share my tent with me. And so at last, one bright October morning, we were ferried across the Hoogly, and our march began. Who can describe the delight of a sanguine young Englishman thus setting forth to see the world? On the occasion of my first march, I considered it prudent, for a certain distance, to bring up the rear-guard myself. But when I had once seen my traps over the water, I galloped on to the first staging bungalow on the Grand Trunk Road. My horse seemed to rejoice with me. The trees, the fields, the birds—parrots, doves, and boglas or paddy birds, the long-legged cranes—the goats, the buffalos, the native caravans, the villages—all was strange, new, and charming. Ah, thought I, how I pity my old college friends in that nasty City of Palaces. When I reached the staging bungalow, after passing by my *durzee*, or domestic tailor, squatted busily at his work in the virandah, there was a nice breakfast of chicken, cutlets, rice and *kòftuhs*, or balls of minced meat, with plenty of tea, bread and butter—was there ever anything so good? After breakfast came my *hookah-badar*, or pipe carrier, a fine tall stately Mahomedan, wearing a splendid turban, with my crest in frosted silver on a blue ground. How delicious to inhale the perfumed tobacco of Chunar, and then to take a stroll round the bungalow, and under the trees, to watch my camp followers arrive!

First came the moonshee. But how changed! A cloth tied over his turban (like a man with the tooth-ache) to keep the dust from his ears and beard. In the place of the white muslin robe, a strong *chupkun*, or coat of blue broad-cloth, with a red binding, and lined with yellow chintz. A pistol (never loaded) stuck in his shawl waist-band, his legs in Wellington boots, a skinny half-starved groom and servant of all work running behind his master's grey pony, and holding on by the tail. The old fellow made his salaam. I thought he had an affection for his young master, and felt as if I had in him a trusty friend. My horses were already picketed with head and heel ropes, their grooms (or *syces*) busy with the curry-comb; and the grass cutters scratching up with their little *koorpee* or hand-spud the roots of grass which, in India, supply the place of hay. Under a spare blanket were the wives of these

worthies, with children crawling like ants about the horses' legs. At a respectful distance, towards the rear, was the dog-man, or sweeper, and his deputy—black looking fellows, in scull-caps, one pounding curry-powder for the dogs' dinner, the other searching inquiringly the dogs' hair, the dogs, in general, looking on wistfully, each tied to a peg, and with a little coat of red kurwa, like so many dancing monkeys. The *khidmutgar* or table-attendant, and in this case also cook, and his *musalchie*, (lamp-lighter and scullion,) were busy in the kitchen, which was a building detached from the bungalow. The bearer or valet, arranging master's things. The carts, with stores, tents, &c., miserable creaking affairs, each drawn by two wretched bullocks, came creeping up, escorted by my two *burkundaz*, or foot-guards. The *behistee* or water-carrier, filling his bag to water the horses; and the *dhobie*, or washerman, pounding away at master's clothes. Is it possible, thought I, that I who was but the other day shut up in a ship cabin, or still more closely imprisoned by the tyrannical heat of the sun in Calcutta—is it possible, that all this equipage belongs to me? Shall I be able to travel day after day, week after week, and month after month, seeing new places, making new friends, shooting new animals, like this? It is too delightful to be true! Such was my first impression of camp life in India. Five-and-twenty years later, when I had elephants and camels, escorts of horse and foot soldiers, double-poled tents, and all the paraphernalia of an Indian commissioner, my impression was the same. Nothing like tent life—so fresh, so joyous, so varied; every day at home, yet a fresh home and a new scene every day.

I forgot, in describing my camp followers, poor Jocko—our monkey. He used to sit in the rear of one of the baggage-carts, grin, chatter, and quarrel with everyone who came near him, and above all with the kites that hovered over our camp, and made a swoop at any eatables that Jocko might not be able at once to cram into his maw.

Such, then, was the marching establishment of a young writer. Instead of twenty-four hours, as in these times, it took him thirty days to get from Calcutta to Benares, but they were days of delight. There were in the beginning of our journey, occasional tracts of flooded country to pass; and we had not gone many marches before Moonshee came to grief. After breakfast one day, instead of Buxoo came his skinny follower with a bit of plaintain leaf, and the following legend thereupon: 'Peny throw Moonshee upon waters, what he can do?' then came his name and a great C. M. There could be but one answer to so touching an appeal. Our jaded buggy-horse was put into harness, and a retrograde voyage of discovery set forth. Poor Buxoo was found under a tree, drying his boots, and vowing to return at once to Calcutta. As, however, he had received two months pay in advance, he soon thought better of this, and before we reached Benares had grown black and '*farouche*,' and quite at home on his grey peny. I asked him by the way why he put C. M. after his name; on which he fumbled in his travelling wallet,

and produced a formal document, signed by the authorities of the College at Fort William, and with much winking and head-shaking informed me that he was a regular 'College Moonshee,' and not like the ignorant pretenders who might be picked up anywhere. We got capital sport with our guns as we passed through the hilly country; and at last, after traversing some four hundred miles, reached the sacred city of Benares, with her swarming Brahmins, consecrated bulls and monkeys, with her temples, shrines, minarets, reflected in the fair Ganges stream. Here we were more than hospitably entertained by the worthy patriarch Augustus Brooke, who was the agent to the Governor-General and Judge of Benares in those days. Not satisfied with taking me and my travelling companion into the palace in which he lived, all the tag-rag and bobtail of my travel-worn camp followers were snugly encamped in his park-like compound or *campagna*, as the enclosure round country houses in India is termed. This good man won my heart by his kindness, and Moonshee's by his courtesy, and detained us for many days, never losing his equanimity but once, when I proposed to smoke some of my own wretched bazaar tobacco in his royal hookah! We have made many steps in advance since those days; but the magnificent and munificent hospitality of our old Indians belonged to that period, and is to be regarded as a memory of the past, with gratitude and with pride.

On leaving Benares our tents came into use, and we plodded on steadily through Allahabad to the north west. I had a kinsman and kind friend at Meerut, and here my travels came to an end. My life was pleasant enough in the fine cold days of January. I was dubbed Master of the Meerut Hounds, and no doubt very proud of my red coat and top boots in the newest English cut. As we hunted our jackals at daybreak, and got home to breakfast, I had plenty of time to work hard with Moonshee during the day. With the jealous zeal of a native scribe commanding full access to his employer, Buxoo tried hard to make himself indispensable. When I got into a house of my own, he established himself in the compound; crept out early and late to see my sheep and horses get their daily allowance of gram or barley, insisted on paying all my bazaar or market bills, and narrowly watched my *khansaman's* (butler's) daily book for bread, sugar, spice, &c. Every account, from the horse-keeper's gram to the cook's charcoal, he translated into his own English, and duly submitted for my inspection. In India they divide the *sahib* log, or gentle-folk, into two classes according to their rank, *burra* or great for the superior, and *chota* or small for the inferior officer. As I was a sort of sucking judge, they gave me in the cantonment the title of '*Chota Judge Sahib*.' When it became known that I was a member of the civil service, some of the leading natives from the city and country about came to pay their respects. Moonshee took special care on these occasions that a chair was placed for him between me and my visitor, that he might duly fill the role of confidential agent.

In short, Buxoo was an institution, a power in my little world. I can't remember that he ever attempted to cheat me. I am certain that he prevented others from doing so. The only question was, Who was master, Buxoo or his employer? This would have been given dead against me, but for one thing. From constantly knocking about in the fields, shooting and hunting, I had learned to speak almost fluently a base sort of Hindostani, and to understand what was said to me by the natives. I was thus able before long to take up after a fashion appeals from Moonshee's orders about wages, prices, and so forth, and to make at least a show of independence. But I fear it was only a show. Moonshee still in one respect held me at his mercy. That odious Bengallee examination, which I could only hope to pass under the auspices of Buxoo, rose up against me whenever I felt inclined to revolt against the tyranny of my Bengallee instructor. If Buxoo left me, where could I get another Bengallee tutor? Echo answered, Where? and Buxoo had me at his mercy. In due time I reported to the College Examiners in Calcutta that I was ready for my first examination. A great sealed packet of papers came to the magistrate of the district, and in his presence I performed my task, read to him, and so forth, and was eventually passed. But this was in Persian. My next six months, I am sorry to say, were given to a study of Bengallee, which I knew would be quite useless to me in after life, but which I underwent rather than take Hindostani or Hindee, which would have been really useful. But until the College Examiners were satisfied I could not be allowed to enter upon my duties as a young civil servant.

It was the cold season when I reached Meerut, and the place seemed delightful. But as the warm weather came on in April I began to alter my opinion. The first to feel the change of climate were my much-loved companions, my English dogs. One by one they began to droop; their skins grew too tight for their bodies, their livers swelled, their hearts beat like drums. There is but one remedy for dogs, as for children, when the Indian sun begins thus to put its mark upon them. Off and away to the mountains, to cool shades and clear waters. Missouri was the nearest hill station, some hundred miles away. The poor beasts were put into a bullock-waggon with their dog-keepers, and packed off. Deprived of my pets and four-footed companions, I myself grew home-sick and disconsolate. The dog-boys had strict orders to write from stage to stage a daily bulletin. I watched the post like a lover. Every little scrawl that was sent when a native scribe could be picked up was duly and ostentatiously translated by my Moonshee. The dogs had got safe to the hills, and were still alive. Here are extracts from Buxoo's renderings into English, which have never escaped my memory.

By your Honour's ikbal (good fortune) dogs and she dogs is well. Every night small tiger (leopard) is coming, but by watchfulness of your humble petitioner he can do nothing. On 20th April, Roshmun she dog (Rosamond) brought six young dogs in bed.

Then came a literal translation of an epistle from the dog-boy in the hills to his brother in the plains.

Oh, my dear, you are not a kind, (*i. e.* unkind for not writing.) In your absence I am as a fish without water or a lamp without oil. Bachlaw (Bachelor) dog from three days is sick of *dilbazee*, (palpitation of the heart;) if he go bad I think I throw my life.

In due time I got sick, and followed my dogs to the hills. Moonshee was left behind for a few days to see my things properly packed up. Before he joined me at Missouri I got a letter, which I remember began thus:—‘Honoured Sir, on Sunday last rained intense large hailstones, one sheep went life.’ The cool air of the hills gave me new vigour, but as the rainy season began early in June, about the time that Moonshee followed me up, he came just in for that peculiar life in the clouds, which all hill residents at Missouri know so well. His clothes clung to him, his teeth chattered, he moped and was disconsolate. Visions of Calcutta, of prawn curries, plantains, and the China bazaar, floated before his eyes; he became mutinous and sulky. The up-country servants began to jeer him. ‘Look, Sir,’ said my bearer, who was intensely jealous of the Buxoo interest, ‘there he goes, like the ghost of a wet fowl!’ I did not see the joke. My life, officially speaking, was bound up with Buxoo. If he took himself off, I must follow, at the risk of any number of fevers, down the country; for how on earth could I get another College Moonshee, who could cram me for the Bengallee examination, up at Missouri, a thousand miles from Bengal? Besides, I really felt for the poor old fellow who had followed my fortunes so far. By dint of coaxing, matters became more promising. We went hard to work at those odious Bengallee verbs. As the cold weather came on my examination was over, and I was sent to a station near Meerut to begin my official life as an assistant to the magistrate and collector of a large district. As my knowledge of Bengallee and my virtual independence of Moonshee had advanced, he had become in proportion civil and obliging. Every day his zeal for the service, his respect and affection to his employer, seemed to increase. As for returning to Calcutta, he never hinted at anything of the sort; and he seemed determined to devote himself to me for life. Of course, when I got through my College examinations, my Moonshee allowance or payment from Government ceased. But I determined to defray this out of my own pocket rather than part with so good a friend as Buxoo. He dogged my steps, met me with smiles, and tried to anticipate every wish. And so for a time we went on lovingly together. But before long I awoke as from a dream. I found that instead of gaining the confidence of the people amongst whom I was thrown I was becoming a mere appendage to Buxoo. He sported a new shawl and an ambling pony, which my bearer declared had been given to him by a native in order to secure his favour with the *chota sahib*, (or small gentleman, *i. e.* assistant magistrate, as I was now called.) Everybody

went first to Moonshee and then to me. Every old woman who had a case in my petty court, first confided her sorrows to Buxoo. Every *omednar* (hoper) who wanted to get some little office in the police was seen hanging about Buxoo's quarters. The eye of the public was fixed upon Buxoo, whilst his master was a cipher. Worst of all, a skin-bound black nephew arrived from Chittagong, just fit, as Moonshee declared, to act as a serjeant of police. My independence was gone. Nay, I had never been independent. I was nobody. The Bengallee Moonshee had been paramount.

Yes, I awoke. Bitter was the struggle. But it must be done. I put as many rupees as I could muster into a bag, ordered my tent to a distance, and sent for my horse. Then suddenly taking a fond farewell of poor old Buxoo, and putting the bag of rupees into the hands of the skin-bound nephew, I told him next day to see his uncle safe *en route* for Calcutta.

This parting was a sad business. Moonshee had become a necessity. He was the centre of my little system, and how I should do without him it was impossible for me to say. But go he must, and I drew my breath more freely from that hour. Buxoo had taught me something more than Bengallee, and in after years I profited by the lesson.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

EVERYTHING that happened at S. Peter's on the 8th of December, 1869, will be of historic value to all thoughtful minds, who, however they may regard the Great Council, must feel a deep interest in its opening and proceedings.

Soon after five o'clock, on the morning of the 8th, crowds were gathered in the great Piazza, where stands the largest church on earth, the Basilica of the Vatican. A thick heavy rain was pouring down, the whole sky looked dark and lowering; the gates were shut, and for nearly an hour the people waited. Blazing torches cast a lurid glare on their eager faces, and on the huge Piazza, with its graceful colonnades on either side, seeming to embrace the vast silent church, now preparing for one of the strangest scenes in modern times.

About six, the gates were opened; a white curtain shaded the Atrium of Constantine; the straw mattresses, which usually hang over the church doors, were removed, so that the people poured freely into the great Basilica, and wandered off to different parts in search of good places whence to see the coming ceremonies. Seldom, truly, has S. Peter's looked more dull and sombre than on that Council day. All about the doors, the marble pavement was wet from the dripping

garments of the multitude. Far away gleamed the ninety-three lamps which ever burn round the Apostle's tomb, and the tall candles on the chief altar. Near the entrance to the Council-room, on the right, stood another altar, its lighted tapers shining on two lovely gold angels, and on the splendid palliotto of gold and white gauze, presented by the Bishops of Wallachia. All the rest of the great church was dark, save for the weird glare of a few torches, and the distant glimmer of some chapel, where Mass was being celebrated.

On festa days S. Peter's is generally glowing with scarlet and gold draperies; but this was a solemn meeting, and not a joyous festival. So only the centre columns, supporting the great dome, were covered with red and gold striped damask, and the Relic Gallery was hung with costly draperies of the same. The gloomy atmosphere of the church threw out these points of brightness into strange relief. There was yet another gorgeous mass of colouring, the large bronze statue of S. Peter, not far from the high altar. There sat the great image, looking more like a negro than ever in his fine red clothes. He was clad in full Pontifical dress—stole, alb, cross, tiara, pluvial, and whatever else thereto belongs. His flowing robe, of rich crimson silk, sparkling with gold embroidery, was fastened by a large jewelled clasp. His black head looked quainter than can be told, beneath a splendid triple crown. One hand held a gilded key, stamped with an eagle; on the other, raised in blessing, glittered a costly ring. The naked foot, 'worn smooth with the kissing,' was the only inch of him left unadorned. A great brazen lamp swung before him, flanked by four immense painted candles, the two larger big enough for main-masts to a fishing-smack. The gilded candelabra used to light up this glorified fisherman were given by the Pope, the smaller bronze ones by Cardinal Mattei.

All the right transept of S. Peter's was taken up for the Council. There were robing-rooms, waiting-rooms, and even a little kitchen and buffet, where the Pope allowed nothing to be served, however, except soup. The latter rooms were not actually in the church, but communicated with it by a passage in the wall. The Council-hall was richly decorated. On either side were large frescoes of the Councils of Jerusalem, Ephesus, Nice, and Trent; a third, opposite the door, represented the Descent of the Holy Spirit. To-day the partition which usually divides the Council-chamber from the church had been removed, giving a view of the Pope's throne, just under the fresco of the Day of Pentecost, the Cardinals' and Patriarchs' dais on either side of him, and 'the gilded cages' above for royal and noble personages. The Bishops' stalls formed an amphitheatre on the two sides; high up above were the theologians; the chief stenographer's place was close to the tribune, the others were dispersed about the hall. The guard was divided between the Chevaliers of Malta and the Guardia Nobile, under General de Reisach and General Civeco, who but a few years ago were opposed to each other on the battle-field. All down the great nave the

Zouaves were drawn up in a double line, forming a path for the procession; deputations from the various mendicant and monastic orders were ranged on either wing. A few acolytes with crucifixes and lighted candles stood before the soldiers, and close behind them pressed the crowd, in eager expectation.

At nine o'clock the great cannon of S. Angelo boomed, all the bells of Rome rang out, and the *Veni Creator* rose in solemn strains from the approaching procession. Down the *Scala Regia*, and through the great doors of S. Peter's, came that stately train. First walked the ushers and censer-swingers, wafting a fragrant vaporous cloud over the great crosses, which were borne slowly down the nave. One splendid silver crucifix, richly set with jewels, was presented by the Marquis of Bute. On it was the Christ, not pale and dying, but crowned and triumphant—fit symbol for a luxurious age, which would fain wear the victor's Crown without bearing the martyr's Cross. Then followed a long array of Church Fathers, chiefly in white; for the day was one dedicated to the Virgin by Pío Nóno, and kept by him as a favourite festa. The Bishops came first, then the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and other dignitaries. But when I strive to recall that brilliant host, I am lost in dreams of pageants of the middle ages. Surely this was a mystery-play of the Tower of Babel; for here were 'Latins, Armenians, Bulgarians, Chaldeans, Copts, Maronites, Melchites, Roumanians, Ruthenes, Syrians,' besides all our modern nations. It is rumoured that the good Fathers find a strange difficulty in understanding each other's Latin.

But a truce to such thoughts as we look on this venerable throng. There was a dazzling mass of white and gold worn by the Bishops, mingled with other colours on some of the Eastern hierarchs. Several had robes of blue or lilac, striped with gold. One man wore a Greek cap, covered by a long purple veil, and a pink tissue cope embroidered with gold, below which flowed a rich white satin robe, worked in divers colours at the edge. There was an almost barbaric splendour in some of these dresses: witness a high collar, coming above the ears, and so stiff with heavy embroidery, that the luckless wearer could not move his head. Many of the robes looked as if they could literally 'stand alone,' being sheer masses of gold and jewels. Some of the Easterns wore, instead of red or purple skull-caps, quaint hoods, like those of the mountain gnomes, or 'old Father Christmas.' The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the Altar of the Confession, so all the mitres were taken off on entering the church; several rich crowns, belonging to Eastern hierarchs, were borne before them on red velvet cushions.

This was the ceremonial part of the Church Fathers. But who shall describe the venerable faces and dignified bearing of some amongst them! I saw one noble old man, with snowy hair, and calm steadfast face, which seemed to be looking far beyond the Great Council and Time itself straight on into Eternity. An aged Bishop tottered up the nave, leaning on a priest's arm; he had come from afar to be present on this

day, though his friends thought him too frail to bear the journey to Rome. Generally speaking, the Eastern hierarchs were finer-looking men, and had a statelier mien, than their Western brethren. After about an hour of this varied pomp, came the Guardia Nobile, in their brilliant uniform, their mincing prance forming a strong contrast to the dignified step of the Church Fathers. Then there were the red-robed Cardinals, and the procession was closed by the Pope himself. The Papal chair was brought in at the great door, with a scarlet canopy over it, and the ostrich-plume fans waving behind. The Pope descended and walked up the church, clad all in shining white, his face radiant with joy at having at length realized his darling scheme of a Great Council.

Opposite S. Peter's statue the procession paused and knelt; then, whilst the Pope was still kneeling at a prie-dieu in front of the high-altar, and performing a short service there with the Sacred College around him, the Fathers entered the Council-chamber, and took the places allotted to them by numbers. It was a striking moment when these seven hundred old men all turned towards the Council-hall, like one body, animated by one soul. And again, when they were seated, looking like a great white cloud, (for all other hues melted in the distance into one mass of pure white,) no one could look on unmoved by a sympathetic thrill. Without, 'the busy world was hurrying by;' within, sat the calm patient 'men of eld,' waiting to devise some means for its rest and peace. Whatever be the result of the Council, the theoretical idea is a grand one.

The Pope entered with his scarlet men, the Cardinals, and mounted his raised throne. Cardinal Patrizi celebrated High Mass on the altar near the entrance of the Council-hall. Before the Benediction at its close, the Secretary of the Council, Monsignor Fessler, placed a splendid copy of the Evangelists on a small gilt throne upon the altar, all the Fathers standing up. Then a tall wooden pulpit was rolled in, from which a Latin sermon was preached by Monsignore Puecher-Passavalli, whose strange outlandish name sounds quite natural, when we hear that he has walked straight from the 'Acts of the Apostles,' being Archbishop of Iconium. Before preaching he kissed the Pope's knee, and asked for an Indulgence; after the sermon, the Pope gave the Benediction, and the Archbishop proclaimed a plenary Indulgence. The opening words of S. John's Gospel were then read by a Cardinal, all the Fathers joining in.

Next followed the Act of Obedience, which it was said would take two hours, if four Fathers went up in a minute. It lasted fully that time, and most picturesque it was to see these moving cloudlets float off from the great central white cloud. The Pope sat on his throne, wearing the pontifical ornaments of High Mass, whilst a constant stream of homage flowed in; the Archbishops kissing his hand, the Bishops his knee, and the lower ecclesiastics his foot.

Meanwhile, if one wearied of watching the changing postures of these

white-robed figures, there was plenty in the church to engage the attention. To our eyes, one of the strangest features of a religious ceremony in S. Peter's is the prevalence of soldiery. The guard was relieved several times during the Council services, and the clash of arms mingled with the sound of sacred music and chanted Litany. Amongst the soldiers present were the Sappers and Miners, in dark blue uniforms, white leather aprons, and huge muff-shaped shakos. They carried great pick-axes in their hands, and are tall strong men. Some of the Swiss Guard wore steel corslets and helmets, gay trousers, striped in red, yellow, and black, and high white ruffs. With this dress and their long spears, they were thoroughly mediæval. All about swarmed the eager people; they climbed on to the very altars, they stood on the confessionals, they rested on the marble cornices of the walls, and crowded out every vantage point. Near us was a fair-haired Saxon child, perched on some impossible-looking ledge, looking down on the motley throng below; doubtless when grown to womanhood she will remember the opening of the Nineteenth Council. There were ladies in black dresses and veils, sitting in the tribunes; and others, of bolder nature, wandering about the church; there were priests, nuns, and monks, of every order and nation. There were contadini, the men in long cloaks, or blue jerkins and goat-skin leggings, with black tangled locks; the women with neatly braided hair, folded head-cloths, and large gold ear-rings, coarse woollen skirts and sometimes scarlet bodies. Little contadini, too, watched with great wondering dark eyes, soldiers, strangers, and Church Fathers, all with equal astonishment.

At last the homage was over. The Pope rose, and offered up the following prayer:—

THE POPE'S PRAYER.

WE are here, Lord Holy Spirit, oppressed by the enormity of our sins, but re-united specially in Thy Name. Come to us, be with us, deign to enter into our hearts. Teach us that which we ought to do, whither we ought to go, how we ought to act, in order that through Thy assistance we may be able to satisfy Thee in all things. Be our help, the origin of our judgements, Thou Who hast so glorious a Name with the Father and the Son. Do not permit us to outrage justice, Thou Who lovest the most perfect equity; do not permit ignorance to lead us into a false path, nor solicitations to seduce us, nor personal interest nor gifts to corrupt us; but unite us to Thee, by the gift of Thy sole grace, in order that we may become one with Thee, and that we may not swerve from the truth in the least thing.

And as we are united in Thy Name, may we be just, but with moderation and mercy, in order that our opinion may not be different from Thine, and that we may obtain in the future an eternal recompense for good actions.

The Litany of the Saints was then sung: at the prayer for the Synod and the hierarchy, the Pope implored the Lord to bless, guide, and sustain them, and crossed the assembly six times during the three

Benedictions. The people joined in the responses, and the waves of sound rolling around the great church, produced the most wonderful effect; the different responses echoing from different parts of the building, like prolonged notes of some sacred harmony all in tune, yet all taking up various words in the solemn Litany. Next followed the Gospel, Christ's charge to His Apostles, S. Luke, x. This was read by Cardinal Borromeo, whose name recalls San Carlo Borromeo, the friend of Paul IV., who exerted himself so nobly during the plague at Milan, and was also present at a Council—the memorable long Council of Trent. Then the Pope gave an Allocution, and intoned the *Veni Creator*, in which the Fathers and people joined.

The Prefect of Ceremonies now cried in a loud voice, '*Exeant omnes qui locum non habent in Concilio.*' It had been whispered that the Swiss Guard would now clear the church at spears' point; and doubtless in that case matter might have been found for a war rivaling the Peloponnesian, for the British bull-dog brooks no meddling with his 'rights,' real or imaginary. But all went on peacefully. Two Bishops presented to the Pope the decree for the opening of the Council; he gave it back to one of them, who read it aloud, and then all the Fathers called out '*Placet.*' Naturally no dissentient voices were present on the occasion. There was a due amount of ecclesiastico-legal formality in registering this decree, and that for the next general session on the day of Epiphany. After which Pio Nono intoned a glad thanksgiving at having really opened his Council.

The ceremony was now over. The *Guardia Nobile* marched down the church, after the Pope had been disrobed and retired to the Vatican, tired but triumphant. The seven hundred came slowly down the great nave, wearing their mitres, and some of them in costly crowns of gold and white, or ruby velvet set with gems. The Fathers did not now walk in a set-procession, and some of them got broken off from the main body, and entangled among the Swiss guards, who accosted the good Eastern hierarchs, in various unknown tongues. We saw one old man convulsively clutching his splendid gold clasp; and when we heard that a valuable crucifix had been stolen from an American Bishop, whilst he was putting his chasuble over his head, we wondered if this was the prelate who had been robbed.

Vespers were beginning in the music-chapel as we left S. Peter's. When we entered the church that day, it was yet dim in the twilight of early morning; as we went away, night was coming on—which omen will apply to the Council, the gathering darkness or the rising light?

ROMA.

Rome, December, 1869.

A CONVERSATION ON ENERGY.

‘Did you notice,’ said Emily Mildmay one evening at tea, ‘Mr. Morton said to-day that Miss Hamilton was a thoroughly energetic woman; I wonder what she will be like?’

‘Yes,’ said Maggie, ‘I quite dread the thoughts of her; I know we shall be kept at work from morning to night.’

‘What’s that?’ said George; ‘a thoroughly energetic governess? oh, what jolly fun! You’ll have every moment turned to account, girls—energetic people always do; in the school-room by seven, practice till breakfast;—then it will be, “Emily, shut the piano; and Maggie, go and cut the bread;—and while I’m making tea you can learn these ten lines of poetry, Emily;—and Maggie can find the place in Macaulay, so as to lose no time after breakfast;” then, all breakfast-time, she’ll catechize you in French; and the instant you have finished, while the things are taking away, you will do calisthenics and—’

‘O George, do be quiet,’ said Emily; ‘you put me out of breath to hear you.’

‘You’ll be more out of breath soon,’ said George, ‘see if you are not!’

‘I am sure she need not be like that because she is energetic,’ said Maggie; ‘Mamma would never have taken her, if she had been disagreeable.’

‘Oh, they can be quiet enough sometimes,’ said George.

‘Ah! but you can always tell whether a person is likely to be energetic or not,’ said Jane; ‘and besides, it would be no use to have a governess who was not energetic, she would do no good at all.’

‘I am not so sure that you can always tell whether a person will be energetic or not,’ said Maggie. ‘Look at Lucy Benson now, what a quiet stupid sort of girl she seems, and yet she will work on at a thing for months without getting tired.’

‘But that is plodding, not energy,’ said Emily.

‘Well, but energy means working without getting tired.’

‘Ah yes,’ said Jane, ‘but it means a great deal more; and it does not mean sitting still to work, it means eagerness and interest, nothing dull and stupid about it; it means—oh I do not know what—it means energy!’

‘Hurrah!’ cried George, ‘we will bring out a new Johnson—Energy means energy.’

‘Here is Papa!’ exclaimed Emily, as Mr. Mildmay entered the room. ‘Papa, we are talking about energy; what is your idea of an energetic woman?’

‘An energetic woman?’ answered Mr. Mildmay; ‘a woman who starts up when her father comes into the room, and gets her gown caught in

her chair, and spills half his tea into the saucer in her hurry to hear his opinion.'

'Now, Papa, you are not to be satirical,' said Emily; 'do tell us what you think.'

'All I think at present, Emmy, is that I want my tea; I have no energies for anything else yet.'

'Here comes Mamma,' said Jane! 'let us ask her.—Mamma, we want to know your idea of an energetic woman?'

'Well,' said Mrs. Mildmay, 'I can hardly tell on such short notice, but I think the word energy gives one the idea of carrying through; I should expect of an energetic woman that anything she undertook to do she would accomplish; but why do you want to know?'

'Because Mr. Morton said to-day that Miss Hamilton was a thoroughly energetic woman, and we are afraid she will be always driving at something and never giving us any rest.'

'Do you know what the word energy is derived from?' said Mr. Mildmay.

'No, Papa.'

'It is derived from energy, Jane, is it not?' said George.

'Don't be a teaze, George,' answered Jane.

'It is a Greek word,' continued Mr. Mildmay, 'from *en*—in or on, and *ergeia*—work. It means working from something within, upon something without. You talk of a person putting forth their energies.'

'Then we shall be the without for Miss Hamilton to work upon,' said Emily; 'it remains to be seen what she has within to work from.'

'Now there is Mrs. Watson,' said Jane, 'she is energetic, and the Sunday school is her chief without; and how she does drive, always inventing new plans, and before we have settled down into any of them, finding out that something else would be better. I am sure she has a restless spirit to work from, at any rate.'

'Energy without ballast,' said Mr. Mildmay; 'but energetic people will always make mistakes, and it is one of the most difficult parts of their training to learn not to alter them too quickly. Perhaps we had better not have personal examples, Jenny; but it is quite true that much of the value of energy depends upon the qualities that are joined with it.'

'And what qualities should be joined with it?' said Emily.

'Well, what would you wish in Miss Hamilton to temper the superabundance she seems to have credit for?'

'I should like her to leave us alone sometimes to work for ourselves, and not be always looking after us,' said Emily.

'And I should like her to be kind,' said Maggie, 'and to see when we are tired, and not expect us to do as much as she can herself.'

'And I should like her to be jolly,' said George, 'and up to an energetic dance in the dining-room now and then.'

'So should I,' said Jane; 'and I should like her to be quiet too, and enjoy a nice deep conversation over the fire sometimes.'

'Poor Miss Hamilton!' said Mr. Mildmay; 'she will be a clever woman if she pleases you all. Now let us see what this includes—power to draw out and guide the energy of others, and self-control to keep herself in while they work, consideration and patience for those less eager than herself; good spirits, and sense to throw her energy into play as well as work; repose, and the power of retiring occasionally into her own mind, and taking a friend there with her.'

'But suppose one has not those qualities?' said Emily.

'I do not think they are unattainable,' said Mrs. Mildmay; 'a truly energetic person is energetic in whatever comes to hand; if they found themselves wanting in these particulars, they would set to work to acquire them.'

'And can they be acquired?' asked Maggie.

'In a great measure, by watchfulness and prayer, I am sure they can; and without them, or at any rate without some of them, energy is in great danger of doing more harm than good.'

'A person must have a good deal of cleverness, though,' said George, 'to learn to be all that.'

'Energetic people are generally clever, I think,' said Jane.

'There is another difficulty they have to struggle against,' said Mrs. Mildmay, 'though it sounds a contradiction, and that is indolence. I fully believe that they often shrink as much from the exertion of putting forth their energies as the laziest person in the world. They are afraid of the trouble which they foresee that they shall take if they do.'

'Oh yes, Mamma, I have felt that,' said Emily.

'Oh, I dare say!' answered George.

'I have, George, and you know nothing about it.'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Mildmay; 'when Emmy comes down late for prayers in the holidays, it is because she is afraid of the amount of work she would do if she got up; but I would not laugh, it is in those little things that indolence should be resisted; nothing grows so insidiously, and nothing so spoils a life.'

'Do you think a person can become energetic who is not naturally so, Papa?' asked Jane.

'I think a great many people would find they have it in them to be energetic if they tried,' answered her father, 'and a great many more will display much perseverance and power of work when they are guided and directed; but I am not sure that the energy which *originates* can be acquired, which should make those who possess it the more careful in training themselves to turn it to the best account; but, my dear children, I must go. Let me leave with you the best description of energy that I know, given by St. Paul to the Galatians—"It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." True energy is pre-eminently opposed to fits and starts.'

'And I will just read you a short extract from A. K. H. B.,' said Mrs. Mildmay, 'in his essay "Concerning Atmospheres," which I think will

say one or two things that have not been said. "I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy, but rather of earnestness and honesty—and of that quiet constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift, and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking."'

L. J. W.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

THE sun shone on her house by day,
 By night the moonbeams fair;
 And, as of old in Israel,
 'Twas never darkness there.
 And all the people marvelled much
 To see the wondrous sight;
 'She sure must be a Saint,' they said,
 'Who has unfading light.'

'Nay, nay,' spake one, 'no Saint is she,
 For she is always gay;
 Her laugh is clear, and bright the smile
 That on her lips doth play;
 And light and gamesome is her step,
 For unto her seems life
 More like a child's long game of play,
 Than a Christian's weary strife.'

None ever saw her smite her breast,
 Or ever weep for sin;
 She gathers of the joys of earth:
 No Saint is she, I ween.
 The Saints love hardness, vigil, fast,
 And discipline and prayer;
 And what their Master bore for them,
 For His dear sake to bear.'

Yet still the golden sun by day,
 And the pure fair moon by night,
 Though darkness might be all around—
 With her made always light.

And still the people marvelled all,
The wonder grew apace—
What God saw in that lady's soul
To call for such a grace.

The holy Bishop came to her,
And solemnly he spake :
' My daughter, tell me of your fasts,
And of the food you take.'
The lady smiled, as to herself,
And answered, low and sweet,
' Of divers meats and delicate,
My Lord, I always eat.'

' Then plainly answer me, my child,
And tell me if you wear
Beneath that soft and glistening silk,
A painful robe of hair ;—
If thus you take into your life
The sufferings borne for you ;
If thus the Cross of Calvary
You always keep in view.'

' My Father,' clear she spake again,
' No robe of hair is mine ;
The linen that I ever use
Is white and soft and fine.'
The holy man, perplexed sore,
Turned back upon his way :
And still the moon shone on by night,
And God's bright sun by day.

And as he journeying left the place
For some three days behind,
Anon, the while he prayed, there came
A thought into his mind.
And speeding back, once more he reached
That lady's house full soon,
A pure white house, ensilvered o'er
By rays of winter moon.

' My daughter,'—and his voice was low
And hushed as if in prayer—

‘Lov’st thou not mickle Christ our Lord?’

And straight there fell on her
A dazzling radiance as from Heaven,
And such a smile of love,
As Angels nearest to the Throne
May wear, we think, above.

‘He is my Lord, my Love, my All,
The sweetness of my life;
He is my Strength in weakness—He
Strives with me in the strife.
I am in Him and He in me,
My only Hope and Stay;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day.

‘My heart is fain to break with joy
When on His Love I think;
’Neath that sweet burden, save for Him,
My soul must faint and sink.’
She paused: and then he laid his hand
Upon her gold-crowned head,
And blessed her with a blessing high
Ere on his way he sped.

S. B.

HINTS ON ITALIAN READING.

IV.

‘Vita di Sta. Chiara di Assisi. Scritta da Vincenzo Locatelli suo concittadino.’ Assisi: dall’
Editrice Tipografia Sgariglia. 1854.

It is not my design to arrange this series of ‘Hints’ in chronological order, though I have begun by speaking of some of the earlier productions of Italian Literature. As I wish to make them of practical use to the learner, it is desirable they should be as varied as possible, for monotony is an element of weariness, and all learning is more or less weary. I fancy some of my readers may be perhaps anxious I should come to speak of some more modern works than I have hitherto touched, and to some of those occupying a corresponding place to the popular fiction so much in vogue in England. Unfortunately for such, though more than one Italian Walter Scott has arisen to inaugurate a style of writing which conveys at once instruction and amusement, none have been so prolific either in productions or emulations, nor have Italian habits created for such works so vast a demand as among ourselves.

Though Italy has produced many hard heads, many profound thinkers, many valiant men of science, many minds distinguished in every department of literature, her luxurious climate does not seem favourable to the development of mental energy in the masses; and her gentle people do not seem to feel that restless craving after perpetual thought-food our heartier northern appetite displays.

The great spread of popular literature in the northern countries of Europe and America has indeed stimulated a few needy persons, of no great genius in Italy, to seek to create a similar market, by cultivating a sickly growth of translations. To stimulate the demand in a people which loves indolence and pleasure, the works selected for this graft have been such as give the greatest play to the imagination, and the greatest excitement to the passions, with the least exertion of powers of thought: in this way the worst French novels have been spread over the country, and even outdone by a spurious stock of imitations. The stalls which abound at the railway stations and street corners of every town, flaunt, in all the attraction of gay-coloured wrappers, titles on which the eye dare not rest, and shew the contents to be such as no one would have ventured to send to the press under former regimes. Somewhat better than these are the writings of such as Campiglio, La Cecilia, and Brofferio; yet these are not altogether authors I could recommend for indiscriminate reading. The number of works of fiction of a higher standard is limited; nevertheless, I hope to be able from time to time to bring under notice some which will be read with interest.'

¹ Some, I know, maintain that a moderate use of works translated from a more familiar language is an assistance to the scholar. For those who share this opinion, there is no lack of translations of standard works of every country more or less well executed. I will from time to time furnish a list of such as come under my notice, indicating the price, and address of publishers in different towns; and as there is so much travelling communication with Italy, they are easily obtainable; they can also be ordered by book-post on sending the price, and postage at 30 centimes per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb, in Italian postage-stamps, which can be bought at most money-changers.

The successors of Le Monnier, Via San Gallo, 33, Florence, who have Correspondents in every town of Italy, have published:—

									<i>fr. c.</i>
Il Vicario di Wakefield	2 25
I Dolori del Giovane Werther (translated by Riccardo Ceroni)							2 25
Evangeline (translated by Pietro Rotondi)	0 75
Paradiso Perduto (translated by Cavaliere A. Maffei)	4 0
Macbeth	"	"	"	1 0
Faust	"	"	"	4 0
Romeo e Giulietta (translated by Carlo Rusconi)	2 50
Otello	"	"	"	2 50

Girolamo Tasso, Via Cavour, 56, Venice, has the following:—

Storia Grecia (translation of Goldsmith's History of Greece, by Villardi)	..	1	30
Storia Romana " " " Rome, " "	..	1	30
Storia Antica (translation of Lamé Fleury)	0	87
Storia del Medio Evo " " "	1	30
Storia Moderna " " "	1	30
Storia Sacra " " "	0	87
Storia del Nuovo Testamento " " "	0	87
Novelline e Racconti ad uso della Gioventù; di Muzzi e Schmidt.	Two editions—		
one 87c., and one 3fr. 48c.			

Treves and Co., Milan, have published a translation of Smiles' 'Self-made Men,' under the title of 'Chi si ainta Dio l'ainta,' by Stafforello. There is another imitation of the same, containing chiefly lives of Italians, entitled 'Volere e potere.'

'Stella e Mahommed ovvero Cristiana e Musulmano, della principessa Eckmuhl,' translated by C. Borgognoni, has been particularly recommended to me for the elegance of its diction, as well as for the interesting details it affords of life in the French settlements of Algeria.—Bologna: Libreria dell' Immacolata, Via Uberti, 696. 1868. 2fr. 50c.

On the present occasion, however, the book, whose title heads my paper, has a prior claim over all others on the homage of my pen; for having in the last number spoken of S. Francis, it follows of necessity to speak next of S. Clare.

It is one phase under which we observe the emancipation of women brought about by Christianity, that to the weaker sex has been assigned so large a share in founding its characteristic institutions. It is further noteworthy, that most great and lasting works, most works which form a landmark, and mark an epoch in the history of the Church, have been brought about by the co-operation—the pure and spiritual union of will and action of both man and woman. The Divine Founder of our religion Himself assigned to His Mother an eminent part in the work He came on earth to perform; for besides all the ordinary ministrations of the relationship He was pleased to establish in her regard, He decreed that she should elicit the first public manifestation of His supernatural powers, and should stand as the type of the feminine phase of the Christian character for all ages to come. Local tradition in Rome is rife with the part which holy matrons and maidens took in the work of the Apostles; of the daughters of Pudens ministering to S. Peter, and assisting the spread of his teaching by transcribing his epistles, and the Gospel he commissioned S. Mark to write; of S. Paul, not only received into the hospitable familiarity of her house on the Aventine by S. Prisca, but owing first his lenient mode of confinement on the spot now so dear to us as Sta. Maria in Via Lata, and then his release thence, to the intervention of one of his female converts at the court of Nero;¹ and S. Thecla undertook the perilous journey from her native Seleucia to be present at his last hour. We can hardly separate S. Jerome in our memory from S. Paula; S. Benedict from S. Scholastica; S. Augustine from S. Monica, who presided over his original conversion; or S. Demetria, who emulated the final abnegation of his complete renunciation of the world. In the same way, the Oxford Lives of the English Saints, in their simple and poetical language which clings to our memory through the lapse of years, have shewn us the operation of this law over and over again. S. Gilbert's first call to the monastic life was revealed to him in his intercourse with the maiden who was the first founder with him of the Order which did so much for the civilization of our English peasantry. S. Augustine's way to the conversion of England was smoothed to him by Queen Bertha's co-operation. S. Radegonda, from the retirement of her monastery of Ste. Croix at Poitiers, encouraged the pursuit of letters in a barbarous age by her patronage of S. Gregory of Tours and Fortunatus. S. Genviève and S. Germain were twin-lights of their age; and we must conclude that the interest in him which prompted the seven virgins to follow

Also, 'Le sorelle degli Angeli,' traduzione del Francese.

And 'Il notaro del Villaggio,' from the Hungarian of Baron Eötvös, Minister of Public Instruction at Pesth.

The following will suffice for the form of writing for any of these:—

Signor—

Approfitto della cognizione del vostro Magazzino bene assortito di opere scelte per pregarvi di spedirmi, franco di porto, il libro intitolato— * * * *

A pareggio del valore del medesimo, ci acclusa mi faccio un' dovere d' inviarvi la somma di * £—— in franco bolli postali.

Persuasato di tal favore vi anticipo

Date †

i miei ringraziamenti,

* The sign which represents pounds in English stands only for lire (francs) in Italian.

† The correct Italian form is to insert the date of place and time before the line preceding the signature, but the habit of dating letters at the top is now beginning to obtain.

¹ I have an old Italian book on the Roman churches, which says it was Poppea Sabina herself

his mortal remains on foot from Ravenna to Auxerre, three of them dying by the way, had its origin in their association with his pious works: and the lustre of S. Robert of Fontevraud's sanctity was enhanced by his conversion of Bertrada de Moutfort.

The concurrence which S. Dominic received from Sister Cecilia de' Cesarini, when all the other nuns were against his reforms, and the subsequent intercourse between them, resulted in the first instalment of the extension of his Order to the female sex, an extension completed by S. Catherine of Siena, who shewed herself so intimately imbued with his spirit, as to afford another instance of this joint operation, even though the actors lived in different centuries. Later, again, it was the co-operation of S. Theresa with S. John of the Cross that produced a reform which was almost a new creation of the most ancient of Religious Orders; of the Blessed Juliana Falconieri with S. Philip Beniti, which matured the institution of the Servites. S. Vincent de Paul had a whole galaxy of fair fellow-workers; Madame de Gondy encouraged him with his institute of Missionary priests; Madame le Gras, with his noblest addition to the ranks of religious institutions—the Sisters of Charity; while the Duchesse d' Aiguillon and the Présidente Goussault devoted their lives and fortunes to promoting his works for the reception of foundlings, and the redemption of captives. And we all know the benefits to Christian society which resulted from the joint labours of S. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal. The mention of these will recall to the minds of many the mutual edification derived at our own day from the relations between the illustrious ornament of the Dominican Order, Père Lacordaire, and Madame Swetchine.

In not one of these cases, however, was the identity of spirit so marked, or the union of will so complete, as in that of SS. Francis and Clare of Asisi.

S. Francis, who had been first wooed to his cultus of austerity by an ideal presented to his youthful imagination under the form of '*la Povertà*,' was later brought to recognize a living realization of it in the person of Chiara Scefi di Saaso Rosso. Their first fortuitous acquaintanceship: the wonderful moulding of nature and grace, preparing her to receive the fashioning of his rule, and then so perfectly to reflect his designs and echo his teaching; the strange and thorny path along which she was led to follow him; her fidelity and perseverance in pursuing it to the end; the marvellous lights which play around it, both as she moved along, and also through all the centuries since she passed that way; the abundant illumination and consolation which her spirit has shed over those who have followed her in the life of poverty—are all told of in the memoir before us with the language of a sincere and devout appreciator.

I have selected this version of the life of S. Clare, because though written and published in an out-of-the-way provincial town, that town is Asisi; and the writer, one who values the glory derived to his *contrada* from the lustre of a saint's halo more than success in arms or commercial prosperity; who has thought it an honour to spend his life in tracing out every stone on which her penitential tears had fallen, or which her sandalled feet had trod; for whom every matter connected with her had such an importance and such a sacredness, that he is even indignant with a biographer who has made the mistake of a day as to the date of her birth; and because this simplicity and fervour chastens and refines his expressions, and makes his language worthy of study.¹

The preface contains a judicious narrative of the condition of Italy and the Holy Roman Empire at the date of our saint, and an eloquent vindication of the benefits derived to modern times by mediæval institutions.

S. Clare's vocation, and her determination to break from the world; her flight from her parents' palace, (though told with charming naïveté, pp. 72-84,) their efforts

¹ I have supplied at the end a short vocabulary of some forms of expression which are a little out of use, and of some words which I thought might not be found in ordinary school dictionaries.

to procure her return ; the subsequent resolution of the saint's younger sister Agnes to follow her example ; the resistance of both to parental monitions, are incidents which must always be painful and perplexing. It does not come within the scope of these pages to discuss their merits : they have already found both able and saintly apologists. It will suffice for the present purpose to observe that the attendant incidents are here narrated circumstantially and graphically as a scene realized by long and affectionate habit of thought round the very spots which were their witnesses, and with the simplicity of a mind never crossed by a doubt that it was a case specially foreshadowed by the admonition of S. Luke, xiv. 16. It is fair also to say, that while the biographer is an enthusiastic and unfaltering admirer of the daughter's resolution, he has yet made a most touching and poetical page of the mother's lament. (pp. 88, 89.) Also, that he shews us that whatever it cost S. Clare in the first instance to forsake her parents, she had the consolation in after years of her mother coming to join her in her striving after the higher life.

Further on, the memoir brings us acquainted with celebrated contemporaries associated in the same holy work as our saint, of leavening the world. With the Seraphic saint himself, in his mysterious direction of her ; in the divine raptures of their intercourse ; in the quaint details of their last solemn interview ; and in the *natural* consolation reserved for her by those less supernaturally minded than herself, in bringing his body for her to venerate on its way to burial ; while the well-known episode of his being carried out in his last moments to pour his dying blessing over Asisi, is rendered tenfold more fond to us even than before, when our author suggests (p. 132) that it was chiefly for the sake of Clare and her *consternatissime vergini*, that he thus feebly raised his *scarna e tremola destra*, and that it might be a token of the consolation he simultaneously sent them by the mouth of one of his *fraticelli*, that the coming separation would only enable him to be more closely with them ; and that they might rest assured, where he was going he should often discourse of them with the Lamb without spot, to whom they were dedicate.

Other contemporaries too are shewn us ; the meek and gentle child Agnese, the saint's sister ; and the *Beata Amata*, her niece, the narration of whose dedication to religion is very poetically given at page 107 ; and Cardinal Ugolino de' Conti, afterwards Gregory IX. The early spread of the Order into other countries gives occasion for the story so simply told (page 161) of the journey to Spain of the sisters chosen to carry the cultus of poverty into the most Catholic kingdom ; also of the romantic constancy to her vow (pp. 169-171) of Agnes (one of the many *Beute* of the name in the Order) of Bohemia.

There is one special chapter, too, to tell of the saint's love of poverty, her graces and virtues and supernatural gifts, the sweet perfume of which neither her father's house nor her native country could contain, but which has overspread the whole earth.¹

Then comes the touching story of her last hours, of the boon so long sought and wearily contended for—the confirmation of the absolute poverty of her Order—the right to possess nothing—sent her when her senses scarcely remained to be conscious of it. Then the tumult of affliction at her loss in her native town ; the visit of the Sovereign Pontiff before her eyes were closed ; and the characteristic anxiety of the municipal authorities lest they should be deprived of the palladium of her relics, expressed in their setting a guard over them almost before her holy soul had taken its flight. (p. 256.)

The services to art rendered by the Order, as well by the genius of various *fraticelli*, (pp. 283-4.) as in the stately temple which love for Francesco and Chiara di Asisi inspired men to raise over the spot where they had laid them, and its peculiar construction and decoration, are next touched upon ; and throughout the book are scattered interesting details concerning the localities to which it introduces us, making it a

¹ Contemporary metrical life of S. Clare, quoted at p. 151.

valuable companion for the traveller and pilgrim to Umbria. The appendix contains some characteristic letters and devotions of S. Clare.

In calling attention to their life, however, I feel bound to repeat the caution which suggested itself to me when closing my notice of the Fioretti di S. Francesco. S. Clare's was a life of that order of sanctity which seems set before us rather for admiration than imitation; and its incidents form a mystic symbolism, a living portraiture of the most exalted virtues, a beautiful allegory of heavenly graces, rather than a type of human character. Far be it from me to say that there are not even now in the fair gardens of the Church, lilies of the same stock as that on which S. Clare bloomed; but it is not every little white way-side flower that is to account itself a lily.

VOCABULARY.

Page

- 52 *inconsutile*—seamless.
 53 *nè d' altra cosa più le calse*—she had nothing nearer at heart.
 54 *aveanzi*—remains.
 56 *il taglio della persona ajutante*—well-developed.
 77 *origliò*—she listened, put her ear to.
 „ *scozzare*—to strike.
 „ *scagliare*—to direct towards, or scatter over.
 81 *fiacella*—a basket.
 86 *bucinandosi*—spreading itself.
 87 *creatura*—the vernacular for a child.
 „ *le fitte*—pangs.
 88 *onestare*—to justify.
 89 *tosolato*—shorn, (speaking of her as of a lamb; the adoption of the expression is more significant than in English, as it would not be used in Italian of a person.)
 91 *attaccaticcio*—contagious.
 94 *mi scusera*—he will compensate me for the loss of.
 97 *baccheggianti*—lit. as in a revel, but here used for giddy.
 99 *confitto*—transfixed.
 104 *pane inferigno*—dark, common bread.
 106 *le lane di penitenza*—penitential serge.
 125 *porporato*—a Cardinal.
 145 *sbarbare*—to pluck out.
 „ *non era paga*—she was not content with.
 151 *dargli la baja*—play off a trick on him.
 180 *ti soffolce*—sustain thee.
 202 *le pargoleggiava*—gave her infantine caresses.
 203 *inneggiare*—psalmody.
 208 *plasmato*—fashioned.
 214 *frate cercatore*—a lay brother, who goes out to beg for his convent.
 217 *cuajo suino*—boar's hide.
 „ *lepido*—harsh.

Page

- 217 *canapè*—hemp.
 „ *nodellini*—little knots.
 „ *le scusava il guanciale*—stood her in lieu of a pillow.
 218 *incondita*—unseasoned.
 235 *impietosirono*—they took pity on.
 238 *arringo*—career.
 243 *ambito*—desired.
 244 *fumo*—report.
 245 *che sa di celeste*—for *sapeva*; has a savour.
 246 *azimi*—wafers, lit. unleavened bread.
 247 *irrorati*—bedewed.
 248 *slancio*—an outburst.
 254 *snebbiando*—clouding over.
 255 *al primo bucinarsi*—on the first rumour.
 „ *attonitaggine*—stupor of grief.
 „ *un informarsi di capannelli*—a gathering into groups.
 263 *e ivi si sopì*—fell down exhausted.
 264 *a passi strambi*—awkward, tottering.
 267 *armenti*—herds of cattle.
 285 *occhialone*—a wheel window.
 295 *f. r.* stands for *felicemente regnante*.
 297 *congegni*—appliances.
 310 *vanare*—to excavate.
 „ *immane*—immense.
 317 *senza ledere*—without injuring.
 „ *che ledesse l'euritmia*—which should mar the harmony.
 319 *che mette al*—which leads into, communicates with.
 320 *incortinato*—faced.
 „ *praticato*—made, fashioned.
 „ *riporto*—pavement raised on an inclined plane instead of steps.
 „ *non potrà essere praticato che dalle sole monache*—no one but the nuns had access to it.

(To be continued.)

R. H. B.

HINTS ON READING.

Among the recent books, we can only speak of the Rev. H. P. Liddon's life of *Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury* (Rivington) with reverence and thankfulness, trusting that the record of such an example may not be without fruit. Of *The Pursuit of Holiness*, by the Dean of Norwich, it should likewise be enough to mention the name to raise up many readers.

Turning to lighter books, we have three more of Mr. Warne's series of domestic novels—*Lady Betty*, by Christabel R. Coleridge;* *Clare Savile*, by Julia Luard; and *Vivia*, by Florence Wilford. The first is a story of the last century; the second, of the earlier years of the present. Both of these have been very carefully written and studied, and we believe we have only detected one anachronism in each. 'Jack of Hazeldean' is, we believe, no older than Scott. And a 'davenport' was hardly an article of furniture in use in 1810. But these are exceptions that prove the rule; and the keeping of each, down even to the illustrations, is excellent. *Lady Betty's* costume was easy enough; but some credit is due to the artist who could follow the garb of the Regency, from which Thackeray confesses himself to have shrunk in *Vanity Fair*. However, the drawing in 'Lady Betty' is greatly superior to that in 'Clare Savile;' and, in truth, the former book—except in quantity—is every way the superior. *Lady Betty* and her surroundings are very real characters. There is a wonderful charm in the little staid, sedate, constant being, always rising to the occasion in the most quiet simple manner, and staunch to the heart's core; while *Clare*, with all her strange adventures, never seems to be more than a puppet; but these adventures are so interesting in themselves, and so well authenticated, that the readers who like action better than portrait may perhaps prefer the book. The third, *Vivia*, is in spite of a name like an ancient Christian, a very well-told story of the present time, without much event, but with some very true and well-drawn characters. The heroine herself, and her little married friend, *Kate*, are both charming; and *Vivia's* portraits in the illustrations does her no injustice. There is a wise well-balanced tone throughout the book, which would make us wish to see it widely read.

The Manor Farm, by M. C. Philpotts, is a kind of mermaid or centaur of a book. One half is about the sentimental daughter of a tradesman; the other about a superstitious old sexton, who believes in cunning women and their incantations. We cannot make out for whose benefit it is intended. The credulous peasant does not need to be urged to do instead of dream; and the idle young lady does not want a warning against charming away of diseases. What is it meant for?

Daisy and Her Friends, by Frances Broderip, is meant for little girls; and they delight in it—it is very sunny and sweet. *Lost; or, What Came of a Slip from Honour Bright?* by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, is meant for boys, and a very entertaining tale of adventure and mystery it is; while *The Axleford Boys*, by Charles Camden, will charm all little boys at home. We own to thinking *King George's Middy* too extravagant, but probably boys do not think so.

Looking at the year of Serials just past, let us first hope that all our readers of a fit age for interest in general Church matters, see the *Literary Churchman*, which can most safely be recommended as a guide to opinion in these exciting days. We make a point of avoiding the controversies of the day, on this our own ground. We have to build, not to battle; but to those whose religious childhood is over, some aid in looking at the questions of the day is needful, and they can hardly find a soberer or truer one than the small fortnightly paper above mentioned. *Good Words* is always interesting in its detached articles. Neither of the longer tales in it this year strike

* Two papers have, we see, taken this to be a *som de plume*, and expended much wrath upon a veritable Christian and surname.

us as coming up to their design. *Aunt Judy* has had one of Mrs. Gatty's own best parables of late. Comparing this and *Good Words for the Young*, we prefer *Aunt Judy*. The *Good Words for the Young* sometimes has ineffably silly verses in it, though there are some good stories at times; and *Madame How and Lady Why* (now separately published) were worth a good deal. *The Lost Legends of the Nursery Rhymes* now stand alone, and are very acceptable to the little ones. But we still prefer the unpretending little *Magazine for the Young* to any of these. Its very smallness makes the articles more select, and they are often full of interest to all ages.

On the larger Magazines we will not enter. Most of those that we have encountered have novels much more sensational and less thoughtful than we approve; and 'The Byron Mystery' has defiled the pages of almost all of them during this last autumn. So we will only remind our readers that the *Net* is running its useful course; and likewise beg them to spread far and wide, in nurseries and village schools, that most promising little halfpenny pictorial Magazine, *My Sunday Friend*. Nor must we omit *The Churchman's Companion*, always sound, though running more to sensation and sentiment than suits our taste. We liked the German translation, but we own that we cannot like *Omnia Vincit Amor*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Catharine would be grateful to anyone who could inform her where these lines are to be found—

'Low spirits are a sin—a penance given
To over-talking, and unthankful mirth.'

and also would be glad to know the remainder of the verse.

Talitha Cumi.—We do not wish for verses such as these, which make a Roman of Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue.

The Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of a large scrap-book from Katie. ●

The Deaconess's Institution acknowledges with thanks 5s. from Griselda.

D. C. asks for the names of books suitable for reading at a mothers' meeting in the country.—Mrs. Valentine's Cottage Readings stand first; and there is an excellent series of tales for the purpose on the S. P. C. K. list.

M. H., M. M.—The only place where the Last Heartsease Leaves has been published was in the final number of Events of the Month. (Mozley.)

Received with thanks, for The Invalid Kitchen, Soho:—A Reader of The Monthly Packet, 5s.; A Constant Reader, 8s.; C. M., January 3rd, 5s.

In answer to 'M. R.,' Ruby believes that a Key was published to Acrostics in Prose and Verse, probably published by T. Bosworth, 215, Regent Street, the publishers of the Acrostics.

Marietta wishes to know if the Editor of The Monthly Packet can tell her where the proverb, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' comes from.

The Contessa B—— would be very glad if any country reader of The Monthly Packet can tell her the English name of a plant, common in the Campagna of Rome, and called there tribolo, but by the people pomidoretti di sierpi, (serpent's little tomatos); a low shrub, with a dark green glazy leaf terminating in one short prickles; a berry much larger than the holly-berry, more waxy and more delicate in colour. grows upon the leaf. They make brooms for dusting the walls of sprigs of it in Rome, which they call scaccia 'ragni, (spider scatterer,) whence the plant is also sometimes called by that name too.

Ruby would be much obliged to anyone who could tell her of any preparation for burnishing gold lace; also, where she could procure it, and its probable price. Also, whether 'The Land o' the Leal' is set to music, at what publisher's it could be obtained, and the price.

B. M. will be glad if the Editor of The Monthly Packet, or its readers, could give the author's name of the hymn entitled 'Trust.'

'Thou, who art standing on the shore
Of life's dark river,'

being the first two lines.

Lilian would be very much obliged if either the Editor, or any reader of The Monthly Packet, would inform her what is the usual charge for copying Sermons and MSS. Lilian encloses name and address.

Contributions for S. Matthias' Church, Kensington, (see January Number,) can be sent to The Rev. S. C. Haines, 9, Eardley Crescent, West Brompton, S.W.

Acknowledged, with many thanks, by The Sisters of the Poor, Finsbury, 3s. from Hermione, and a Hamper of Clothes from Miss Birley, Manchester.

M. P. is informed that the lines—

'Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my Eternal Rest,'

were written by Charlotte Elliott, in 1836, (see Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise,) and were originally published in a little volume entitled 'Hymns for a Week: by a Lady.'—KATIE.

L. W. will find the Advent hymn—

'When Jesus came to earth of old,'

in the Lyra Anglicana, compiled by the Rev. R. H. Baynes. The verses are signed 'C. F. Alexander.'—KATIE.

St. Luke's Mission, Bardett Road, Stepney.—The Rev. W. Wallace thankfully acknowledges:—E. A., St. Leonard's on Sea, a Parcel of Clothing; T. P., Clifton, £1 1s.; C. F., £2; F. L., Leamington, a Parcel of Clothing; Rev. J. P. P., a Parcel of 'Giles Witherne'; A Friend in Wiltshire, £1; A. T. A., £10; S. P., £2 2s.; A., a Christmas Tree.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

THE twenty-second Canto continues the episode of the lake of boiling pitch, and affords us fresh insight into the completeness of Dante's conception of the diabolic nature. From this point of view we may well compare the scenes presented in this and the preceding Canto with those of the eighth and ninth, in which our readers will remember was described the attempt of the demons who guarded the gates of the burning city of Dis to hinder the passage of Dante and his conductor. There we had them described as a multitude, here as individuals; but with the same characteristic deformities then as now. Their blind resistance to authority and heedless indulgence of their passion, without the foresight to perceive how futile it would be, which we find exhibited in the earlier Cantos, are here paralleled by the deception attempted upon Virgil and his companion (the consequences of which will be shewn in the twenty-third Canto) the cruelties to which the unfortunate Ciampolo falls a victim, and the insensate rage of Alichino and Calcabrina, which is terminated by such well-merited punishment. It will be noticed that the poets all through this scene are situated on the further side of the fifth gulf. Before they finally leave it, the devils (as we have said) appear once more in the following Canto; but with that ends Dante's experience of them, till he sees Lucifer himself at the centre of the earth.

In the present Canto, line 15 contains one of those characteristic proverbs, in which the Italian language is especially fertile, to the effect that we must adapt our company to the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed. The friar Gomita—of what order is not known—who is mentioned further on, was a Sardinian by birth, and was advanced by Nino de' Visconti of Pisa (to which city Sardinia then belonged) to the government of Gallura, one of the four provinces into which the island was divided; the others being Logodoro, Cagliari, and Arborea. The friar's infidelity was discovered by Nino, whom we shall have occasion to speak of more than once again, and he was thereupon condemned

to be hanged. Michael Zanche is said to have been murdered by his son-in-law Branca Doria, concerning whom we shall hear something in the thirty-third Canto.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXII.

I HAVE seen horsemen their encampments changing,
 Paraded in their muster, or for fighting,
 Or sometimes in retreat their forces ranging ;
 I have seen squadrons on your land alighting,
 Men of Arezzo ; for the spoil of traders,
 Or clash of tourney, or in tilt uniting,
 With trump or bell to marshal the invaders,
 With beat of drum, or sign from fort displayed,
 Our own devices, or of foreign raiders ;
 But so strange signal ne'er saw I obeyed 10
 By horse or foot, or ship her course that levels
 By star or glimmer from the land conveyed.
 Together on we went with those ten devils,
 Companions fell : but in the sanctuary
 With saints, with gluttons at the tavern revels.
 Fixed on the pitch did my attention tarry,
 To see whate'er was in the gulf included,
 And the sad race that burnt therein. As carry
 Their backs the dolphins in an arch protruded,
 When to the seamen each its warning splashes 20
 To plan how danger may be best eluded ;
 So, for the pain's alleviating, dashes
 One of the sinners up, his back revealing,
 And hides in less time than the lightning flashes.
 And like as to the ditch's margin stealing
 Stand frogs with snout above the water lifted,
 Their feet and all the body else concealing ;
 So to all sides in stealth the sinners drifted ;
 But when they noticed Barbariccia nearing,
 Beneath the boiling wave their place they shifted. 30
 I saw, and shudders yet my heart with fearing,
 One lingering on, as oftentimes it chances
 One frog remains, the others disappearing.
 Then Graffiaccane, who in front advances,
 Grapples him by his hair with pitch encoated,
 And draws him out, as 'twere, my memory fancies,
 An otter. I already then had noted
 When they were chosen, how they all were named ;
 And when one called another, I devoted

My mind thereto. 'Now, Rubicant, be aimed 40
 Thy talons in his back, and flay him neatly :'
 Together all the cursed ones exclaimed.
 Then said I, 'Master, if thou canst discreetly,
 Make speed to learn who is this spirit wretched,
 Into his foes' hands fallen so completely ?'
 Then onward to his side the Master stretched,
 And asked him whence he came. Then spake the other,
 'Born in Navarre's dominion, I was fetched
 Into a great lord's service by my mother,
 Who to a sire of ribald ways had born me, 50
 Who life and fortune did in ruin smother.
 Then good Thibault with office did adorn me,
 There I to work all villany descended,
 Whereof accounting in this heat I mourn me.'
 And Ciriatto, from whose mouth extended
 Tusks like a boar's on either side, tormenting
 With one of these his quivering body rended.
 The mouse had fallen 'mongst ill cats unrelenting,
 But Barbariccia clasped him, and repeated,
 'Hold, while I fix him thus my arms indenting,' 60
 And turned his face, and thus the Master greeted,
 'Ask him again, if thou of him so greatly
 Dost wish to learn, ere he be worse entreated.'
 Then, 'Know'st thou any sprung,' he questioned straitly,
 'Of Latin soil, among the rest who labour
 Beneath the pitch ?' And he, 'I only lately
 Parted from one who of those parts was neighbour :
 Would I with him, ye waves, were hid within you,
 So would I fear not pointed hook or sabre.'
 'Too long we have allowed this to continue,' 70
 Cried Libicocco ; and with talon seized
 His arm, and tore therefrom the mangled sinew.
 Then too strove Draghignazzo unappeased
 To grip his legs below ; whence turned the faster
 Their chief, and looked around with mien displeased.
 When they were somewhat quieted, the Master
 No more delaying, asked of him who eyed
 Even yet his wound and pitiful disaster,
 'Who he, with whom thou sayst thou wast allied
 Ere at the brink for ill thou took'st thy station ?' 80
 Then, 'Twas the friar Gomita,' he replied,
 'He of Gallura, vessel of peculation,
 Who when he had his master's foes in keeping
 So acted as to win their commendation.

He let them all go free, his guerdon reaping
 Of money ; and was a manifold deceiver
 In other matters, all the rest outstripping.
 With him converses Michael Zanche ever,
 Of Logodoro ; and their tongues engaged
 In speaking of Sardinia weary never. 90
 Ah me, behold that other grin enraged ;
 More would I say, but fear that he is burning
 To rend my skin with malice unassuaged.'
 And the great chief, to Farfarello turning,
 Who rolled his goggle eyes in act to maul him,
 Said, ' Off, ill bird, avaunt ! ' ' If ye be yearning,'
 Rejoined he, dreading what might next befall him,
 ' To see or speak with any here in hiding,
 Tuscan or Lombard, hither will I call him.
 But let the fiends retire a whit, providing 100
 Lest fear of aught their vengeance might endeavour
 Deter ; and I in this same place abiding,
 For one that I am, will bring seven, whenever
 I whistle, as our custom is, declaring
 If one himself above the wave doth sever.'
 Cagnazzo, wagging head, and snout uprearing,
 Cried, ' Hear the malice not to be endured,
 That he has thought, to plunge beneath preparing.'
 But he, in richness of finesse assured,
 Made answer, ' Too malicious am I truly, 110
 By whom more pain is for my friends procured.'
 Then Alichin refrained not, but unduly
 The rest opposing, said, ' If down thou goest,
 I will not gallop after thee, but coolly
 Above the pitch will flap my wings ; the lowest
 Ridge we will leave, and let the hill-side shield thee,
 If singly o'er us to prevail thou knowest.'
 A new game, reader, now our tale shall yield thee.
 All on the other side their eyes directed,
 Thou first, whose acts the cruellest revealed thee. 120
 Full well the Navarrese his time selected ;
 With feet on land firm planted, down he threw him,
 And his retreat from their design effected.
 On all came quick remorse, but most unto him
 Who was the cause of failure ; therefore crying,
 ' Lo, thou art caught,' he fleetly did pursue him.
 Yet gained but little ; for his pinions vying
 With the other's terror lagged ; the sinner dived,
 And he then upward turned his breast in flying ;

As when the falcon is almost arrived 180
 The duck down plunges, and he up returneth
 Spent and in spirit vexed. At the ill-contrived
 Mischance with anger Calcabrina burneth,
 And flying seized him, at the escape delighted,
 Wherein a cause for quarrel he discerneth.
 And as the barterer his wish had blighted,
 So on his mate he turned, and o'er the nether
 Abyss they hung in mutual grip united.
 But the other proved a hawk of equal feather
 To grapple with him well; and so embrangled 140
 They fell into the boiling lake together.
 The heat at once their clutches disentangled,
 But all attempts to rise were unavailing,
 So much their wings were glued with slime and mangled.
 Then Barbariccia with the rest bewailing,
 Four of them towards the other margin started
 With all the hooks, to each his post detailing :
 Hither and thither quickly they departed,
 And stretched their grapples towards the twain, who broiling
 Within the pitch's slimy crust yet smarted; 150
 And there we left them, in such business toiling.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTII.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

THIS day brings us to a remarkable chain of meditations connected with the 'Forgiveness of Sin.' We begin with the Christian Year of the day. Human pride conceals the misery of conscience, and crushes the manifestations of pain as something ignoble, excusing itself plausibly by professing that there is no need for the innocent to be pained by the knowledge of guilt.

Yet confession, even to a mere sympathizing friend, is an inestimable relief; how much more so confession to our Creator, poured forth in fullness of humility! And as to sympathy, angels are ever on the watch for the contrite sigh of the penitent; and even were there no angels, we are sure of the fellow-feeling of Him who was in 'all things tempted as we are.' He went forth in utter loneliness into the desert; but 'High thoughts were with Him in that hour;' and those who choose the strong path of self-denial, out of reach of all praise of men,

have no doubt some faint reflex of the holy contemplation that sustained Him, and are trained for the moment when they shall see Him as He is.

The Commination poem in the same volume describes the unwonted service of the day, as the Church silver trumpet tuned to love, for that very reason renders more dread each of the awful curses, whose 'Amens' first resounded from Mount Ebal. It is in love still that she utters them, just as a mother springs to call her child back from the verge of the abyss. And if she threaten at first, afterwards it is with her tenderness that she calls her wanderer, like the mother in the Greek Epigram, translated by Samuel Rogers.

' While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See to the last last verge her infant steals;
Oh, fly! yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall!
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.'

For she knows her children now to be wayward and spoilt. Persecution, which braced her youth, is passed, and she urges 'godly discipline' to supply its place, knowing that though 'to return and love' is the essential to pardon, yet that comfort cannot be gained, save by the penance that shews true hatred for the sin. Kneel down then, and 'sentence all thy sin' with thine own lips; and having thus obtained forgiveness, part for ever with sullenness and remorse, as though the Cross were in vain.

Both these poems dwell upon inward repentance, and confession in private or public prayer, bringing the sense of pardon 'by the judge *within* absolved;' but the poem, called 'The Three Absolutions,' in the *Lyra Apostolica* declared 'the Power of the Keys.' The golden keys, uplifted morning and evening, laid on the Altar, and held out to the dying, are the blessed assurance, through Christ's herald, that the gates are not closed against us; and 'Tell thy Mother,' in the *Lyra Innocentium*, applies our persuasions to a child to tell its fault, to our own case. A mother already guesses what her little culprit has to tell, and yearns over him, till his sorrow justifies her in forgiveness. So does our Mother, the Church, yearn for our repentance and confession to set free her Absolving Voice.

One last poem must here be mentioned, though on a different topic: the *Lyra* thoughts on the innocent little ones, who do not need to share our penitence, but who gaze from the outside with those puzzled wistful looks, with which children watch those who have heard ill tidings beyond their comprehension.

Yet though, may they ever be preserved from the personal knowledge of the sin, yet the sight of the appointed penitence may guard them, and their presence 'fresh from the Font' brings a hallowed influence of love and softness, to touch the heart, and 'scare away the powers of ill.'

THE ANNUNCIATION.

THE beautiful lines in the Christian Year, though universally beloved, can never have been so well entered into as at present, since we are allowed to know that the grief that is spoken of in the first verse was the death of the poet's own mother; and that its alleviation was these meditations upon the sanctifying blessing, which the love between our Blessed Lord and His holy Mother has left for filial and maternal love.

For it was the only near earthly bond of kindred that our Lord assumed with His human Flesh, and on the side of the ever blessed Mother, although a sword pierced through her own heart—

‘ what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear,
By all on this side Heaven?’

A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer.
Even from the Tree He deigned to bow
For her His agonized Brow—
Her, His sole earthly care.’

There the original passes on into the thought of the contrast between that perfection and the short-comings of any earthly son.

‘ Alas! when those we love are gone,
Of all sad thoughts, 'tis only one
Brings bitterness indeed :
The thought what poor cold heartless aid
We lent to cheer them when they stayed—
This makes the conscience bleed.

Lord, by Thy love, and by Thy power,
And by the sorrows of that hour,
Let me not weep too late.
Help me in anguish meet and true,
My thankless words and ways to rue,
Now justly desolate.

By Thine own Mother's first caress,
Whom Thou with smiles so sweet didst bless,
'Twas Heaven and earth to see.
Help me, though late, to love aright
Her who has glided from my sight,
To rest (dear saint) with Thee.

Thou knowest if her gentle glance
Look on us, as of old, to enhance
Our evening calm so sweet.
But, Son of Mary, Thou art there ;
Oh, make us, 'tis a mourner's prayer,
For such dear visits meet.’

The last line of the last verse but one should be carefully read to avoid a misapprehension of the meaning. It is part of the address to the Divine Saviour: 'Help us to love aright the dear saint just departed to rest.'

But 'The Mourner's Prayer' was felt at that time to be too sacred and personal for general publication; and therefore for these latter stanzas were substituted those beautiful, reverent, and melodious verses, beginning with 'Ave Maria,' which so exactly express the 'all but adoring love' due to the holy Mother of the Lord.

The feeling with which that 'Ave Maria' was uttered breathes throughout that poem, which was at first designed for the *Lyra Innocentium*, but omitted in deference to the opinion of friends. It is one of the most musical and poetical of all of the later times. The whole train of thought is inspired by a little boy's disappointed exclamation, 'Mother not here!' The words find an echo in the thought on how many many days there might be the same feeling, that so far as reverent commemoration goes in our Church, 'our own, our only mother is not here.' The child is soothed with assurance of his mother's speedy return at eventide. So the Motherhood of the Church is present with us, and is dreamily realized by 'tender trembling hearts,' and patient faith in the communion of Saints.

' And we for love would fain lie still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will.
And wills He not? Are not His signs
Around us oft as day declines?
Fails He to bless or home or choral throng,
Where true hearts breathe His Mother's evensong?

Mother of God! Oh, not in vain
We learnt of old thy lowly strain;
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And learn of thee, and call thee blest;
With thee would 'magnify the Lord';
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we day by day the love and fear,
Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more near.'

That is, the love and fear of the Head of the Body, through whom we are ever brought nearer to all the saints. The glory the blessed Mother has won we see not yet; it is better for us to contemplate her kneeling by the manger, or receiving the message of the angel. From that moment 'the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us;' and let man do his worst,

'None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake,'

which made our Maker one with us.

'Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls Thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor saint His Face may see,
Apart from what He took of thee.'

That is our humanity which is His for evermore; and thus we echo the name of Mary in our holy Creeds; and we gaze on her in love on her own days. And further, the angelic salutation, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace!' has ever been beloved and repeated by saints in all lands; with all the more reverence, that the blessed Virgin is the type of the Church, 'the enthroned Spouse;' pure, yet the Mother of all; born of Eve, and yet with Christ ever born within her.

'O awful station! to no seraph given,
On this side touching sin, on that side Heaven.'

Therefore,

'Unforbidden may we speak
An ave to Christ's Mother meek;
As children with "good-morrow" come
To elders in some happy home;
Inviting so the saintly host above,
With our unworthiness to pray in love.'

But the final thought is how pure we should be to presume to dream of that 'spotless lily-flower;' how vain of musings without the stern touch of the sword that pierced her bosom.

We have not liked to break into these lovely verses with noting their controversial bearings, but it should be observed how reserved and guarded they are from any adoration, distinct from commemoration. The Ave, so dear to all saints in all lands, be it remembered, is merely the salutation, without the additions latterly made to it of direct invocation; and the repetition is an act of thanksgiving and reverence for the Great Mystery of the Incarnation, then commenced.

The subject of the verses that took the place of these in the Lyra, was a little boy of five years old, who begged that his baby sister's name might be Mary, 'because he liked the Virgin Mary;' and on his mother's death a few days later, lay awake night after night in silence.

To him, then, the comforting words are addressed—

'Thy heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering, perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love,
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above;
The vows she breathed *beside* thee yesternight,
She breathes *above* thee now, wing'd with intenser might.'

And it may be that the little spirit that had already given his love to the blessed Mary, might have power in the waking trance to dimly perceive 'a holier Mother wrapt in more prevailing prayer.' But as in joy, so in sorrow, the loving child's heart turns to the home 'where God an Infant dwelt below; and better than all other consolation,

'are the soothings dear
Which meet thee at that door, and whisper, "Christ is here."'

For in delight or in grief, communion with Christ is the only calm.

[MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

WITH a scholar's true love for Homer, the tender words of Andromache are repeated, when in the celebrated scene, where Hector's affection for his wife and child cast an unexpected tenderness over the warlike poem, she says, after relating the deaths of her father, mother, and seven brethren,

‘But, Hector, thou to me art all in one—
Sire, mother, brethren—thou, my wedded love!’

Such is a mere shadow of the love with which we should adore the Crucified.

What is dearest and most familiar may become indifferent to us; but He can never forget nor leave us alone.

To attempt to paraphrase or comment on the exquisite verses that follow, bringing home to us the sense of our Lord's individual care and love, would be useless and presumptuous. No one can read them without being carried along by their grave solemn sweetness and beauty, as they make us realize that it was not for an undistinguished herd of mankind, but for us—our individual selves, one by one—that our Lord interceded. Then comes the longing to feel ourselves on the immediate spot where these His intercessions took place; and therewith the reply, that,

‘fast as evening sunbeams from the sea,
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay,
Were blotted from the holy ground; yet dear
Is every stone of hers, for Thou wert surely here.’

And that yearning imagination, that we should be better or holier for such local adoration, and actual contact with the very spots where we know the Saviour to have knelt, is rebuked as a ‘self-flattering dream.’ For we have the comfort that the Gospel history of Gethsemane gives; and

‘Who vainly reads it there had vainly seen Him die.’

The Monday of Holy Week, being the day of the cleansing of the Temple from those who sold and bought therein, is chosen as that for the poem on ‘Irreverence in Church,’ which warns the

‘Child regenerate here of old,
And here for lowliest adoration come,’

against

‘With bold eye and tone bringing the rude world here.’

We are called on to remember our blessed Lord's zeal for His Father's house, manifesting itself even in that last great week we are now commemorating. Thrice during that time He visited the Temple, as though to mark whether ‘haply from the wrath decreed, He might redeem

the abode of His great Name.' The three times are described as 'with silent warning Eye, with scourge in Hand, with doom of thrilling prophecy.'

It is St. Mark who makes it clear that on the Sunday eve, after the triumphal entry, He 'looked about on all things in the Temple' with

'that Eye so keen and calm,
Like a still lamp, far searching aisle and shrine.'

They were happy who owned and blest Him in that hour; and there was a blessing even for those who the next day may have yielded to His scourge, removed the worldly goods that profaned the sanctuary, and never brought them more. But the third day, when He parted from the Temple, it was with the dread prophecy of doom; as He sat on the mount with His disciples, the sentence was uttered on those who would only meet Him again on His Judgement Throne. He left only one blessing then—that on the widow, 'who only offered not amiss.' It was true, that the building for which she gave her mite was doomed, but 'Love will abide the fire.'

Thus there were three warnings—the look, the scourge of small cords, the sentence. So three degrees of warnings are given to sinners by the Church—the rebuke, the penance, the sentence. Or again, the irreverent child is hushed by a look; in after life the remedy may be exclusion from the Holy Mysteries for awhile. If repentance follows, it is well; if not, the doom is prepared. Alas, for those who disregard the first and second!

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

THE thought of this day is the refusal of our blessed Lord to drink of the opiate which the humane care of a society among the Jews was wont to provide to alleviate the sufferings of those under the hands of the executioner. True, the Incarnate Saviour, from the very perfection of His Manhood, would be more sensitive in His Bodily Frame than the rude and callous beings of more ordinary mould; and His human Heart and feelings in like manner were at once the tenderest and the strongest that ever were contained in a mortal body. Moreover, He was exhausted with night watches, with the ineffable anguish of Gethsemane, the three trials in the early morning, and the insults and cruelty of the mob and soldiery; so that He had sunk under the weight of the heavy beam that He had been made to bear up the hill of Calvary, and it had been needful to assist Him on His way.

Yet He put away from Him the draught that might have dulled the sense of suffering; not as man will sometimes proudly dash aside any alleviation, but in the resolution with which from the very first He had known all that was to be endured, when He said, 'Lo, I come to

do Thy will, O God.' The whole scale of suffering should be undergone, without aught in diminution :

'Thou wilt feel all that Thou mightst pity all ;
And rather wouldst Thou wrestle with strong pain,
Than overcloud Thy soul,
So clear in agony.'

And thus the sacrifice might be complete, and

'Even sinners taught by Thee
Look sorrow in the face,
And bid her freely welcome, unbeguiled
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth.'

Yet even in the depths of anguish willingly accepted, a solace can spring up after the pattern of the calmness, as that in which the prayer for the forgiveness of the murderers was uttered ; the deep gladness that accepted the penitence of the thief on the cross, and the love mastering agony wherewith He resigned His soul unto His Father. Those who are willing to bear all for His sake without false solace, will find true solace even in the midst of agony.

In this awful week, there is an echo for every grief that has ever rent a human heart. Even while foretelling the ruin of cities and nations, our Lord has a word of tenderest compassion for the mother and the babe, just as the fisherman's wife, while she seems to heed only the roar of the wind or breaking of the wave, is yet alive to every faint sound made by her sleeping babe. So in care and all-foreseeing pity, the Lord, when denouncing the destruction of Jerusalem, bids His little flock pray that their flight be not in winter, nor on the Sabbath Day ; and has compassion upon the nursing mother, sending, no doubt, His angels to strengthen her on the mountain, or shelter her on the valley. The prayer of helpless Faith never fails, but pray she must. He who holds the seasons in His Hand, bade His disciples pray that their flight might not be in winter. He does indeed know what is well for us, but He requires of us to ask for it.

'As parents teach their little ones to write
With gently guiding finger, and delight
The wish and prayer to mould, then grant the boon ;
So are our prayers attuned to those above.'

Prayer is the condition imposed upon us, for the obtaining of God's graces ; and whereas the women of Jerusalem were warned beforehand to weep and pray for themselves and their children while yet there was time, so should the Christian mother early strive in prayer for her child, laying up her store of intercessions before the season of storms, using her week of life in toiling to win grace for him, ere the Sabbath rest of the grave come upon her.

For to defer till the door be shut, and it be too late, must be horror unsurpassed, save by the finding that such remissness has led to the ruin of another.

‘ If to thy bosom clinging, child or mate,
Pupil or friend, the Heaven-prepared room,
Tardy through thee, should miss, and share the apostate’s doom.’

WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

WHERE one poem is so grave and stern, the other so hopeful and soothing, as is the case with those of this day, it is natural to begin with the sadder one—the note of warning, prompted by the thought that this is the day of the Betrayal.

‘Judas’ Infancy.’ For as surely as ‘by THE Child-bearing,’ by which God became Man, salvation hath come to us—as surely as ‘frail repenting Eve’ kneels to receive pardon from the Seed of the Woman, who hath brought home her many wandering children—as surely as the Saints and Martyrs venerate the Blessed Virgin, as having been the instrument in whom the Word was made Flesh—and

‘ Sure as her form for evermore
The glory and the joy shall bear
That rob’d her, bending to adore
The Babe her chaste womb bore,—

As surely have babes been born to sin and woe; and there was once a bosom

‘ Where Judas lay a harmless child,
By gold as yet unbought.’

And there is one more terrible even than Judas to arise in the latter days. As we understand prophecy, the Man of Sin, who is yet to be revealed, will be a mortal of human race—it may be, even as Judas was, admitted to the inmost Christian privileges. Who knows where he may arise? The last verse tells us why the horrible possibility is brought before us.

‘ From the foul dew, the blighting air,
Watch well your treasure newly won;
Heaven’s child and yours, uncharmed by Prayer,
May prove Perdition’s son.’

‘Uncharmed by prayer,’—here is the protection. Here may we remember the encouragement to St. Monica, so often repeated, ‘that the child of so many prayers could not be lost.’

We are almost reluctant to touch on the poem that follows; to dwell on it in detail would be analyzing the parts of a newly-blown rose, and

injuring something of its exceeding tenderness and beauty. We really dare not do more than point out that the main subject is Submission to the Will of God; and the blessing that springs therefrom, the blessing of following in the Footsteps of the Saviour. For thus it is that the Saints and Martyrs have followed the Lamb, and won their Crowns, in virgin purity—

‘Nor deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through flood and fire;
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman’s dart.
Oft in Life’s stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel’s theme;
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a Martyr’s palm.’

And not only does this path of perfection lie through unnoticed suffering, but it may be likewise through pleasant paths of joy. Of the happy and blessed it is added—

‘if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget;
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where’er He go;
By purest pleasures unbeguiled,
To idolize or wife or child—
Such wedded souls our God shall own
As faultless virgins round His Throne.’

So in every path of life we can find the Footsteps of the Saviour; His Cross is the standard in all our conflicts. The point is not what kind of outward circumstances are ours, but whether we seek our own will, or bend to the Will of God. In accepting that Will, whether in grief or joy, is alone perfect Rest!

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

‘THE Man of Loves’ is the translation through the Septuagint of the words, that in our version, are ‘a man greatly beloved.’ The name by which the angel called the Prophet Daniel, whose prayer, with the prophetic answer thereto, forms the First Lesson for this day.

He prayed for the holy mountain of the Temple as it lay in ruins, and Judah in captivity, and his prayer was effectual. Would that we could pray with the same might of love for our own Israel, now sunk as low as Daniel’s, though outwardly as fair and prosperous as Sion at greatest height of grandeur.

The Church indeed goes on extending :

‘ ’Tis true, nor winter stays thy growth,
Nor torrid summer’s sickly smile ;
The flashing billows of the south ,
Break not upon so lone an isle,
But thou, rich vine, art grafted there,
The fruit of death or life doth bear,
Yielding a surer witness every day
To thine Almighty Author and His steadfast sway.’

But though the vine of the Church hath thus ‘stretched out her boughs unto the sea,’ too often there are ‘grapes of gall’ around her healthiest shoot, the wild grapes of evil deeds; and the heralds of God themselves are sometimes hirelings. For the world corrupts that of which it dares not (or durst not when this poem was written) openly cast off and disavow. ‘Pride and high-souled Reason’ had not then come to open war with the Faith, whatever they have done now.

The question follows, What are we to do if we see far and wide that men own themselves Christians, yet are not the better for it? Have we not still our faith to seek? No indeed! What we have to do is to kneel on in devotion to Him Who heareth the prayer, and to ‘strive to keep the lingering flame in our own breast alive.’

On Daniel himself the future lowered heavily. His visions of the time to come were of a time of trouble unequalled—of suffering and persecution—of the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not—of the little horn casting down stars from heaven—of holy ones falling down, with none to help them—of the stream of fire issuing from before the Ancient of Days; and the assurance, which he alone of all the saints of old received in his lifetime, that ‘he should stand in his lot at the end of the days,’ was assuredly needed to sustain his heart through the visions of judgement that he beheld.

So then, to us in these latter times, the only balance for the fearful glimpses we get of the course of this world, is attention to secure our own salvation ; that, like Daniel,

‘ So when th’ Archangel’s word is spoken,
And Death’s deep trance for ever broken,
In mercy thou mayest feel the Heavenly Hand,
And in thy lot unharmed before the Saviour stand.

No one can turn to the poems of this Maundy Thursday, without remembering that it was on that day that the thinker of these thoughts, for the last time on earth, prayed for ‘the holy mountain of his God;’ above all, for her unity; and that among the last words of unconsciousness that fell from his lips, were some concerning ‘white flowers for the upper room.’ And here, in the Lyra, his heart is in that upper room. He is looking for a place for his babes; and he paraphrases those directions to the two disciples as the reply. Find the Water-

bearer; be led by him within the chosen city; find there the narrow gate, and seek the chamber,

‘Where the great Lord in royal state
Shall eat the Bread of His desire.’

The way lies up a difficult stair, through sorrow and repentance.

‘The handmaid Penance hath been there,
And swept and garnished all the place.’

This must be the heart into which the Lord will enter and hold His Feast of Grace; here that we may feast with Him at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

So spake He; and we obediently sought the bearer of the pitcher of water; our babes were there bathed, and are led onward up the stair of the training of the Church, often glancing back to the healing fountain that sprang from His Side; till we bring them to the chancel arch, there bid them kneel for the Seal of the Spirit on their brows, examine and prepare themselves, and then draw nigh to the Feast in faith.

Of old, the Church (like the Greek Church now) brought her babes at once from the Font to the Altar, and accepted them as communicants from the first. Now, ‘a mournful instinct’ withholds her, as if the tainting influence of the world made her fear to lead them on high at once, lest the greater privilege should make a fall the deeper.

Therefore, with his own humility and obedience, the poet acquiesces in the judgement of his Mother, and draws the consolation, that the longing for what is delayed, may enhance the earnestness and purity of ‘Faith’s virgin sigh.’

(To be continued.)

CONVENT OF THE ANNUNCIATION, MENTONE.

AVE MARIA, maiden rapt and kneeling!

Was it a mountain nest, like this I see,

Thy home in Galilee?

Whither as holy thoughts with stars came stealing,

Thine Angel stood behind Heaven’s curtain-haze,

In act to raise.

Those hills—with grape and olive rose they tinted?

Shook Hebron’s terebinths in evening breeze

To balmy airs like these?

Were such earth’s latest hues that o’er thee glinted,

Lily of Eden’s ruined bowers, or e’er

Heaven opened fair?

O hallowed moment fraught with endless blessing !
 No tongue may breathe save thine, what thee befell ;
 The angel Gabriel
 Sole of his peers might stoop thine ear addressing,—
 Sole herald thou, hailed 'among women blest,'
 Mayst tell the rest.

Surely no earthly transports—gleams 'mid sorrow—
 Were thine, what time in song thy soul ran o'er :
 The ages evermore
 No Hannah's jubilee but thine may borrow,
 Since on thy knees into a world forlorn
 The Christ was born !

Born Very Man—O priceless Jewel treasured,
 Mother, in casket of thy reverent love !
 Might spirits downward move
 From light, sure thine the darkening steep had measured,
 As Moses once, to purge and disenthral
 Blind votaries all.

Ave Maria, in God's bliss abiding !
 The sword that pierced thee had been keener now—
 Keener than when thy brow
 Drooped at the Cross, but that His Hand is hiding
 Each despite in thy name by mortals done
 To Him, thy Son.

Kiss we His feet, not thine: no human feeling
 But finds true echo in His human heart ;
 No pain or fevered start,
 Or wrestler's cry ; but lo ! His Form appealing,
 'Was ever grief'—so pleads each Wound Divine—
 'A grief like Mine?'

J. M.

THE BIBLE,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY MODERN SCIENCE AND TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, F.R.S.

THE subject is defined for me to be, 'The Bible, as Illustrated by Modern Science and Travel.'

To illustration, then, I confine myself. Proof or demonstration is not within my scope. The instances I propose to adduce are in no degree

to be regarded as logical proofs, but as contributions to *exegesis*. To a sceptical mind they will probably carry no weight. Believing minds, regarding them from another point of view, will accept them as strong corroborations. We trust we are not unprepared with proof, but this is not the place for it. Call not illustration weak because it does not go so far as proof. As for those who have an impression that the discoveries of science militate against Scripture; accumulated illustration may lead critics of this tone to perceive that the more the topographical and historical framework of the sacred volume is explored, and the more natural science is studied, the more closely they will be found parallel to revelation. In other words, Scripture will be found abreast of the science of the day, though not expressed in scientific technicality.

There is a sense in which theology can never advance. Dogma, Minerva-like, is complete at once from its enunciation, and no resolution of physical mysteries, no speculations of psychology, can add to or diminish aught from dogmatic truth. But it is otherwise with criticism, which must advance with the growth of human knowledge, and which dedicates the choicest and the freshest fruits of human research to the embellishment of the casket of truth. She does not take each achievement of science, and measuring it by some fixed standard of her own, accept or reject it, as it harmonizes with her own preconceptions. Still less does she adopt each result of research, or of accepted speculation, and make of it a new standard by which a plastic revelation is to be shaped; but, leaving physical and philological subjects in the hands of their own professors, she hesitates not to concentrate and apply the reflections of their light so as to reveal some delicate moulding hitherto unperceived in the framework of revelation, or to bring out a clearer relief some tracery hitherto left in shade. I may here quote the words of a great master of physical science:—‘If we bear in mind that it is a common object of religion and science to understand the infancy of its existence; that the laws of mind are not yet relegated to the teachers of physical science, and that the laws of matter are not within the religious teacher’s province, they may then work together in harmony, and with good will. But if they would thus work in harmony, both parties must beware how they fence with that most dangerous of all weapons, Natural Theology, a science falsely so called, when, not content with trustfully accepting truths hostile to any presumptuous standard it may set up, it seeks to weigh the infinite in the balance of the finite, and shifts its ground to meet the requirements of every new fact that science establishes, and every old error that science exposes. Thus pursued, natural theology is, to the scientific man, a delusion; and to the religious man a snare, leading too often to a disordered intellect and to atheism.’

Referring first to the Bible as illustrated by modern science, our thoughts recur to the vexed question of the cosmogony. This is not confined to a single chapter of Genesis alone. If Scripture be Scripture’s

best interpreter, a flood of light is cast on that chapter by many a subsequent comment. A careful examination, in the original languages, of all passages of Scripture bearing upon science, and especially on geological science, will, I believe, fully satisfy us as to the superhuman accuracy of the language used.

There must be a full collation, and careful examination, (aided by the light which true science furnishes,) of all the particular passages which touch upon science; and we shall find the facts of sound philosophy present everywhere, though, of course, we look not for technical language.

Thus in Prov. viii. 22-31, which is really an amplification of the history of Creation, the main drift of the whole passage is evidently to shew the past eternity of the Son of God; and the mind is aided in forming some conception of His glory in this respect, by a reference to His *successive* creative acts, through the lapse of incalculable time, by which our globe was brought into its present state. Our translators seem to have failed unavoidably, through defect of scientific knowledge, in perceiving the true meaning of some of the words. 'I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths I was brought forth,' (*i.e.* before the seas settled in their present position,) 'when there were no fountains abounding with water; before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth,' (plainly referring to the gradual elevation of the mountain ranges out of the ocean depths.) Then follows in our translation, 'While as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the *highest* part of the dust of the world.' But 'hhootzoth' חֹתְמוֹת is literally, and more correctly, *surroundings*, *i.e.* the successive formations which constitute the earth's crust, each of which was in its turn the *outer* or *upper* surface when elevated above the water. The rendering 'fields' presents far too limited an idea. *Hhootz* occurs also in Job, v. 10, 'Sendeth waters upon the fields,' and xviii. 17, 'His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street,' על פני הָאֵרֶץ *i.e.* on the face of the globe. The general meaning of חֹתְמוֹת is anything surrounding or enclosing another. Hence it is often used for the open space surrounding houses or cities. The same idea is still retained when the word is used here on a grander scale in a geological sense.

Several expositors, though without geological knowledge, have caught the true meaning of the words: as 'pars ambiens;' or Doederlin's 'superficies terræ;' Schoelten's 'circuitus terræ;' Dathe's 'terram ejusque circuitus.' The passage may be thus translated—'At the time when He had not made the earth, (*i.e.* the globe in its earliest condition,) 'and the successive outer surfaces, and the highest,' (*i.e.* the latest,) 'of the soils of the habitable world.' The next verse, too, has marvellous scientific accuracy: 'When He prepared the heavens, I was there; when He set a compass' (*marg.* circle) 'upon the face of the depth,'—

lit. 'When He decreed (established as a natural law) the circular (orbicular) form of the surface of the deep,' involving, of course, the law of gravitation. The man who penned the whole passage must have been either versed in geological science, or inspired to use language startlingly appropriate. So, too, in Isaiah, xlviii. 6, 7, the progressive character of Creation is shadowed forth: 'I have shewed thee new things from this time, even hidden things, and thou didst not know them. They are created *now*, and not from the beginning.'

Solomon had never read the records of the sedimentary rocks, yet what can be more scientifically accurate than the expressions—'By His knowledge the depths (*behemoth*, abysses) are broken up,' (*i. e.* parted) by elevation (*בָּרָא, baka*) cleft by elevation of the trap and basaltic dykes.

In harmony with the now ascertained gradual elevation of the land, and the wearing out of the valleys, by the simple erosive action of water, is the utterance of Habakkuk, which might have passed for a poetic trope, 'Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.' 'The overflowing of the water passed by.' (iii. 9.)—It is more than the imagery of song, it is the retrospect of geological history which looks back into past eternity, and, seeing Alps and Andes under the ocean, confesses, 'Before the mountains were brought forth, (*i. e.* elevated above the waters of the sea,) or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, (as it now is,) even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.' (Psalm xc. 2.) To the same period refers the Royal Psalmist, with an accuracy as exact as if he had sifted the strata, and studied their fossils and tide-rolled pebbles. 'Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away.' As if he had said, 'Sometimes they gradually withdrew, at others the volcano and the earthquake (each with its thunder) lifted the land out of the seas.' (Psalm civ. 6, 7.)

Such convulsions, long before historic periods, are recognized by Job: 'He putteth forth His hand upon the rock; He overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks.' (xxviii. 9, 10.) And in the same chapter, is there not a foreshadowing of the fact revealed to us by mining operations, of the heated interior condition of the earth? 'As for the earth, out of it cometh bread: and under it is turned up as it were fire;' (*verse* 5.) or more exactly, 'Beneath the earth there is a fire.'

We know not how far the Egyptians, in whose wisdom Moses was learned, had acquired a knowledge of scientific as well as practical mining. But where we read in the blessing of Joseph, 'Blessed be the Lord for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills,' (Deut. xxxiii. 13.) we see a marvellous fitness in the language employed, which can scarcely be held fortuitous. The lawgiver is promising the blessing of the veins of the richest metals and gems: 'The precious things of the *lasting* hills.' *Though the earth has dust of gold, and there is a vein for the silver, yet these are not

everywhere, or equally distributed. It is not where the surface of the earth is richest, but only in the ancient mountains 'and in the lasting hills,' in the oldest formations and the primitive rocks, that the quartz yields its veins of gold, and the diamond is washed from the sand. We do not say the distinction between the primitive and the later formations was present to the mind of Moses, or that the knowledge he may have had of the turquoise diggings, and old mine workings of Sinai, had taught him to discriminate the rocks; but we must admit that, if ignorant of mineralogy, his pen was marvellously guided to the expression of language in harmony with scientific truth.

Again, whatever be our interpretation of the concise epitome of the phenomena of Creation in Genesis, i., some of the greatest difficulties have already been removed. No portion of the creative sequence there recorded has met with greater ridicule from sceptics than the mention of light before the appearance of the sun; yet the present accepted theory of our best physicists is, that light did permeate space before the sun was its source to us; and if this be so, the chronological sequence in Genesis is a foreshadowing of one of the most marvellous discoveries of physical analysis. This is borne out, too, by the uniform character of the vegetation in the carboniferous epoch throughout the world, implying a uniformity of climatic conditions very different from anything subsequently experienced, and just such a uniformity of moisture and steaming heat as would characterize the temperature of the earth's surface before lighted by the sun, and when deriving its light from the luminous vapour in which it was *uniformly* enveloped. Such examples might be multiplied tenfold; and after examining every passage of Scripture I can find, bearing on the physical state of the earth and the heavens, the result to my own mind is, that there are no scientific errors in the Bible, but that the Book is as divinely perfect, and as deep and rich in meaning, when it touches incidentally on the works of God in Creation, as it is in higher matters connected with His Providence and Grace.

Astronomical difficulties are now reckoned in our semi-fossil literature: so will it be with geological. Yet how, as astronomy advances, does the language of Scripture keep abreast of it:—The orbicular shape of the world, then undreamt of by Chaldean sages: 'It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth;' (Isaiah, xl. 22.) '*Sealeth up* the stars,' so that stars suddenly appear, and as suddenly cease their shining. The suspension of the earth in space, portrayed in the oldest book in the world: 'He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, (or more literally, He stretcheth the cope of heaven on a void,) and hangeth the earth upon nothing,'—*Tzaphon* ^{צפון} being rather the *dark place*, the *dark vault* over our heads, than the north; or else, with Grey and Stock, 'the hemisphere.' And this is the language of an Arab sheep-master, recorded by the Hebrew lawgiver; while the learned Orientals, who are held up to us as his rivals, or perhaps as his teachers, were building the world on an elephant or a tortoise!

Not less in harmony with philosophic truth is the illustration of the reflecting power of the atmosphere: 'Hast thou with Him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking-glass?' or rather, which is polished as a molten mirror; (Job, xxxvii. 18.)—or the foreshadowing of the discovery of the barometric pressure; (xxviii. 24, 25.) 'He seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight for the wind; (*lit.* to make out to the wind its weight;) and He weigheth the waters by measure,' as though the equilibrium and density of the water were recognized. The wisest of men could not then explain the flight of an eagle in the air. (Prov. xxx. 19.) But it was known that the winds had laws yet unresolved: (and have we resolved them yet?) 'The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirlleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to its circuits.' (Eccles. i. 6.) Has the challenge of Elihu been answered yet by the most skilful meteorologist—'Can any understand the spreading of the clouds?' (Job, xxxvi. 29.) 'Dost thou know the balancings (*lit.* the rollings together) of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him Who is perfect in knowledge?' (xxxvii. 16.) Is not the problem of the formation of hail almost as difficult as when it was asked, 'Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?' Yet with what wondrous accuracy the condensation of rain from vapour is portrayed! 'He maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof:' (more exactly, They are refined, each shower according to its cloud:) 'which the clouds do drop and distil upon man abundantly.' (xxxvi. 27, 28.)

When Job is asked, 'Where is the way to where light dwelleth?' and 'By what way is the light parted?' (xxxviii. 19, 24.) how perfectly do the expressions harmonize with the polarization and double refraction of light! Could language more exact than 'the partings of light' be employed, even after the discovery of the spectrum analysis? 'The precious fruits brought forth by the sun,' (Deut. xxxiii. 14.) expresses in common language the chemical action of light; and had Bildad been taught the chemical absorption of chlorophyll by plants from light, he could have used no exacter term than this—'He is green (or, is full of juice) before the sun.' (Job, viii. 16.) Is there not new light cast on the inquiry, 'Hast thou entered into the springs (*lit.* mazes) of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?' when we attempt to trace out the phenomena of the ocean currents, or to fathom their laws;—and when we observe the defined breadth of these currents, on the declaration, 'By the breath of God the breadth of the waters is straitened'? (Job, xxxviii. 16; xxxvii. 10.) What accurate observation is there of the facts of the absorption and condensation of water from the sea into clouds and then into rain, by which the equilibrium of sea and land is maintained, in the simple statements, 'All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' (Eccles. i. 7.) 'When He

established the clouds above: when He strengthened the fountains of the deep: when He gave to the sea His decree, that the waters should not pass His commandment.' (Prov. viii. 28, 29.) 'The waters go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which Thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.' (Psalm civ. 8, 9.) And in the same Psalm, what a commentary on the exclamation, 'Full of Thy riches is the great and wide sea also; wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts,' are our recent researches in marine zoology, revealing the ocean teeming with life to a degree which the land does not approach, even the very depths at the bottom of the Atlantic being covered with them; while entomostracæ and foraminifera, in such myriads that an ounce of sand has contained near four millions of their skeletons, are now forming the chalk of a new stratification! 'The waters do bring forth abundantly the *moving* creature that hath life.' What scientific term could more exactly define these organisms, whose life could hardly be recognized but for their being moving creatures?

If we turn next to the study of the physical laws of life, there too we shall find Biblical illustration. The conditions of life we may ascertain, of the determining causes we are yet in ignorance. Vital force we may study, but its origin is a sealed thing; 'for we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.' How is life implanted in the germ? How is it developed? All are modifications of one archetype: 'Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book were all my members written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.' (Psalm cxxxix. 16.) So also with plant life. 'That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' . . . 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' . . . 'It springs and groweth up he knoweth not how.' We know the *condition* of the growth of the plant cell, but we cannot tell the *determining* causes. The seed dies. Chemistry tells us that death is decomposition, and in each seed sown, we have the decomposition of its carbonaceous constituents, starch decomposed into gum, dextrine, and sugar, for the nourishment of the infant germ.

As to man's life, the expressions are no doubt figurative which tell us that 'Out of the heart are the issues of life.' (Prov. iv. 23.) 'A sound heart is the life of the flesh.' (Prov. xiv. 30.) 'The head, from which all the body, by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.' (Col. ii. 19.) Yet how scientifically accurate are both illustrations. The former illustration from the heart action, the source and centre of *organic* life; the latter equally correct in its physical truth, as relating to the *animal* life; the whole nervous system and all the functions of volition centering in, and dependent upon the head, the brain. In the whole range of natural science, we may

ascertain the *laws* of nature, the mode in which God works; but the *origin* of life, of gravitation, of magnetic variation, of electricity, is beyond our ken. The commentary at last must be: 'As thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God Who maketh all.' (Eccles. xi. 5.) 'The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken: lo, they have rejected the Word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them?' (Jer. viii. 9.) So shall we find it throughout the toilsome ascent to truth. We have two cords by which to hold as we climb—the golden cord of Revelation, to guide us to spiritual truth; the other, the twisted cord of nature guiding us to physical truth. Of this we must unfold the strands slowly and painfully as we go along; but both are parallel, and together lead us to the same summit.

The illustrations I would select from modern travel are of a very different character from those culled from modern science. These had reference rather to the divinely guided accuracy of the Word when touching upon subjects beyond the ken of the writers. Those bear rather on the human element, or the historical fidelity of the narrators. The one regards the authenticity, the other the genuineness, of the sacred volume. No one modern traveller has done so much for the elucidation of the historical books of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, as Layard by his researches in Nineveh. By his labours the earth has cracked and revealed a marble commentary on those books which had been entombed for ages. As far as this portion of the record is concerned, the question is set at rest. It would be a mere waste of time to refer further to these discoveries, familiar to everyone. The fall of Lachish, the siege of Jerusalem, the very amount of Hezekiah's tribute, the Jewish captives dragged with a hook in the nose, Sennacherib's retreat, the strange corroboration of the period of Nebuchadnezzar's mental aberration, the identification of Belshazzar—all these are too well known to call for more than a passing allusion.

The battle is now being fought on other and earlier ground. Yet here also many observers have contributed facts, some valuable as illustrations of early history; others aiding in the solution of reasonable difficulties. Of the Sinaitic peninsula, one of these battle-fields, our knowledge is still imperfect. Travellers hasten through in monotonous file, by the same camel route. But much has been done by the Rev. F. W. Holland, who is about to start on his fourth visit of exploration, and who has traversed it in every direction on foot, and still more may be anticipated from the scientific survey now to commence. Some of Mr. Holland's notes are very interesting. Diverging from the ordinary route from 'the passage' to Wady Feiran, he kept close by the shore. Here, though the season was exceptionally dry, no rain having fallen for eighteen months, he found a wide strip of low-lying land along the whole route, about two or three miles wide at the narrowest part, well covered with herbage, and capable of affording support to vast herds and flocks as they passed along.

Turning east towards the mountains, Mr. Holland seems to have fixed the site of Rephidim beyond doubt, and the many photographs he has taken of this district are most interesting. The battle-field with Amalek seems to have been a pass with the valley rapidly expanding on both sides of it. The hills on the north-east are studded with the remains of troglodyte habitations and store-houses, many of them very perfect, which have certainly been used by no race now known there, and are no doubt the abodes of the ancient Amalekites. In front of these they were marshalled to defend the pass; and not the least interesting feature of the scenery is, that in the valley on the other side stands a small isolated peak, commanding a complete view of the pass, and of the Amalekite plain beyond. Surely this is the top of the hill on which Moses stood, with the rod of God in his hand, supported by Aaron and Hur.

Rambling on foot among the mountains, Mr. Holland has found many ancient roads, unknown to the Arabs, apparently connected with old mines, the workings of which may yet be seen, but of which history gives no hint. Great heaps of slag and scoria abound everywhere, marking the ancient smelting works. These, no doubt, were worked by the Egyptians, possibly by the aid of Hebrew bond-men before the Exodus. But how different must have been the condition of the country then! There must have been timber on the spot for the purpose of smelting, for fuel could never have been brought from a distance. The seyal acacia, the solitary tree which now sparsely occurs, grew in forests to provide for such consumption; and when the supply of shittim wood was exhausted, the mines were abandoned. All wore another aspect when timber covered the sides of the hills. The whole region must have exhibited the now exceptional fertility of the Wady Feiran. Streams once washed the dry ravines, which still bear the marks of their former presence; rain would be attracted regularly by the foliage, and herbage would carpet the soil. Nor would this perish at once with the denudation of the wood. Its extinction would be the work of time, as the streams gradually failed, and the sun converted the turf to dust. At the time of the Exodus, then, we have every reason to believe that the state of the peninsula was very different from what it is now. Doubtless those granite peaks made it still 'a great and terrible wilderness;' but its valleys and plains might afford no inconsiderable sustenance for cattle.

In investigating the physical character of the Holy Land itself, sufficient allowance has not been made for a similar but more recent change in the features of the greater part of Judæa. It has been contemptuously asked, whether we are to believe that the population of Israel, not counting the heathen inhabitants who remained among them, was equal per square mile to that of Norfolk and Suffolk? I can only reply that, thickly planted as are the churches of Norfolk, the desolate heaps that mark the cities of Judah are thicker, and that there

is in the ruins of Judah present witness of a population far greater than we can conceive could ever be evidenced by all the villages of the eastern counties if reduced to similar desolation. I am thoroughly acquainted with Southern Judæa; and the whole country south of Hebron is a series of rolling downs, bare, and covered with turf something like the Sussex Downs, but with a richer soil. Here every mile or two testifies by its ruined heaps to the density of a past population; and the very arrangement of the old houses is a proof of the former value of the land. They are almost always clustered on the sides of steep hills, and their rear portion is hollowed out of the cliff after the manner of tombs. We are told that the *Horites*—i.e. cave-men, occupied the land before the Amorites, and these appear to have been their dwellings, more extensively excavated, and fronts of masonry added, by their Jewish successors. These ruins have all preserved their traditional names in the vernacular Arabic, and we were able to identify the unchanged names of most of the cities of Judah to which David sent presents during his exile at Ziklag; some of which do not occur even in that accurate Domesday-Book of Israel, the allotment of Joshua. The whole region is desolate, without inhabitant, save a few wandering Jehalin and Kaabina Arabs, whose supply of water is often precarious. Yet the environs of these ruined towns are dotted with wells, scores of which I have examined, but all dry. Sometimes more than a dozen could be counted round a single town. Again, close to the gate of each city may be seen, sometimes broken, but very often still perfect, the old oil-press—the common property of the community, a large circular trough, like a huge cider-press, sometimes hewn out of the native rock, sometimes placed, with the crushing stone like a great mill-stone lying by its side. Yet for ages not an olive tree has existed in the district. Again, the whole of the bare hill sides are studded with the ancient wine presses, (I once found eleven in the course of a morning's ride,) among the few undoubted remains of the Israelitish stone-work of the regal period—simple contrivances—two parallel troughs, hewn in the native rock, with holes so pierced between them that the juice could drain into the lower one. The disproportionate number of these wine-vats is explained by the fact that while the olives could be best carried home, the grapes could not bear transportation, and therefore each proprietor had his own press in his vineyard. But now from Eshcol to Beersheba not a vine exists. Yet we have these records, carved in the rocks, of the days when Judah did 'bind his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine: he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes.'

Whence has come the change? Simply from the denudation of timber. The primæval forest was exchanged by man for the olive with its ever-green verdure filling the valleys and crowning the hill tops. These attracted showers from those clouds which now pass over the arid region to waste their treasures on the deserted forests of Gilead. And then the slopes were terraced and clad with vines, while the fig tree studded every

corner. Nor were the waters wasted as they drained from the hills. Long conduits winding on their sides conveyed them to carefully cemented reservoirs, of which the country is full, and whence, in summer, the gardens were watered by the foot. But the havoc of war, neglect, and misgovernment, destroyed the olives, the vines soon perished, the terraces crumbled, the conduits were broken or choked, and the land is desolate. The same remarks hold good of the shores of Judæa near the Dead Sea. At Engedi, Masada, Mahawat, Usdum, and elsewhere, we found long lines of ancient terraces, beautifully cemented channels and cisterns, and numerous stone ruins, some as late as the age of the Crusades, where now rain scarcely ever falls, and where even in spring not a tuft of grass refreshes the eye amidst the dazzling glare of stupendous desolation. So rapid has been the change here, that I have seen, in an Arabian historian, one of the Khalifs extolled for his generosity in granting an estate in the Mahawat Valley to one of his followers, after the war of the Crusades, where certainly not a solitary goat could be maintained at present. It had been more frank to compare the population with that of Malta or Barbadoes; and the enumeration of Joab can raise no difficulties in the mind of any one who has examined the country. So, too, with the supposed absurdity of danger from the increase of wild beasts. As a matter of fact, wherever there is wood and cover, as population declines, wild beasts do rapidly multiply. When a rich and luxurious population crowded the Roman provinces of Libya, it is impossible to believe that the lion was found in that garden of Africa; yet I have heard the lion's roar among the ruins of Carthage, and when encamped in the interior of Tunis, under the columns of the sumptuous temples of Hadrian, we had to keep nightly watch-fires for the protection of our horses from the lions, and I have known an Arab seized close to his tent. In spite of their match-locks, the lion is the scourge of the Tunisian peasants.

It is curious to trace the return of wild beasts to their former haunts. In the inheritance of Gad, on the east side of Jordan, lying in the valley, was the town of 'Beth Nimrah,'—'the house of the leopard.' It was just opposite the ford from Jericho to Gilead. But when the Septuagint was compiled, man had expelled the leopard, and the name was lost, appearing as Bethabara, 'the house of the ford,' which it retained in the New Testament and primitive times. Man has now retired, the waters of Nimrim are desolate, and the old name has resumed its sway, under the Arabic form *Beit Nimeir*, while among the tangled brakes, by its abundant waters, we ourselves found the leopard.

I can scarcely quit this place without drawing attention to the interesting coincidence of its having been the scene both of Elijah's translation, and of the appearance of his successor the Baptist. My reasons for this identification are these. There is no question of the identity of Bethabara beyond Jordan with Beit Nimeir. When we turn to the history of Elijah's translation, we find that he went from Jericho

to Jordan. There were two roads, one to the lower ford which leads to Moab, near the pilgrim's bathing-place, the other to the ford of Bethabara, the direct road to his native Gilead. This would be the natural road for Elijah under his divine impulse to follow. The sons of the prophets stood to view. From the hill behind Jericho they could see their course till they came close to the river's bank, where is a steep descent to the wooded edge of the Jordan, about two hundred yards wide. There they were lost to view. But on the east side the lower terrace is much wider, and for nearly half an hour, as they passed the waters of Bethabara, they were concealed from view. Had they gone much farther, they would again have been visible from the hill. In this place it was, while still concealed from view, that, as they talked, Elijah was parted from his follower; and so short was the time, that the sons of the prophets had not yet ceased to gaze, watching till they should emerge, when they saw Elisha re-appear alone on the hither bank. We may reasonably believe we have thus ascertained the very spot where heaven and earth were brought so close together, to be identical with that of the public appearance of Him Who came in the spirit and power of Elias—that over the very spot where the heaven opened to receive the prophet with the chariot and horses of fire, it opened again to attest the ministry of his antitype.

Yet more minutely were we able to examine that mountain of Nebo, with its top of Pisgah, as we stood on the culminating spot of interest in the story of the Exodus. On the crest of the range over against Jericho, and about ten miles from Heshbon, it was our happiness to discover a headland to which the Arabs give the name of *Nebbah*, bold towards the west and gently sloping towards the east, the field of Pisgah, whence the view of Moses was seen, not imagined. The detail of the panorama in Deuteronomy is exact, and none but one who had been there could have penned it. Commencing from the pine-topped mountains of Gilead to the north 'unto Dan,' for Hermon was in sight, and then round by Naphtali, with the unmistakeable dome of Tabor, to the twin hills of Ephraim, Ebal and Gerizim, behind which lay the long brow of Carmel, to the rugged hills of Benjamin, gradually melting into the south country of Judah; while at our feet was spread the Jordan valley with the green oasis of Jericho, the city of palm trees, as far as Engedi to the south, and the molten mirror of the Salt Sea beneath us. But just north of Ebal a dim haze revealed to us 'the utmost sea.' It has been said that the view was imaginary, because the mountains of Judæa must intercept all view of the Mediterranean from this range. True, they do directly to the west; but the whole was explained when I examined lately a very large raised model of Palestine. As may be remembered, the plain of Esdraelon trends N.W. and S.E., and is separated from that of Acre by a very gentle rise, cut through by the passage of the Kishon. Now, producing a line parallel to Carmel and Ebal from N.W. to S.E., no peaks of any height intervene, and Esdraelon slopes down towards the Jordan. Pro-

duce this line, and it intersects the very hill on which we stood among the mountains of Moab. That, and that alone, can be the Nebo of the Pentateuch.

We may next adduce some instances in which very minute and apparently trivial expressions of Holy Scripture referring to natural history, of no importance in themselves, the mere incidental settings of a narrative or a parable, have been illustrated by modern science and travel. It is but a trivial expression at first sight that the viper (*εχιδνα*) which came out of the heat, and 'fastened on St. Paul's hand' in Malta, and was seen to 'hang on his hand.' No venomous snake has been found in Malta; and the word venomous is not in the original, but is an erroneous interpretation of our translators, but two harmless species—a *Tropidonotus*, and the *Coronella lævis* (on the authority of Mr. Blyth,) which, as all naturalists know, is remarkably close to the true 'viperus' in appearance, and which has a power of holding on to the finger by the teeth, in a manner peculiar, so far as we know, to itself, among the whole serpent tribe. The scientific fact was unknown to the narrator, who simply records what he saw, while recent research reveals to us that only one viper is found in Malta, and *that* the only snake which could thus hang on the hand.

Or, again, the natural science of the Book of Job has been criticized, because, in the reply of the Lord to Job, we are told of the ostrich that 'she leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust: she is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers;'—whereas it is known, and I have myself been witness to the fact, that though she covers her eggs with sand, the ostrich does incubate at night, and will defend its young. But repeated experiment has only recently proved that with the ostrich and all other struthious birds, as the emeu and the rhea, the male alone sits. The female *does* neglect and utterly ignore her offspring. A similar close and accurate harmony with Nature may be noted in Proverbs, xxx. 27: 'The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.' Accurately this expresses in popular language the fact shewn by Beaumur, that, unlike the *hymenoptera* (bees, ants, &c.,) the orthopterous insects have no royal sex, no family or national organization, yet act and march as by a common impulse. 'The spider taketh hold with her hands,' and the microscope reveals to us how its feet or hands are terminated with denticulated hooks for the purpose of holding on, and how it passes or spins its web from its abdomen between the posterior pair of these hands. If we take the word 'semamith' (שֶׁמַמִּית) to signify 'gecko,' as it is otherwise translated, we have an equally accurate description of that unique lizard, which, by the bifid lamellated structure of the under side of its feet, is able to adhere firmly to an inverted smooth surface.

Two words in the original have been rendered 'swallow.' דֶּרֶר *deror*=freedom, and סֹס or סִּס *sús*. The former, the bird of freedom, is

spoken of as building in the Temple; the 'sûs' is mentioned by the prophets as observing the time of its coming, and to its note is compared Hezekiah's cry of anguish. But in the Holy Land the swallow, we noted, is not a regular migrant, many stragglers remaining all winter, while no one would seize on its subdued warbling note as resembling the cry of pain. The whole difficulty was solved when we found that 'sûs' is to the present day the vernacular or provincial, though not the classical, Arabic name of the swift; and when we noted that, unlike the swallow, the swifts return to Palestine on a sudden in one day, and cover the land in countless myriads; while we all know how exactly the harsh scream of the swift, imitated in the very name 'sus,' and most unlike the twittering of the swallow, resembles the shriek of pain. We here find no inaccurate natural history, but criticism shews us still that the Bible is abreast of the science of the time.

No dream of a fabled unicorn, no vague report of some strange rhinoceros brought home by a Phœnician adventurer, supplied the imagery of the Chaldean prophet, and of Israel's lawgiver, or suggested the majestic challenge—'Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, or will he harrow the valleys after thee?' (Job, xxxix. 10.) Sheets of speculative criticism have been written on the question, What is the (רֶעִם) *re'em* and the *μονοκερως* of the LXX. so frequently mentioned? It is unfortunate that our translators adopted the rendering of the unicorn, for *re'em* is no fabled monster, but a two-horned reality, a beast which once roamed freely through the forests of Palestine, but is now extinct—the 'urus' of Cæsar, the 'aurochs' of the old Germany, 'bos primigenius' of naturalists. The prophetic blessing of Joseph by Moses, shews that it was a two-horned animal: 'His horns are like the horns of an unicorn.' It is spoken of by Isaiah as an animal suitable for sacrifice; by Job, as related to beasts of burden; by all, as one frequently seen, and with which the old Israelites were familiarly acquainted. We were enabled to clear the question beyond further doubt, by the discovery of the teeth of the 'aurochs' among the breccia of the flooring of limestone caverns in the Lebanon, mingled with the teeth of the red deer, elk, and ibex, and abundance of flint implements, in a mass of broken bones, the remains in all probability of the feasts of the primitive 'Horites,' or cave-men. Modern travel has proved that we need not go back to the pre-historic period for the existence of these huge quadrupeds, since the monuments of Assyria, discovered by Layard, represent it among the wild animals chased by the compeers of Semiramis and Sennacherib. 'It appears to have been considered scarcely less noble game than the lion. The king is seen contending with it, and warriors pursue it on horseback and on foot. Its form is too faithfully delineated to permit of the supposition that it is an antelope; it is distinguished from the domestic ox by the marks intended to denote long and shaggy hair.' But it is not mentioned by Xenophon among the wild animals of Mesopotamia. It is only seen on the oldest monuments of Nimroud,

not on those of Khorsabad or Kouyonjik; and probably, therefore, as the country became more thickly peopled in the latter period of the Assyrian Empire, it became extinct. So probably in Israel; and hence while references to it are abundant in the earlier books, it is only once mentioned after the time of David—in the prophecies of Isaiah.

An incidental observation on geographical botany throws light on an occurrence in the prophetic life of Elisha. During a period of dearth, we read that 'Elisha came down to Gilgal, and one went into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds, his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage, for they knew them not; and as they were eating of the pottage, they cried out and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot.' Very simply may the incident be explained. The word 'wild vine' is used, as it is vernacularly in the western hemisphere, for any creeping plant with tendrils and vine-shaped leaves. The prophet and his party had come down from the upper country of Benjamin to the low-lying sandy plain of Gilgal by the Dead Sea, where the vegetation is entirely different to that of the upper country. Here it resembles that of tropical deserts, there it is the ordinary flora of Syria. The wild melon, *Cucumis prophetarum*, is common in the upper country, but is not found in the lower plains. On these, both near Gilgal and Engedi, I found in great profusion a plant extremely similar in appearance, but very different in its qualities—the colocynth, *Citrullus colocynthus*, a native of the Sahara, and of the Scinde deserts. Here we have the mistake explained. The prophet's attendant, a native of the hill country, was of course ignorant of the plants of the Dead Sea. He finds the colocynth growing where, alone of the whole country, it still flourishes; mistaking it for the wholesome gourd of the hills, he gathers it for the pottage, and no wonder, when they swallowed the bitter and drastic medicine, that the people exclaim, 'O man of God, there is death in the pot!'

The supply of quails to Israel at Kibroth Hataavah has afforded scope for much speculation. We read, 'There went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth.' 'And the people spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp.' From the apparent improbability of quails being found in such flights in the desert, it has been suggested that 'selav' is not a quail, but some desert bird. But observation of the habits of the quail shews the accuracy of the account. The time was the spring, when the quail does migrate in vast flocks, flying only at night. From their weak flight the birds instinctively select the shortest sea-passage, and avail themselves of any island as a resting-place. In the morning they are so utterly exhausted, that they may be captured in any numbers by the hand. They fly always with the wind, and very low,

(as it were two cubits high;) and when the Israelites took them, they prepared them for food by spreading them abroad in the sun, exactly as Herodotus tells us the Egyptians cooked the quail. (II. 77.) I have myself been witness of this phenomenon of the quail migration, both in African and Asiatic deserts. I have seen them in the morning covering many acres, where not one had been on the evening before. The wind was ahead, and though hundreds were slaughtered, they did not leave for two days, when the wind veered in their favour, and they as suddenly disappeared, leaving scarce a straggler behind.

Recent travellers have cast light upon a rather obscure passage in Isaiah: (xviii. 1.) 'Woe to the land shadowing with wings, beyond the rivers of Ethiopia,' (wing, *tzatzal*,) where the real meaning seems to be, 'Ho to the land darkened by the gad-fly, (*tzatzal*,) beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.' We now know well that a peculiar gad-fly, the *tsetse*, is the scourge of Abyssinia. And the Ethiopic and Hebrew names are all but identical. The same fly is alluded to in Isaiah, vii. 18, 'The Lord shall hiss (or whistle) for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt.' Baal Zebub, the Lord of Flies, the Philistine idol, may have been adopted from some visitation of this insect scourge.

I have gathered no vintage of illustration. I merely lay at your feet a few gleanings from Eschol, a sample of the rich gathering which will reward the honest explorer.

Every department of science, each wandering of the scholar, may supply fresh illustrations. These may be graven on tables of stone, in the sleeping fossil of the rocks. They may shine in the passing blossom, they may float on the wave. Ignorance may deceive us. As the prophet's sons gathered for the pottage in their ignorance, so philosophers may bring in wild gourds, and we in holy jealousy cry out, 'O man of God, there is death in the pot!' But there is a remedy—Truth, Divine Truth, Revealed Truth. True science and honest travel bring to us those objects and scenes of nature which are the pictures that illustrate the spiritual truths of the Bible.

Science illustrates Scripture, setting forth unity of force amidst diversity of operation. Travel illustrates unity of plan amidst diversity of expression.

The idioms of revelation and of science may be different; but it is no Babel discord. They are sisters still; though they speak in different tongues, the true rendering is the same; they are the daughters of one God. They may seem to set before us pictures differing in detail, but let us gaze on them *together*, and, like the figures of the stereoscope, they blend into one symmetric whole.

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B. A.,
AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. III.—THE GLORIOUS THREE.

'Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.'—1 *Corinthians*, xiii. 13.

(*Tune*, All Saints.)

FAITH, who sees beyond the portal
Of far Heaven with eagle eyes;
Hope, foretasting life immortal;
Charity, in meekest guise—
Now abide the glorious three,
But the first is Charity.

Faith abideth, there are mountains
She must day by day remove;
By the fair refreshing fountains
Hope abideth; and sweet Love
Standeth crowned, the twain between,
Very lowly, yet the queen.

So, in view of things eternal,
Rocks of time are over-hurled,
So, behold a beauty vernal
Robes the winter of the world;
But where Charity hath trod
Is the path of Very God.

Those shall vanish: she remaineth
When their work and life is o'er;
As below, above, she reigneth,
So she shall reign evermore;
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Love goes ruling on for aye.

Faith and Preaching find an ending,
Hope and Prayer together cease;
Love and Praise together blending,
Know no changing save increase;
When that cry is past—'How long?'
Love takes up an endless song.

Now the old world is a-dying,
 'Soon,' cries Faith, 'will Christ appear ;'
 Hope with rapture is replying,
 'Then the reign of Love is near ;'
 Willing both to fade away,
 Star-like, at the perfect day.
 Amen.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XCIX.

THE YORKIST WEDDINGS.

1464-1471.

THE House of York was regarded as firmly established among reigning families, and its scions in the splendour of their newly won fortunes, and with the lustre of their high personal endowments about them, were thought of as fit matches for the greatest houses in Europe.

The Earl of Warwick, who believed himself to have at last a king amenable to his will, without any counter influence, began to cast about his eyes in search of a foreign princess, who might ennoble King Edward in the eyes of the people, and strengthen him by her connections abroad. Bonne of Savoy, sister to the Queen of Louis XI. of France, was the lady he chiefly desired to place on the throne of England ; and he was actually beginning to open negotiations for her, when it suddenly burst on the whole court that the King was already married, and of all persons in the world, to a Lancastrian lady, the daughter of that very Richard Woodville, whom Edward and Warwick together had taunted at Calais with being a knave's son.

It was even so. Elizabeth, the eldest of the many children of the marriage between Jaquetta of Luxemburg, widow of the Regent Duke of Bedford, and Richard Woodville, created Lord Rivers, had, when quite young, been dowered by Queen Margaret to enable her to marry Sir John Grey, eldest son of Lord Ferrers of Groby. He was mortally wounded at the first battle of St. Albans, and left her with two infant sons, whose lands were confiscated by the Yorkists, so that she returned destitute with them to her parents' home at Grafton.

When Edward was returning from his victory at Towton, the Duchess Jaquetta, one of the cleverest women of the day, bethought her of appealing to his mercy by placing the lovely young widow and her orphans in his way, to entreat for the restitution of their inheritance.

In Whittlebury Forest still stands the tree called the Queen's oak,

where stood in all her charms the fair Elizabeth, who had inherited the extreme beauty of her father as well as the dazzling complexion and flaxen tresses of the Luxemburgs, holding in each hand a beautiful child, with whom she threw herself at the young conqueror's feet.

At once Edward became passionately enamoured of this beautiful vision. He would have added her to the long roll of fair ladies, whom, though only twenty-two years old, he had already loved and cast away; but resolution and ambition on the part of the daughter, and skilful manœuvring on that of the mother, prevailed; and after three years pursuit, which only inflamed his passion, he secretly wedded Dame Elizabeth Grey at Grafton Castle on the May-day morning of the year 1464.

The fact was made known a few months later, and great was the general indignation. The King had been entrapped, it was said, by the sorceries of Duchess Jaquetta, who had studied magic with her sister-in-law Eleanor Cobham, and was moreover descended from the fairy Melusina! It was her descent from the house of Luxemburg that was Edward's justification. He took care to make it known that the Luxemburgs reckoned emperors and kings in their line—the saintly Heinrich VII., the chivalrous blind Johann of Bohemia, and many another crowned head; also that Jaquetta's brother, the Count de St. Pol, was Constable of France, also one of the princely vassals of the Roman empire, and had been so angered by his sister's match with Richard Woodville, that neither had dared to venture beyond seas, since he threatened to slay them both. Now, however, an invitation was sent to the Luxemburg family to be present at Elizabeth's coronation, and Count Jaques, the Duchess's youngest brother, arrived with a retinue intended to dazzle the English.

Precontracts were indeed talked of on the King's part, with Eleanor Talbot, daughter to old Lord Shrewsbury, a contract no doubt made between the two fathers in France, when they little thought the banners of York and Shrewsbury would ever be arrayed against one another; and again to Elizabeth Lucy, whom he had deserted for the fair widow; but the King laughed these to scorn, saying that what might disqualify a man for a priest did not disqualify him for a king; and he persuaded his mother, 'proud Cis' as she had once been called, to accept the daughter-in-law who must have been so distasteful to her.

All the young Woodvilles, who being poor, numerous, and Lancastrian, had hitherto found their beauty, grace, and ability of little avail, were eagerly sought in marriage as securities for the King's favour. Margaret wedded the heir of Arundel; Katharine, the Duke of Buckingham; Jaquetta, the Earl of Essex; another sister, the Earl of Kent; and the fifth, Lord Herbert. John Woodville, the eldest brother, scandalized the whole court by marrying the enormously wealthy Duchess of Norfolk in her eightieth year; while, on the other hand, Antony, the second brother, secured a little child, almost equally rich, as being the heiress

of the Barony of Scales, the title of which he took. Little John Grey, the Queen's eldest son, was contracted to the daughter of Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, and of Anne Plantagenet, the King's eldest sister. She had been betrothed to George Nevil, the nephew of Warwick, but her father, a staunch Lancastrian, was in the utmost poverty, almost reduced to begging his bread, in Burgundy, and the Queen bribed the mother to break her word to the Nevils.

The two Woodvilles were brave and highly accomplished knights, and Sir Antony was the favourite of all the court. The ladies beset him one day coming out of the chapel, and bound about his knee a garter formed of the letters SS. with the forget-me-not flower in enamel hanging to it, as a token that some high emprise was expected of him. One of the ladies added that 'he ought to take some step befitting the time.' What this step was to be was indicated in a letter written on vellum, and bound with a thread of gold, which was laid in his cap.

It was that he should send a challenge to some noble foreign champion ; and he accordingly selected the Count de la Roche, one of the illegitimate sons of the old Duke Philippe of Burgundy, and esteemed one of the bravest knights in Europe. Antony wrote the whole adventure to him, beseeching him to touch the enameled Fleur de Souvenance, which he did, in acceptance of the challenge ; but he did not come to England as had been expected with Jaques de Luxemburg, who brought three hundred gentlemen with him, all paid for their appearance by King Edward.

The old nobility, with Warwick at their head, despised and hated the gay and brilliant Woodvilles ; and on their account, all the connection with Luxemburg and Burgundy, which they regarded as Lancastrian ; while Warwick desired to obtain support from France, and to deprive Queen Margaret of the sympathy and shelter she derived in right of her father being uncle to the King of France. The King's two brothers had always been designed for Warwick's own two heiresses, but his beautiful and stately sister, Margaret of York, might as Warwick thought, be advantageously married to Charles, the only brother of the still sonless Louis XI., while the Woodvilles pointed to a much more certainly brilliant marriage with Charles Count de Charolois, the only legitimate son of the splendid Duke Philippe of Burgundy. Charles had lost his wife, Isabelle de Bourbon, eleven years previously, and had mourned her with unusual constancy and purity of affection ; but as she had left him only one daughter, it was almost a necessity that he should marry again, in the hope of leaving a male heir to the accumulation of states, that he already began to hope to form into a kingdom.

On the one hand Warwick was gone to meet King Louis for a secret negociation, and on the other emissaries from Burgundy were treating with Edward, when Duke Philippe had a second attack of apoplexy at Bruges, and was soon in extremity. His son Charles, who, though the fiery tempers of both had often led them into furious collision, neverthe-

less loved him deeply, instantly galloped from Ghent; but he found his father speechless, and could barely obtain from him a feeble sign in reply to his vehement entreaties for pardon for all his past offences.

Duke Philippe died on the 15th of June, 1467. He had been the most wealthy and magnificent prince of his day, with the qualities of liberality, good nature, and ostentation, that were fittest to dazzle the multitude and obtain applause; and though there lay behind a dark reserve of passion, harshness, and self-indulgence, he had always preserved a most brilliant exterior, and it had fallen to him to act on occasions that made a great noise in the world. His adherence had given the French crown to England, his defection had taken it away; he had restored the King to Paris, released the Duke of Orleans, and sheltered the present monarch in his exile; and in effect he had been the observed of all observers during the forty years of his rule. The apparent openness and heartiness of his character, his readiness of speech and action, his warmth to his friends, and generosity to his enemies (if high born) were a favourable contrast to the far more complex natures of the indolent, facile, inconstant Charles VII., and to the subtle, sneering, untrustworthy Louis XI., so that he won and kept the name of Good.

His funeral was in character. It was lit up by six hundred torches borne by men in black, and all the magnificent nobility of Burgundy and Flanders mourned there, while his son was so utterly exhausted and worn out by his agony of grief, as to be unable to appear at it.

Charles was a man of much deeper and more earnest nature than his father, with wider aims and a grander ambition, but with none of that facility of carrying men along with him, which had so much assisted Philippe. Though not more really harsh and unforgiving than his father, he had none of Philippe's gay easy grace of deportment, and took much severer views of life, especially in dealing with himself. His father's sensuality formed no part of his nature; he was strict and abstemious in all things, and kept all about him under the sternest discipline, so that he was more feared than loved, save by those who knew him best. Inordinate ambition, fiery temper, and an iron unbending severity, were his greatest errors; but he had a true and honourable heart, and much real nobility of character. The two great rivals, Louis of France and Charles of Burgundy, have both been set before us in Scott's wonderful portrait-gallery of history; but unfortunately he misread the character of the Burgundian prince, and has given us merely a coarse daub of a brutal and ferocious clown, instead of the refined melancholy gentleman of indomitable will and boundless ambition, who ruled the Low Countries and the northern slopes of the Jura. On the other hand, his likeness of Louis XI. is a piece of speaking truth: the strange cunning wary king, heedless of appearances, utterly devoid of heart or conscience, and yet full of the most absurd superstitious devotion; audacious, and yet timid; astute, yet imprudent; no warrior, yet always successful; silky tongued, yet venomous; hated and dreaded beyond any man who ever sat on the

throne of France, and yet obeyed; parsimonious, yet lavish; quarreling with everyone, yet powerful with everyone; surrounded not by his own gallant nobility, but by attendants of the lowest birth, and guarded by Scottish archers; cautious and complimentary, but always with a covert sneer: a man as terrible as a poisonous serpent.

If Louis had ever loved anyone it was his mother; and he had designs on the inheritance of her brother, old King René, that made him shew a certain amount of friendliness towards the exile Margaret of Anjou. To detach him from this family tie was the Earl of Warwick's great desire; and Louis had known enough of the dangers of a close alliance between Burgundy and England to be willing to do his best to traverse the marriage treaty between the new Duke and the Yorkist princess.

So, though himself unwell, he set out for Rouen to meet the Earl, who, he gave orders, should be everywhere received as though he were the King of England himself. On arriving, Louis assigned to Warwick a house next to his own lodging, and caused a door to be broken through the wall, that they might meet and confer in private, when the King could flatter the stout overbearing Earl to the top of his bent. The huge train that the Nevil as usual brought with him were equally well pleased, for orders were sent to the manufacturers of the place to make them a present of whatever they happened to admire; and as Rouen was famous for the weaving of velvet, damask, and fine cloth, magnificent robes were packed up by all the knights and gentlemen of the Ragged Staff, while the givers were cheaply rewarded by license from the King to purchase fiefs, to which titles of nobility were attached—a privilege hitherto withheld from burgher blood except at Paris.

Warwick's heart was completely won, and he agreed to all that Louis proposed, with as much confidence as though he had been king himself, since he still regarded Edward as his pupil; and he returned home in company with a party of noble ambassadors to demand formally the hand of the Lady Margaret of York for Charles, Duke of Berri.

But when he came home he found himself looked coldly upon. It had been alleged by the Woodvilles that Louis was such an Angevin at heart, that Warwick could not have had so many secret conferences with him for any good purpose, and that it would be prudent to deprive George Nevil, the Archbishop of York, of the chancellorship. Edward, weary of the dictation of his cousin, easily yielded, and so far from attending to Warwick's recommendation of the French alliance, scarcely exerted himself to be civil to the ambassadors, but merely told them he must advise with his council, and sent them away with no better gifts than hunting-horns and leathern bottles. This, after his own splendid reception, seemed to Warwick a personal insult, and he retired to Middleham in great ire.

Meantime, the negotiations with Burgundy were continued; and in the June of 1468, Margaret of York set forth for her new home, escorted as far as the coast by the King and Queen and their whole court, and

across the sea by her youngest brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, and by Lord Scales, together with a splendid retinue.

She landed at Sluys, where she was met by the Duke Charles's mother, the stately and ceremonious Isabel of Portugal, and by his daughter Marie, a bright affectionate girl of twelve or thirteen. Two days later the bridegroom himself arrived, and the ceremony of espousals was performed by the Bishop of Salisbury.

A week later the marriage itself took place at Bruges, on the 2nd of July, 1468, at five o'clock in the morning, to leave ample time for the festivities. The bride appeared in a crown of diamonds, and a mantle of cloth of silver loaded with precious stones; and the splendour of the banquet was almost unrivalled, including a sort of dramatic enterprise of chivalry, in which the Knight of the Golden Tree, otherwise Count Adolf of Cleves, rescued a distressed damsel from a giant dressed in cloth of gold and a Provençal hat! The *entre mets* were unusually fantastic. A unicorn came in with a leopard on his back, carrying in one paw a daisy, in the other the standard of England. A little dwarf girl belonging to Mademoiselle of Burgundy appeared in the garb of a shepherdess, riding on a golden lion, who opened his mouth and sung a carol in praise of the bride; and the last day of the festival week was crowned by the most wonderful contrivance of all, being no other than a whale sixty feet long, which entered the hall, escorted by two giants, wagged its tail and fins, glared with its two great looking-glass eyes, and opening its mouth, emitted first a party of singing sirens, and then twelve sea-horsemen, who fought till the giants drove them in again.

The old and the new were meeting here, for while these queer old pageants of chivalrous romance were being exhibited one of the spectators was that Master William Caxton, who was said to have been sent by King Henry VI. to learn the art of printing abroad. Some say that he only went in Margaret of York's train; and he certainly held an office in her household and was in much favour with her; but it is evident that he must have been in the Netherlands long previously, since he had partly forgotten his English. He tells us himself that when he carried her the translations from romances, classical and chivalrous, which he intended to print and send to England under her patronage, she would often correct his language; and even with her aid, there is still much more French idiom about them than there is in other English works of the same era.

Margaret's marriage was happy so far as all due honour, esteem, and respect from her husband could make it so, together with the warm filial affection of her gentle and spirited step-daughter, Marie of Burgundy, and great splendour of all surroundings, but she was childless; and her lord, always a grave and gloomy man, met with an almost unexampled series of misfortune in the few years during which she was his wife. Indeed, he was never the same man after a strange event that occurred in the first months of their marriage. Louis XI. had renewed the war

with Charles's ally, François Duke of Brittany, who wrote to reproach Burgundy with not coming to his assistance. Charles threatened war, and the Burgundian and French nobility were alike burning to come into collision, while Louis was determined to do anything rather than gratify them; and finding that embassies were unsatisfactory, he decided on using his own arts of cajolery, and amazed the Duke by suddenly requesting from him a safe-conduct, in order to come and have an interview with him at the town of Peronne la Pucelle, so called because it was a virgin-fortress, having never been taken.

He arrived close upon the reception of Charles's answer, attended merely by Cardinal Balue, the Constable de St. Pol, a few nobles and knights, and eighty Scottish archers. Charles met him on the way, and both dismounting from their horses, warmly embraced; and they rode side by side into the town, the King with his hand on the Duke's shoulder. A lodging was appointed in a large commodious house, whither the Duke ceremoniously conducted the King, and left him to rest after his journey, and prepare for the evening's meeting.

Presently the ducal court was amazed; for a messenger came from the King entreating that he might be placed not in the town but in the castle, and with a strong Burgundian guard. Now the castle was the last place a monarch of France was likely to prefer, for it was a grim old impregnable pile, built not for habitation but for defence, with massive walls, and minute chambers scarcely furnished; and moreover it had served as a prison to the weakest and most unfortunate of the Karling princes, the unhappy Charles the Simple, when upset from his throne, if less literally yet more effectually than by the Norman vassal, and from that captivity he had gone to his grave, not without suspicion of violence.

Yet here Louis desired to sojourn. He had looked from his window, and had beheld the street of Peronne full of men whom he had made his enemies—men whom he had deceived by his false promises, who had tasted of his dungeons at Loches, or whom he had stripped of their lands; and seized with a sudden panic lest a blow from one should avenge the wrongs of all, he insisted on being placed in the fortress, with a double file of Burgundian men-at-arms in the court-yard, much as if he had been the Duke's captive instead of his guest.

A day passed while Charles and his councillors tried to listen patiently to his cajoleries, and to gather his purpose in coming, when suddenly on the third evening, that of the 11th of October, tidings arrived which put all Peronne in an uproar. While Louis was here, trying to blind his rival's eyes by an excess of confidence and affection, his agents had, it was declared, stirred up Charles's city of Liège to revolt; the Bishop, his clergy, and Hymbercourt, the commander of the Burgundian garrison, were murdered, and the city was in insurrection.

This city of Liège had, like all the Flemish towns, always been on bad terms with its feudal princes; and there had been a long quarrel in consequence of the refusal of the citizens to accept a profligate bishop of

the house of Bourbon, who had been forced upon them by the joint power of the Pope and the Burgundians. There had been strong resistance, and Charles, acting for his father and the Pope, had brought in the Bishop, Louis de Bourbon, with a high hand, and had ever since ground down the citizens with his unrelenting severity. Baron d'Hymbercourt overawed them with his soldiery, and such heavy fines were exacted from them that all commerce was checked and nothing but misery prevailed. Attempts had been made to induce the bishop to intercede for his formerly reluctant flock, but he turned a deaf ear to their lamentations, and lived at his palace at Tongres surrounded by dissolute companions, for whom he had provided by shameless presentations to the canonries of Liège. As surely as French malcontents took refuge with Charles, so certainly did all who were oppressed by Burgundy look to France; and Louis had his secret messengers in Liège as in every disaffected city, encouraging resistance, and secretly promising his assistance. He had laid the spark to the train, but without anticipating that the explosion would take place so quickly, and at the most perilous moment for himself at which it could possibly have happened for him, when he was absolutely in a snare into which he had gone of his own accord, and entirely at the Duke's mercy, with nothing between him and destruction save the safe-conduct to which he had little right to trust.

Charles's wrath at first was fearful. The King could not be more in prison than he was already, but many persons expected that the Duke would lay hands on him at once. A more correct account of the affair soon came, and it was found that though the Bishop's palace at Tongres had been sacked, and Liège was in a state of revolt, yet both he himself and d'Hymbercourt were alive and well, and the persons murdered had been his archdeacon and his profligate canons.

This was bad enough, and for three days Charles remained in a state of the utmost anger and perplexity. He longed to gratify his resentment against the treacherous old fox who had come into the trap, and all his advisers told him it would be absurd not to make his profit out of the predicament his adversary had put himself into; and yet respect for his safe-conduct, and loyalty to his suzerain, were a heavy counterpoise; and he spent his nights in fierce struggles, walking about his room, throwing himself on his bed, talking wildly to himself, or debating with his chamberlains, one of whom, the shrewd and wily Philippe de Comines, has preserved the history of this scene. All this time Louis remained closely shut up in his tower; but he had brought fifteen thousand crowns with him, and his attendants, who went freely in and out by the little wicket, made use of them among Charles's courtiers. Comines himself, attracted by the King's wonderful sagacity, was strongly favourable to him, and the delay gave every chance of softening the Duke's anger. Still, however, Charles seemed only to work himself up into further indignation at each recollection of the French King's

treacheries and acts of ingratitude, until on the third day his fury came to a height, and a courier was ready to be despatched to summon the King's much injured brother—probably to take his throne—when he suddenly decided on going in person to visit his strange captive.

Louis's partizans had barely time to warn him before the Duke entered his chamber, trying to control himself into due courtesy to his sovereign, but trembling with passion, and only able to speak in brief sharp sentences, the sound of which was menacing whatever the words might be. Nor was Louis able to keep from turning pale, and shuddering, as he said, 'Brother, am I not safe in your house and country?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied the Duke; 'so safe, that if I saw a cross-bow bolt aimed at you, I should throw myself before you! But will you swear to the treaty?'

'I will,' said the King, 'and thanks for your good will.'

'And will you come with me to Liège, to aid me in punishing the treason of those Liégeois? The bishop is your near kinsman.'

'Yea,' swore the King; 'and I am amazed at their malice. But let us begin by swearing to the treaty.'

A precious fragment of the True Cross, which Louis was supposed to respect more than any other relic, was produced from his mails; the treaty was sworn to and signed; and Charles ever after bore with him a sense of having failed in chivalrous generosity, however great the provocation. The two princes, however, shewed themselves on the most cordial and affectionate terms, though Louis still felt himself virtually a prisoner, and knew that he could only earn his freedom by hearty co-operation against Liège. In sooth he was not unwilling, for the danger in which the untimely revolt had placed him was not a thing to be easily overlooked. His army was sent for, and before the end of the month the King and Duke together had taken the miserable city, and sacked it with the most horrible ferocity. Nay, it was not merely the fury of a storm that raged in those streets, but there was a deliberate intention of rooting out the entire city. When Charles asked his unwilling guest what he should do with the conquered town, Louis answered him by saying, 'My father's rest was broken by the crows upon a certain tree. He drove away the birds and took their nests, but they returned again. He cut down the tree, and was annoyed no more.'

And so, except the churches and convents, the grand old city was leveled with the ground, and such of the miserable inhabitants as had not perished in the sack were driven out to die by a worse fate, by famine in the fields and woods, unless they were captured by the soldiery and drowned. Most horrible and most savage was the treatment of the wretched place, exceptionally frightful even in those days of cruelty. No wonder the *Sieur Philippe Comines*, the shrewd Burgundian statesman, who wrote the memoirs of this time, thought even our bloody Wars of the Roses were carried on with singular mercifulness. *Philippe de Comines* was a genius far more in unison with the subtle Louis than with

the straight-forward Charles; and from the combined influences of his admiration for Louis's dexterity, the share of the fifteen thousand crowns that found their way to him, and the instinct that divined the gaining side, he soon after deserted his master Charles for the service of Louis, whose machinations he closely depicts in his history, with all the simplicity of admiration.

Louis was allowed to return to his own dominions after the destruction of Liège. He never forgot or forgave the absurd predicament in which he had placed himself; above all, when he found that it had so amused the Parisians that they had taught their tame jackdaws and starlings to cry, 'Peronne!' and the unwelcome cry resounded from the cages that hung from the balconies. Poor birds! There was a general examination of their accomplishments, and all that uttered the obnoxious word paid the forfeit with their necks!

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER III.

FORTUNATUS' PURSE.

'Out, base mechanical churl!'

Shakespeare.

WEEKS went on, and nothing more was heard of 'Marilda' except the wishes and wonderings of the children. Alda decided that she was one of the heartless fine ladies one heard of in books—and no wonder, when her father was in trade, and she looked so vulgar; while Wilmet contended against her finery, and Cherry transferred the heartlessness to her cruel father and mother, and Robina never ceased to watch for her from the window, even when Felix and Edgar for very weariness had prohibited the subject from being ever mentioned, and further checked it by declaring that Marilda looked like a cow.

There was plenty besides to think of; and the late summer and early autumn rolled cheerily away. The wonderful remnant of Felix's birthday gift was partly applied to the hire of a chair for Geraldine upon every favourable evening; and as the boys themselves were always ready to act as horses, they obtained it on moderate terms, which made the sum hold out in a marvellous manner. And not only were these drives delight unimaginable to the little maid, but the frequent breaths of pure air seemed to give her vigour; she ate more, smiled more, and

moved with less pain and difficulty, so that the thought of a partial recovery began to seem far less impossible.

The children trooping about her, she used to be drawn to the nearest bit of greensward, tree, or copse, and there would occupy herself with the attempt to sketch, often in company with Edgar; and with a few hints from her father, would be busied for days after with the finishing them, or sometimes the idealizing them, and filling them with the personages she had read of in books of history or fiction. She was a happy little peaceful body, wonderfully little fretful, even when told that it was very ill-natured to object to having her paints daubed over her drawings by Lance, Robina, and Angel—an accusation often brought against her by rough kindly Sibby, and sometimes even by Wilmet in an extremity; while Mamma's subdued entreaty, that she would do something to please the little ones, if it could be without mischief to herself, always humiliated her more than anything else, and made her ready to leave all to their mercy, save for deference to Edgar, and gratitude to Felix. Robina would look on soberly enough in admiration; but Lance's notions of art were comic, and Fulbert's were arbitrary, and both were imperiously carried out, with due contempt for the inferior sex, and were sure to infect both the little sisters.

Then, of course, so many holiday boys were hard to keep in order. Clement had a strong propensity in that direction; he was a grave quiet boy, without much sense of the absurd, and was generally the victim of Edgar's wit; but on the other hand, he was much in the habit of objecting to anything Edgar or Fulbert proposed, and thereby giving forbidden or doubtful amusements double zest. He was never *in* mischief, and yet he was never an element of peace.

All this, however, was mitigated when the holidays ended, and Lance was allowed to follow his brothers to school, while Bobbie importantly trotted in the wake of her sisters. Mamma and Cherry felt it no small comfort to have no one at home who did not sleep away two or three of the morning hours; and the lessons that the little girl delighted to prepare for her father went on in peace—the arithmetic, the French, the Latin, and even the verses of Greek Testament, that he always said rested him.

And he was 'quite well,' he said himself; and though his wife never confirmed this reply, he was everywhere as usual—in church, in schools of all kinds, in parish meetings, by sick beds, or in cottages, as bright and as popular as ever, perhaps the more so that he was more transparently thin, and every stranger started at the sound of his cough; though the Bexley people had grown weary of repeating the same augury for four or five years, and began, like 'my Lady,' to call it 'constitutional.'

So came the autumn Ember Week; and Mr. Audley had to go to receive Priests' Orders, and afterwards to spend the next week with his parents, who complained that they had not seen him once since he had

settled at Bexley. That week was the break-up of summer weather, and Mr. Bevan caught cold, and was rheumatic; there were two funerals on wet and windy days, and when Mr. Audley, on Lady Price's entreating summons, wrenched himself from a murmuring home, and starting by an early train, arrived half through the St. Michael's Day Service, it was to see Mr. Underwood looking indeed like some etherial ascetic saint, with his bright eyes and wasted features, and to hear him preaching extempore—as was his custom—a sermon on the blessedness of angel helps, which in its intense fervour, almost rapture, was to many as if it came from a white-winged angel himself. Mr. Audley glided into his own place, and met Felix's look of relief. The sermon was finished, and the blessing given; but before he could descend the steps, the cough had come on, and with it severe hæmorrhage. They had to send one startled boy for Mrs. Underwood, and another for the doctor, and it was an hour before he could be taken home in a chair. No one ever forgot that sermon, for it was the last he ever preached. He was very ill indeed for several days, but still hopeful and cheerful; and as the weather mended, and the calm brightness of October set in, he rallied, and came down-stairs again, not looking many degrees more wan and hectic than before, with a mind as alert as usual, and his kind heart much gratified by the many attentions of his parishioners during his illness.

During the worst, Mrs. Underwood had been obliged to keep one of the elder girls at home—Wilmet at first, both by her own desire and that of Alda; but it was soon made a special matter of entreaty by Miss Pearson, that the substitution might not take place; the little class was always naughty under Alda, and something the same effect seemed to be produced on Angela and Bernard. They made so much less disturbance when entrusted to Cherry, that the mother often sent Alda to sit by Papa, even though she knew he liked nothing so well as to have his little pupil's soft voice repeating to him the Latin hymns she loved to learn on purpose. Alda read or sang to him very prettily, and they were very happy together; but then Wilmet could do that as well, and also mind the babies, or do invalid cookery, and supplement Sibby's defects, and set the mother free for the one occupation she cared for most—the constant watching of that wasted countenance.

But all was better. He had been able to collect his children for their evening's Bible lesson and Sunday Catechism, and to resume the preparation of Edgar and Geraldine for their Confirmation, though it was at least a year distant, and even had spoken of sending for others of his catechumens. Wilmet and Alda were both at school, the two babies out with Sibby, Mamma at work, Papa dreaming over a Comment on the Epistle to the Philippians, which was very near his heart, and he always called his holiday work, and Geraldine reading on her little couch, when there was a sharp ring at the bell, and after an interval, the girl who daily came in to help, announced 'Lady Price.'

Even my Lady had been startled and softened by the reality of Mr.

Underwood's illness, and remorseful for having coddled her husband at his expense; she had sent many inquiries, some dainties, and a good many recipes; and she had made no objection to Mr. Bevan's frequent and affectionate visits, nor even to his making it obvious that however little his senior curate might do that winter, he would not accept his resignation for the present.

It was enough to make Mr. Underwood feel absolutely warm and grateful to his old tormentor, as he rose, not without some effort, held out his hand to her, and cheerily answered her inquiries for his cough. She even discussed the berries in the hedges, and the prospects of a mild winter, in a friendly hesitating tone; and actually commended Mr. Underwood's last pupil-teacher, before she began—'I am afraid I am come upon a disagreeable business.'

Mr. Underwood expected to hear of his own inefficiency; or perhaps that Mr. Audley had adopted some habit my Lady disapproved, or that the school-master was misbehaving, or that some Christmas dole was to be curtailed, and that he would have to announce it because Mr. Bevan would not. He was not prepared to hear, 'Are you aware that—in short—perhaps you can explain it, but has not your son Felix been spending a good deal of money—for him, I mean—lately?'

'Felix had a present from his godfather,' said Mr. Underwood, not at all moved, so secure was he that this must be an exaggeration.

'Last summer, I heard of that. It was laid out on a pic-nic,' said Lady Price, severely.

'It was intended to be so spent,' said the curate; 'but people were so good-natured, that very little actually went that way, and the remainder was left in his own hands.'

'Yes, Mr. Underwood; but I am afraid that remainder has been made to cover a good deal of which you do not know!'

Mrs. Underwood flushed, and would have started forward. Her husband looked at her with a reassuring smile. My Lady, evidently angered at their blindness, went on, 'It is a painful duty, Mr. Underwood, especially in your present state; but I think it due to you, as the father of a family, to state what I have learned.'

'Thank you. What is it?'

'Have you reckoned the number of times the chair has been hired?' and as he shook his head, 'That alone would amount to more than a pound. Besides which, your daughters have been provided with books and music—fruit has been bought—all amiable ways of spending money, no doubt; but the question is, how was it procured?'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Underwood, still pausing.

'And,' added the lady, 'the means can, I am afraid, be hardly doubted, though possibly the boy may have done it in ignorance. Indeed, one of his sisters allowed as much.'

'What did she allow, Lady Price?'

'That—that it was won at play, Mr. Underwood. You know Mr.

Froggatt gives his boy an absurd amount of pocket-money, and when she was taxed with this, your daughter—Alda is her name, I believe—allowed that—'

'Papa, Papa!' breathlessly broke out Cherry, who had been forgotten on her little sofa all this time, but now dashed forward stumping impetuously with her crutch—'Papa, it's all Alda; how can she be so horrid?'

'What is it, my dear?' said Mr. Underwood. 'You can explain it, I see. Tell Lady Price what you mean, Geraldine,' he added gravely, to compose the child, who was sobbing with excitement and indignation.

'O Lady Price!' she cried, facing about with her hair over her face, 'he earned it—he earned every bit of it! How could anyone think he did not?'

'Earned it? What does that mean, little girl?' said Lady Price, still severely. 'If he did the boy's exercises for him—'

'No, no, no,' interrupted Geraldine, 'it was old Mr. Froggatt. He asked Felix to look over the papers he had to print for the boys' work at the Grammar School, because it is all Latin and Greek, and Charles Froggatt is so careless and inaccurate, that he can't be trusted.'

The faces of the father and mother had entirely cleared; but Lady Price coughed drily, saying, 'And you did not know of this arrangement?'

Geraldine's eyes began to twinkle with tears. 'I don't know what Felix will say to me for telling now,' she said.

'It must have come to light some time, though concealment is always a proof of shame,' began Lady Price in a consoling tone, that filled the little lame girl with a fresh passion, drawing up her head.

'Shame! Nobody's ashamed! Only Mamma and Felix and Wilmet never will bear that Papa should know how terribly we do want things sometimes.'

And Geraldine, overpowered by her own unguarded words, ran into her mother's arm, and hid her face on her shoulder.

'Thank you, Lady Price,' said Mr. Underwood gravely. 'I am glad my little girl has been able to satisfy you that Felix has honestly earned whatever he may have spent.'

'If you are satisfied,' returned the lady, 'it is not my affair; but I must say I should like to know of such transactions among my children.'

'Sometimes one is glad to have a boy to be perfectly trusted,' said Mr. Underwood.

'But you will speak to him?'

'Certainly I shall.'

Lady Price felt that she must go, and rose up with an endeavour to retract. 'Well, it is a relief to Mr. Bevan and me to find your son not consciously in fault, for it would have been a most serious thing. And in such a matter as this, of course you can do as *you* please.'

To this Mr. Underwood made no reply, as none was necessary, but only

saw her out to the door in that extremely polite manner that always made her feel smallest; and then he dropped into his chair again, with a curl of the lip, and the murmur, 'Not consciously!'

'O Papa, Papa!' cried Cherry.

'Dear Felix!' said the mother, with tears in her eyes; 'but what can Alda have been saying?'

Cherry was about to speak again, but her father gently put her aside. 'A little quietness now, if you please, my dear; and send Felix to me when he comes in. Let me have him alone, but don't say anything to him.'

There was no need to send Felix to his father, for he came in of his own accord, radiant, with a paper containing a report of a public meeting on Church matters that his father had been wishing to see.

'Thanks, my boy,' said Mr. Underwood; 'where does this come from?'

'From Froggatt's, Father. It was only fourpence.'

'But, Felix, repeated fourpences must exhaust even that Fortunatus' purse of Admiral Chester's.'

Felix coloured. 'Yes, Papa, I wanted to tell you, but I waited till you were better.'

'You will hardly find a better time than the present,' said Mr. Underwood.

'It is only this,' said Felix, with a little hesitation. 'You know there's a good deal of printing to be done for the school sometimes—the questions in Latin and Greek and Algebra, and even when Mr. Ryder does have the proofs, it wants someone who really understands to see that the corrections are properly done. Old Smith used to do it, by real force of Chinese accuracy, but he has been ill for some time, and Mr. Froggatt can't see to do it himself, and Charlie won't, and can't be trusted either. So one day, when I was reading in the shop, Mr. Froggatt asked me to see if a thing was right; and it went on; he asked me after a time to take anything I liked, and I did get some school books we all wanted; but after that, just when you were ill, I could not help telling him I had rather have the money. O Father!' cried the boy, struck by a certain look of distress, 'did I do wrong?'

'Not in the least, my boy. Go on; what does he give you?'

'Exactly at the rate he gave Smith for doing the same work,' said Felix: 'it always was an extra for being so troublesome. It was seven shillings last week—generally it comes to three or four and sixpence.'

'And when do you do it?'

'I run in after I come out of school for half an hour. Last Saturday I corrected a sheet of the 'Pursuivant,' because Mr. Froggatt had to go out, and that made it more. And, Father, Mr. Froggatt says that poor old Smith will never be fit for work again.'

'Then I suppose these welcome earnings of yours will end when he has a successor?'

Felix came nearer. 'Papa,' he said, 'Mr. Froggatt told me that if Charlie would only have taken to the work, he would have done without another foreman, and got him gradually into editing the paper too. He said he wished I was not a gentleman's son, for if I had not been so I should have suited him exactly, and should be worth a guinea a week even now. And, Father, do not you really think I had better take it?'

'You, Felix!' Mr. Underwood was exceedingly startled for the moment.

'You see,' said Felix rather grimly, leaning his head on the mantelshelf, and looking into the fire, 'any other way I can only be an expense for years upon years, even if I did get a scholarship.'

His face was crimson, and his teeth set. Mr. Underwood lay back in his chair for some minutes; then said in a low voice, 'I see you know all about it, Felix; and that I am going to leave you as heavy a burthen as ever lad took on willing shoulders.'

Felix knew well enough, but his father had never uttered a word of despondency to him before, and he could only go on gazing steadfastly into the fire with an inarticulate moan.

Mr. Underwood opened the first leaf of a volume of St. Augustine, beside him, a relic of former days, the family shield and motto within—namely, a cross potent, or crutch-shaped, and the old English motto, 'UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.'

'Under wood, under rood,' he repeated. 'It was once but sing-song to me. Now what a sermon! The load is the Cross. Bear thy cross, and thy cross will bear thee, like little Geraldine's cross potent—Rod and Rood, Cross and Crutch—all the same etymologically and veritably.'

'Don't call them a burthen, pray!' said Felix, with a sense both of deprecation and of being unable to turn to the point.

'My boy, I am afraid I was thinking more of myself than of you. I am an ungrateful fool; and when a crutch is offered me, I take hold of it as a log instead of a rood. I did not know how much pride there was left in me till I found what a bitter pill this is!'

Felix was more crimson than ever. 'Ought I not—' he began.

'The *ought* is not on your side, Felix. It is not all folly, I hope; but I had thought you would have been a better parson than your father.'

'There were tears in the boy's eyes now. 'There are the others, I may be able to help them.'

'And,' added Mr. Underwood, 'I know that to be a really poor priest, there should be no one dependent on one, or it becomes, "Put me into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread." It is lowering! Yes, you are right. Even suppose you could be educated, by the time you were ordained, you would still have half these poor children on your hands, and it would only be my own story over again, and beginning younger. You are right, Felix; but I never saw the impossibility so fully before. I am glad some inward doubt held me back from the impulse to dedicate my first-born.'

‘It shall be one of the others instead,’ said Felix in his throat.

Mr. Underwood smiled a little, and put his finger on the verse in his beloved Epistle—‘Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.’

‘You really wish this. Do you consider what it involves?’ he said.

‘I think I do,’ said Felix in a stifled voice.

‘This is not as if it were a great publisher,’ continued Mr. Underwood, ‘with whom there would be no loss of position or real society; but a little bookseller in a county town is a mere tradesman, and though a man like Audley may take you up from time to time, it will never be on an absolute equality; and it will be more and more forgotten who you were. You will have to live in yourself and your home, *depending* on no one else.’

‘I can stand that,’ said Felix, smiling. ‘Father, indeed I thought of all that. Of course I don’t like it, but I don’t see how it is to be helped.’

‘Sit down, Felix; let us go over it again. I suppose you don’t know what our subsistence is at present.’

‘I know you have £250 a year from Mr. Bevan.’

‘Yes, I had £200 at first, and he added the £50 when the third curate was given up. That goes with me, of course, if not before. On the other hand, my poor good uncle, the wisest thing he ever did, made me insure my life for £5000, so there will be £150 a year to depend on, besides what we had of our own, only £2,350 left of it now. I have had to break into it for the doctor’s bills, but at least there are no debts. Thank God, we have been saved from debt! I think,’ he continued, ‘that probably it will have to be brought down to twenty-two hundred before you have done with me. On the whole, then, there will be about £180 a year for you all to live upon. Are you understanding, Felix?’

For the boy’s anxious look had gone out of his face, and given place to a stunned expression which was only dispelled with a sudden start by his father’s inquiry. ‘Yes, yes,’ he said, recalling himself.

‘I have left it all absolutely to your mother,’ said Mr. Underwood. ‘She will depend more and more on you, Felix, and I have made up my mind to expect that no help will come to you but from yourselves. Except that I hope some of you may be educated by clergy orphan schools, but you are too old for that now. Felix, I believe it may be right, but it is very sore to break off your education.’

‘I shall try to keep it up,’ said Felix, ‘in case anything should ever turn up.’

‘A guinea a week!’ said Mr. Underwood thoughtfully. ‘It would make you all not much worse off than you are now, when I am out of the way. And yet—’ A violent cough came on. ‘We must wait, Felix,’ he said, when he had recovered himself. ‘I must have time to think; I will speak to you to-morrow.’

Felix left him, very grave and subdued. He buried himself in his

tasks for the next day, hardly looked up or smiled at little Bernard's most earnest attempts at a game of play, and had not a word for even Cherry, only when Wilmet begged anxiously to know if he thought Papa worse, he answered that he believed not particularly so.

Alda was sent to carry some tea to her father that evening. As she set it down on the table before him, he said gently, 'My dear, I want to know what has been passing among you and your school-fellows about Felix.'

'Oh, nothing, Papa,' said Alda rather hastily. 'Some nonsense or other is always going on.'

'Very true, no doubt; nor do I wish to be informed of general nonsense, but of that which concerns you. What have you been saying or hearing said about Felix?'

'Oh, it's nonsense, Papa. Some of the girls will say anything disagreeable.'

'You need not have any scruples on Felix's account, Alda; I know exactly what he has done. I want you to tell me what is being said—or you have allowed to be said—about it.'

'That horrible Miss Price!' was all the answer he got.

He sat upright—laid on Alda's wrist a long bony burning hand, whose clasp she did not forget for weeks, and forcing her to look at him, said, 'Did you allow it to be believed that your brother Felix was a gambler?'

'Papa! I never said so!' cried Alda, beginning to sob.

'Command yourself, Alda; I am not fit for a scene, and I may not be able to speak to you many times again.'

These words—far more new and startling to Alda than to her brother—appalled her into quietness.

'What did you say, Alda? or was it the deceit of silence?'

She hung her head, but spoke at last.

'I only said boys had ways and means! They did teaze and plague so. I do believe Carry Price counts every grape that goes into this house—and they would know how I got my new music—and little Robina would tell—and then came something about Mr. Froggatt; and if they knew—'

'If they knew what?'

'Papa, you have no idea how nasty some of them are.'

'My poor child, I am afraid I have some idea by seeing how nasty they are making you! Gambling more creditable than honest labour!'

Alda had it on the tip of her tongue to say winning things was not gambling, but she knew that argument would be choked down; and she also knew that though she had spoken truth as to her words, she had allowed remarks to pass without protest, on the luck and licence that the model boy allowed himself, and she was bitterly displeased with the treachery of Miss Price.

'These old rags of folly don't look pretty on other folk,' he sighed presently. 'Alda, listen to me. What I have heard to-day gives me

more fears for you than for any one of my children. Did you never hear that false shame leads to true shame? Never shuffle again! Remember, nothing is mean that is not sin, and an acted falsehood like this is sin and shame both—while your brother's deed is an honour.'

Alda was obliged to go away, murmuring within herself, 'That's all true: it is very good of Felix, and I should not have equivocated, I know; but those stupid girls, how is one to live with them?'

Felix was not quite dressed the next morning, when his mother came to the door of the attic that he shared with Edgar and Fulbert.

'He wants to speak to you before church, Felix. It has been a very bad night, and the sooner this is settled the better.'

'O Mother, I am very sorry—'

'It can't be helped, my dear boy. I think it will really be a great relief to him.'

'And you, Mother, do you mind?'

'Dear Felix, all *minding* except to have you all well, and fed and clothed, was worn out of me years ago. I can't feel anything in it but that it will keep you by me, my dear good helpful boy.'

Felix's heart leapt up, as it had not done for many a long day; but it soon sank again. The children had never been admitted to their father's room in the early morning, and Felix thought he must be suddenly worse when he saw him in bed propped by pillows, pale and wearied; but the usual bright smile made him like himself.

'All right, old fellow,' he said brightly. 'Don't come up to me. I'm *incog* till I'm up and dressed. Are you in the same mind?'

'Yes, Father.'

'Then ask Mr. Froggatt to do me the favour of coming to speak to me any time after eleven o'clock that may suit him. I must understand what he offers you. The nonsense is conquered, Felix, more shame for me that it has followed me so far; but the sense remains. I must try to be sure that this sacrifice of yours is a right one to be accepted. Any way, my boy, I thank and bless you for it, and God will bless such a beginning. There's the bell, be off,' he concluded.

'And Papa,' blurted out Felix suddenly, 'would you *please* be photographed. I have the money for it. *Pray—*'

Mr. Underwood smiled. 'Very well, Felix; that is, if I am ever capable of getting up all the stairs to Coleman's sky-parlour.'

'Oh, thank you!' and Felix ran away.

Mr. Froggatt came in due time. He was an elderly portly man, well shaven and smooth-faced, intensely respectable, having been brought up to inherit an old hereditary business as bookseller, stationer, and publisher of a weekly local paper, long before Bexley had broken out into its present burning fever of furnaces. He was a very good religious man, as Mr. Underwood well knew, having been his great comforter through several family troubles, which had left him and his wife alone with one surviving and wofully spoilt son, who hated the trade, and had set his heart upon

being a farmer—chiefly with a view to hunting. Mr. Froggatt was conscious of having been too indulgent, but the mother and son were against him; and the superior tone of education that the son had received at the reformed grammar school had only set him above the business, instead of, as had been intended, rendering him more useful in it.

Good Mr. Froggatt, an old-fashioned tradesman, with a profound feeling for a real gentleman, was a good deal shocked at receiving Mr. Underwood's message. He kept a reading-room, and was on terms of a certain intimacy with its frequenters, such as had quite warranted his first requests for Felix's good-natured help; and it had been really as a sort of jesting compliment that he had told the young gentleman that he wished he would take Smith's place, little expecting to see how earnestly the words were caught up, how the boy asked whether he really meant it; and when, on further consideration, he allowed that it might be possible, begging him to wait till his father could be spoken to.

Poor as he was, Mr. Underwood had never lost general respect. Something there was in his fine presence, and gentlemanly demeanour, and still more in his shewing no false shame, making no pretensions, and never having a debt. Doctors' bills had pressed him heavily, but he had sacrificed part of his small capital rather than not pay his way; and thus no one guessed at the straits of the household. Mr. Froggatt had never supposed he would entertain for a moment the idea of letting his eldest son, a fine clever and studious lad, undertake a little country business, and yet he had come to wish it very much on his own account. As he explained to Mr. Underwood, he loved his old business, and knew that with more education he should have been able to make more of it. His elder son had died just as his intelligence and energy were opening up plans that would have made both the shop and the newspaper valuable and beneficial; while Charles's desertion left them to decline with his father's declining years, and in danger of being supplanted by some brisk new light. Felix Underwood was indeed very young, but he had already proved his power of usefulness, and a very few years would make him capable of being a right hand to the old man, and he might in time make a position for himself. Mr. Froggatt would otherwise ere long be forced, by his own infirmity, to dispose of the business at a disadvantage, and this would, he confessed, go to his heart. Mr. Underwood felt greatly reconciled to the project. There was real usefulness in the work, great means of influencing men for good, and though there would be much of mechanical employment, for which it was a pity to give up the boy's education, yet it was a stepping-stone to something better, and it gave present and increasing means of maintenance. There was less temptation in this way of life than in almost any that could be devised, and it would give Mrs. Underwood the comfort of a home with him. The great difficulty for the future was, that Felix was never likely to have capital enough to purchase, or become partner in, the business; but Mr. Froggatt explained that if he gained experience in the editing of the 'Pursuivant,'

he would be always able to obtain profitable employment, and that it was possible that he might eventually take the business, and pay an annual sum out of the profits to the Froggatt family, unless, indeed, something should turn up which would keep him in his natural station. Such was the hope lurking in the father's heart, even while he thankfully closed with the offer; and Felix was put in the way of studying book-keeping till the New Year, when he was to enter upon his duties and his salary.

Mr. Audley was greatly troubled. It was with incredulous vivacity that he inquired of Mr. Underwood if it were indeed true that Felix had accepted such prospects.

'Quite true,' said Mr. Underwood. 'You need not argue it with me, Audley; my own mind has said all you could say seven times over.'

'I should not venture on interference; but could you not let me try to do—something?'

'And welcome, my dear fellow: there are so many to be done for, that it is well one can do for himself.'

'But Felix—Felix out of them all!'

'As the voice I want to silence has said a thousand times! No; Felix seems capable of this, and it is not right to withhold him, and throw his education upon the kind friends who might be helping the other boys—boys whom I could not trust to fend for themselves and others, as I can that dear lad.'

'What he might be—'

'Who knows whether he may not be a greater blessing in this work, than in that which we should have chosen for him? He may be a leaven for good—among the men we have never been able to reach! My dear Audley, don't be a greater ass about it than I was at first!'

For the young curate really could not speak at first for a rush of emotion.

'It is not only for Felix's sake,' said he, smiling at last, 'but the way you take it.'

'And now, I am going to ask you to do something for me,' added Mr. Underwood. 'I had left this magnificent estate of mine entirely to my wife, appointing her sole guardian to my children. But I have begun to think how much has been taken from her by that shock of leaving Vale Leston, and by that wonderful resolute patience that—that I shall never be able to thank her for. I scarcely dare to let her know that I see it. And when I look on to the winter that is before her,' he added, much less calmly, 'I think she may not be long after me. I must add a guardian. Once we had many good friends. We have them still, I hope, but I cannot lay this on them. Our cousin Tom Underwood does not seem disposed to notice us, and his care might not be of the right kind. Our only other relation is Fulbert Underwood.'

'Who drove you from Vale Leston?'

'Who did what he had every right to do with his own,' said Mr. Underwood. 'But he is not the style of man to be asked, even if I could

saddle him with the charge. Probably twelve children to bring up on seven thousand pounds—a problem never put before us at Cambridge.'

'Do you honour me by—' asked the younger man, much agitated.

'Not by asking you to solve that problem! But to let me add your name. What I want is a guardian, who will not violently break up the home and disperse the children. I believe Felix will be a competent young head if he is allowed, and I want you to be an elder brother to him, and let him act.'

'You cannot give me greater comfort.'

'Only, Audley, this must be on one condition. Never let this guardianship interfere with any higher work that you may be called to. If I thought it would bind you down to Bexley, or even to England, I should refrain from this request as a temptation. Mind, you are only asked to act in case the children should lose their mother, and then only to enable Felix to be what I believe he can and will be. Or, as it may be right to add, if he should fail them, you will know what to do.'

'I do not think he will.'

'Nor I. But there are ways of failing besides the worst. However, I do not greatly fear this illness of mine taking root in them. It has not been in the family before; and I am nearly sure that I know when I took the infection, four or five years ago, from a poor man in Smoke-jack Alley, who would let no one lift him but me. They are healthy young things, all but dear little Cherry, and I hope they have spirits to keep care from making them otherwise. You will say a kind word to my little Cherry sometimes, Audley. Poor little woman, I am afraid it may fall sorely on her, she is of rather too highly strung a composition, and perhaps I have not acted so much for her good as my own pleasure, in the companionship we have had together.'

So the will was altered, though without the knowledge of anyone but Mrs. Underwood and the witnesses; and Mr. Audley felt himself bound to remonstrate no further against Felix's fate, however much he might deplore it.

Nobody was so unhappy about it as Edgar. The boy was incredulous at first, then hotly indignant. Then he got a burnt stick, and after shutting himself up in his attic for an hour, was found lying on the floor, before an awful outline on the whitewash. 'What is it, old fellow?' asked Felix. 'What a horrid mess!'

'I see,' said Lance. 'It is Friday grinning at the savages.'

'Or a scarecrow on the back of a ditch,' said Felix. 'Come, Ed, tell us what it is meant for.'

Edgar was impenetrable; but having watched the others out of the house, he dragged Geraldine up to see—something—

'Oh!' she cried. 'You've done it!'

'To be sure! You know it?'

'It is Achilles on the rampart, shouting at the Trojans! O Edgar—'

how brave he looks—how his hair flies! Some day you will get him in his god-like beauty!

‘Do you think he has not got any of it, Cherry?’ said Edgar, gazing wistfully. ‘I did see it all, but it didn’t come out—and now—’

‘I see what you mean,’ said Cherry, screwing up her eyes; it is in him to be glorious—a kind of lightning look.’

‘Yes, yes; that’s what I meant. All majesty and wrath, but no strain. O Cherry—to have such things in my head, and not get them out! Don’t you know what it is?’ as he rolled and flung himself about.

‘Oh yes!’ said Cherry from her heart. ‘Oh! I should so like to do one touch to his face, but he’s so big! You did him on a chair, and I could not stand on one.’

‘I’ll lift you up. I’ll hold you,’ cried Edgar.

The passion for drawing must have been very strong in the two children; for Geraldine was most perilously, and not without pain, raised to a chair, where, with Edgar’s arms round her waist, she actually worked for ten minutes at Achilles’ face, but his arm she declined. ‘It is not right, Eddy; look—that muscle in his elbow can never be so!’

‘I can’t see the back of mine, but you can,’ said Edgar, lifting her down, and proceeding to take off his coat and roll up his shirt-sleeve.

‘That’s the way. Oh! but it is not such an angle as that.’

‘Achilles’ muscles must have stood out more than mine, you know. I’ll get a look at Blunderbore’s. O Cherry, if I were but older—I know I could—I’d save Felix from this horrible thing! I feel to want to roar at old Froggy, like this fellow at the Trojans.’

‘Perhaps some day you will save him.’

‘Yes; but then he will have done it. Just fancy, Gerald, if *that* picture was as it ought to be—as you and I see it!’

‘It would be as grand as the world ever saw,’ said the little girl, gazing through her eye-lashes at the dim strokes in the twilight. ‘O Edgar, many a great man has begun in a garret!’

‘If it would not be so long hence! Oh! must you go down?’

‘I heard someone calling. You will be a great artist, I know, Edgar!’ It was pleasanter than the other criticism, at bed-time.

‘Hollo! Man Friday does not look quite so frightful!’ said Felix.

‘I’m sure I won’t have him over my bed,’ said Fulbert, proceeding to rub him out; and though, for the moment, Achilles was saved by violent measures of Edgar’s, yet before the end of the next day, Fulbert and Lance had made him black from head to foot, all but the whites of his eyes and his teeth; Robina and Angela had peeped in, and emulated the terror of the Trojans, or the savages; and Sibby had fallen on the young gentlemen for being ‘so bold’ as to draw a frightful phooka upon their walls, just to frighten the darlints. Indeed, it was long before Angela could be got past the door at night without shuddering, although Achilles had been obliterated by every possible method that Felix, Clement, or Sibby, could devise, and some silent tears of Cherry had

bewailed the conclusion of this effort of high art, the outline of which, in more moderate proportions, was cherished in that portfolio of hers.

Another work of art—the photograph—was safely accomplished. The photographer caught at the idea, declaring that he had been so often asked for Mr. Underwood's carte, that he had often thought of begging to take it gratis. And he not only insisted on so doing, but he came down from his studio, and took Mr. Underwood in his own chair, under his own window—producing a likeness which, at first sight, shocked everyone by its faithful record of the ravages of disease, unlightened by the fair colouring and lustrous beaming eyes, but which, by-and-by, grew upon the gazer, as full of a certain majesty of unearthly beauty of countenance.

The autumn was mild, and Mr. Underwood rallied in some measure, so as sometimes even to get to church at mid-day services on warm days.

It was on St. Andrew's Day that he was slowly walking home, leaning on Felix's arm, with the two elder girls close behind him, when Alda suddenly touched Wilmet's arm, exclaiming, 'There's Miralda Underwood!'

There indeed was the apparition of Centry Park, riding a pretty pony, beside a large and heavily-bearded personage. The recognition was instantaneous; Miralda was speaking to her companion, and at the same moment he drew up, and exclaiming, 'Edward! bless me!' was off his horse in a moment, and was wringing those unsubstantial fingers in a crushing grasp. There was not much to be seen of Mr. Underwood, for he was muffled up in a scarf to the very eyes, but they looked out of their hollow caves, clear, blue, and bright, and smiling as ever, and something like an answer came out of the middle of the folds.

'These yours? How d'ye do!—How d'ye do!—Mary, you don't get off till we come to the door!—Yes, I'll come in with you! Bless me! bless me! Mary has been at me ever so many times about you, but we've been had abroad for masters and trash, and I left it till we were settled here.'

It was not many steps to the door, and there Wilmet flew on to prepare her mother and the room, while Alda stood by as her cousin was helped from her horse by the groom, and the new comer followed in silence, while Felix helped his father up the steps, and unwound his wraps, after which he turned round, and with his own sunny look held out his hand, saying, 'How are you, Tom? I am glad to see you.—How d'ye do, Mary Alda? we are old friends.—Call your mother, one of you.'

The mother was at hand, and they entered the drawing-room, where, as the clergyman sank back into his arm-chair, the merchant gazed with increasing consternation at his wasted figure and features.

'How long has this been going on?' he asked, pointing to him and turning to Mrs. Underwood, but as usual her husband answered for her.

'How long have I been on the sick list? Only since the end of September, and I am better now than a month ago.'

‘Better! Have you had advice?’

‘Enough to know how useless it is.’

‘Some trumpery Union doctor. I’ll have Williams down before you are a day older.’

‘Stay, Tom. Thank you, most warmly, but you see yourself the best advice in the world could tell us no more than we know already. Are you really master of old Underwood Centry? I congratulate you.’

‘Ay. I’m glad the place should come back to the old name. Mrs. Underwood and myself both felt it a kind of duty, otherwise it went against the grain with her, and I’m afraid she’ll never take to the place. ’Twas that kept us abroad so long, though not for want of wishes from Mary and myself. The girl fell in love with yours at first sight.’

‘To be sure I did,’ said the young lady. ‘Do let me see the little ones, and your baby.’

‘Take your cousin to see them in the dining-room, Alda,’ said the mother; the order that Alda had been apprehending, for the dining-room was by many degrees more shabby than the drawing-room; however, she could only obey, explaining by the way that little Bernard, being two years old, was hardly regarded as a baby now.

Wilmet was in effect making him and Angela presentable as to the hands, face, hair, and pinafore, and appeared carrying the one and leading the other, who never having closely inspected anyone in a riding-habit before, hung back, whispering to know whether ‘that man was a woman.’

Marilda was in raptures, loving nothing so well as small children, and very seldom enjoying such an opportunity as the present; and the two babies had almost the whole of the conversation adapted to them, till Alda made an effort.

‘So you have been on the Continent?’

‘Oh yes; it was such a horrid bore. Mamma would go. She said I must have French masters, and more polish, but I don’t like French polish. I hope I’m just as English as I was before.’

‘That is undeniable,’ said Felix, laughing.

‘Didn’t you care for it? Oh! I should like it so much!’ cried Alda.

‘Like it? What, to hear French people chattering and gabbling all round one, and be always scolded for not being like them! There was a poor dog at the hotel that had been left behind by some English people, and could not bear the French voices, always snarled at them. I was just like him, and I got Papa to buy him and bring him home, and I always call him John Bull.’

‘But wasn’t it nice seeing places, and churches, and pictures?’ asked Geraldine.

‘That was most disgusting of all, to be bothered with staring at the stupid things. Mamma with her Murray standing stock still at them all, and making me read it out just like a lesson, and write it after, which was worse! And then the great bare shiny rooms with nothing to do. The only thing I liked was looking at a jolly little old woman that

sold hot chestnuts out in the street below. Such dear little children in round caps came to her ! Just like that,'—endeavouring to convert her pocket-handkerchief into the like head-gear for Robina.

'I have always so wanted to come here,' she continued, 'only I am afraid Mamma won't like the place. She says it's dull, and there's no good society. Is there?'

'I am sure we don't know,' said Wilmet.

'Lots of people are coming to stay with us for Christmas,' added Marilda, 'and you must all of you come and have all the fun with us.'

'Oh, thank you, how charming!' cried Alda. 'If Papa will but be well enough; he is so much better now.'

'He must come for change of air,' said Marilda. 'You can't think how pleased my father was to hear I had met you. He talked all the way home of how clever your father was, and how wickedly Cousin Fulbert at Vale Leston had served him, and he promised me when I came here I should have you with me very often. I would have written to tell you, only I do so hate writing. This is much better.'

Marilda seemed to have perfectly established herself among them before the summons came to her; and as the children herded to the door, her father turned round and looked at the boys inquiringly. 'There,' said Mr. Underwood, 'this is Felix, and this Edgar, sixteen and fourteen.'

'Bless me, what a number, and as much alike as a flock of sheep,' again exclaimed the cousin. 'One or two more or less would not make much odds—eh, Edward?—Mary, what kissing all round?—D'ye know them all?—I'll look in to-morrow or next day, and you'll give me your answer, Edward.'

They were off, and at Mr. Underwood's sign Felix followed him into the sitting-room, to the great excitement of the exterior population, who unanimously accepted Alda's view, that one of them was going to be adopted. Their notion was not so much out as such speculations generally are, for Mr. Underwood was no sooner alone with Felix and his mother than he said, 'You are in request, Felix; here's another offer for one of you—the very thing I once missed. What say you to a clerkship at Kedge Brothers?'

'For one of us, did you say, Father?'

'Yes; the answer I am to give to-morrow is as to which. You have the first choice.'

'Do you wish me to take it, Father?'

'I wish you to think. Perhaps this is the last time I shall have any decision to make for you, and I had rather you should make your own choice; nor indeed am I sure of my own wishes.'

'Then,' said Felix decidedly, 'I am sure I had better not. Edgar would not, and must not, go to my work; there would be nothing coming in for ever so long, and it would be a shame to throw old Froggy over.'

'I rather expected this, Felix. I told Tom you were in a manner

provided for, but when he found you had a turn for business, he was the more anxious to get you.'

'I've got no turn that I know of,' said Felix, rather gloomily; 'but we can't all of us set up for gentlemen, and Edgar is the one of us all that ought to have the very best! Such a fellow as he is! He is sure of the prize this time, you know! I only don't think this good enough for him! He ought to go to the University. And maybe when Mr. Underwood sees—'

'Not impossible,' said the sanguine father, smiling; 'and at any rate, to get put in the way of prosperity early may make his talents available. It is odd that his first name should be Thomas. Besides, I do not think your mother could get on without you. And Felix,' he lowered his voice, 'I believe that this is providential. Not only as securing his maintenance, but as taking him from Ryder. Some things have turned up lately when he has been reading with me, that have dismayed me. Do you know what I mean?'

'A little,' said Felix gravely.

'I know Ryder would be too honourable consciously to meddle with a boy's faith; but the worst of it is, he does not know what is meddling, and he likes Edgar, and talks eagerly to him. And the boy enjoys it.'

'He does,' said Felix, 'but he knows enough to be on his guard. There can't be any harm done.'

'Not yet! Not but what can be counteracted, if—Felix, you cannot guess how much easier it makes it to me to go, that Edgar will not be left in Ryder's hands. As to the younger ones, such things do not come down to the lower forms. And they will be eligible for clergy orphans. Audley spoke of a choristership for Clement in the clergy-house at Whittingtonia. Was there ever such a raising up of friends and helpers? I am glad to have seen Tom Underwood, hearty, kindly—sure to be always a good friend to you all. What did you think of the girl, Felix?'

'She is a jolly sort of girl,' said Felix; 'not like ours, you know, Father, but not half a bad fellow.'

Mr. Underwood smiled thoughtfully, and asked, 'Have you seen enough of her to judge how she is brought up?'

It was treating his son so much more as a friend than as a boy, that Felix looked up surprised. 'I should think her mother wanted to make her no end of a swell,' he said, 'and that it would not take.'

Mr. Underwood leant back thoughtfully. In truth, his cousin had, in his outburst of affection and remorse at long unconscious neglect, declared his intention of taking home one of the girls to be as a sister to his Mary, and then evidently bethinking himself of some influence at home, had half taken back his words, and talked of doing something, bringing his wife to see about it, &c.

And when Mr. and Mrs. Underwood were again alone, they discussed the probabilities, and considered whether if the offer were made they would accept it. Mr. Underwood had only seen his cousin's wife

once, in his prosperous days, when he had been at the wedding, and his impression was not that of perfect refinement. There was reason to think from the words of her husband and daughter that there was a good deal of the *nouveau riche* about her, and Mrs. Underwood did not know how to think of trusting a daughter in a worldly, perhaps irreligious, household. But Mr. Underwood was a good deal touched by his cousin's warmth and regret; he believed that the family kept up religious habits; he thought that Providence had brought him friends in this last hour, and his affectionate sanguine spirit would not hesitate in accepting the kindness that provided for another of the children he was leaving. She trusted him as sure to know best; and after her usual mode said no more, except 'Wilmet would be safest there.'

'You could spare her least.'

'Yes, indeed, it would be losing my right hand; but poor Alda—'

'Poor Alda! but consider if there is not worse evil in keeping her among girls who hurt her if they do not Wilmet. Beauty and wounded vanity are dangerous in a place like this.'

'Dangerous anywhere!'

'Less so in a great house, with that good honest Mary Alda, and Tom, who will look after her in the main, than here, or as a governess, with an inferior education.'

'It may be so. I know I can spare her better than her sister.'

'Wilmet is doing something for herself too—as Alda cannot, it seems. Justice settles the point, dearest, as it did between the boys—that is, if we have the offer.'

Perhaps the mother still had a lurking hope that the offer would not be made. Her instinct was to keep all her brood round her; but, silent and deferential woman that she was, she said nothing, and resolved to be thankful for what so eased her husband's mind.

The handsome carriage tore up to the door, and violet velvet and feathers descended, Mary Alda sprang after, and then came her father, and hampers on hampers of game, wine, and fruits, ensued; while Marilda seized on Alda, and turned of herself into the dining-room, bearing a box of sweets. 'Where are the little ones? Little Bobbie, here; and all the rest.'

Not many calls were needful to bring a flock to share the feast, with cries of joy; but Marilda was not yet satisfied.

'Where's the other of you?' she said to Alda. 'I don't know you well apart yet.'

'Wilmet's in the kitchen,' thrust in Lancelot, 'ironing the collars for Sunday.'

'Lance!' uttered Alda indignantly.

'Oh! what fun! do let me go down and see! I should so like to iron.'

'But, Marilda—your Mamma—'

'Oh nonsense, come along, shew me the way. That's right, Robins,

only your hands are so sticky. What, down here!—Oh, Wilmet, how d'ye do? what delicious work! do you always do it?'

'Generally, if Sibby is busy.'

'Do let me try.'

And she did try for ten minutes, at the end of which the mother's voice was heard calling for Edgar, who, turning crimson, went up-stairs, leaving the others standing about the tidy kitchen, fresh sanded for Saturday.

'What, not you!' said Marilda, pausing in her smoothing operations, and looking at Felix.

'No,' said he. 'I have got my work.'

'Oh! don't talk of it,' said Alda. 'I can't bear it. I didn't think he was in earnest, or that Papa would let him.'

Marilda turned full round. 'What, you won't go and be my father's clerk, and be one of Kedge and Underwood, and make a fortune?'

Felix shook his head.

'And what is your work instead?'

'Printing,' said Felix stoutly. 'It gives present payment, and we can't do without it.'

Both Marilda's hands seized on his. 'I like you!' she said. 'I wish I were you.'

They all laughed, and Felix coloured, more abashed than pleased. Lance—to make up for his ignominious rescue at their last meeting—performed a wonderful progress, holding on by his fingers and toes along the ledge of the dresser; and Marilda, setting her back (a broad one) against the ironing-board, went on talking.

'And do you know what besides?' looking round, and seeing they did not. 'One of you girls is to come and live with me, and be my sister. I wanted to have this little darling Angela to pet, but Mamma wouldn't have her, and I did so beg for Geraldine, to let her have a sofa and a pony-carriage! I do want something to nurse! But Mamma won't hear of anybody but one of you two great ones, to learn and do everything with me; and that's not half the use.'

'But is it really?' cried Alda.

'Yes, indeed! You'll be had up for her to choose from—that is, if she can. How exactly alike you are!'

'She won't choose me,' said Wilmet. 'Hark, there's Edgar coming down.'

Edgar ran in, with orders to the twins to go into the drawing-room. Wilmet hung back. 'I will not be the one,' she said resolutely. 'Let Alda go alone.'

'No,' said Felix, 'it is what you are told that you've got to do now. Never mind about the rest! Let us all come out of this place.' And it was he who took off his sister's ironing apron as they went up to the dining-room together, while Marilda cried eagerly, 'Well, Edgar?'

'Well,' said Edgar, not in the enchanted voice she expected; 'it is very good of your father, and what must be must.'

'Don't you like it?' said Marilda, half hurt; and Edgar, always a boy of ready courtesy, answered, 'Yes, yes, I'm no end of grateful. I'll get rich, and go abroad, and buy pictures. Only I did hope to paint them.'

'Paint pictures!' cried Marilda. 'What, rather than be a merchant! Do such stupid useless things, only to bother people with having to stare at them, when you could be making money?'

'There's no reason one should not make money with pictures,' said Edgar; 'but I'd rather make delight! But it can't be helped, and I am very glad to have done with this horrid place.'

Meantime Wilmet and Alda found themselves before a large, florid, much-dressed lady, with a most good-natured face, who greeted them with 'Good morning, my dears! Just as Marilda told me, so much alike as to be quite romantic. Well, no doubt it is a pity to separate between you, but my Marilda will be a true sister. She has spoken of nothing else. Are you willing, either of you, my dears?'

'Ay!' chimed in Mr. Thomas Underwood; 'we'll make you happy, whichever it is! You shall be in all respects like our own child; Mary would see to that, if we didn't.'

'As to choice,' said the lady, 'there's none that I can see—pretty genteel girls both, that will do us credit, unless it is their own fault. Excellent governess, London masters—you may be assured everything shall be done for her.'

'Shall we toss up which it shall be?' laughed her husband.

'No,' said Mr. Underwood gently. 'We think that this one,' laying his hand on Alda's arm, 'will value these advantages, and is not quite such a home-bird as her sister. I hope you will find a grateful good child in Alda Mary, and a kind sister to Mary Alda.'

The tears came into Alda's eyes, as her father seemed thus making her over; a great rush of affection for all at home, and contempt for Mary Alda in comparison with her own twin, seemed to take away any elation, as Mr. and Mrs. Tom Underwood kissed her, and welcomed her, and declared they should like to take her home at once.

'You shall have her soon,' said Mr. Underwood. 'Let me keep her for Christmas Day.'

And for Christmas Day he did keep her, though at the bottom of Alda's heart there were strong hopes of invitations to join the festivities at Centry Underwood. Indeed, such a party was insisted on by Marilda, one that was to include all the little ones, and make them happier than ever they had been in their lives. It was to be on Twelfth-Day, but Mrs. Underwood hinted to the twins that they had better not talk to the younger ones about it, for she scarcely believed it could be. She had never before spoken out that conviction which had long crushed her down, and Wilmet's whole soul seemed for the moment scared away by this fresh intimation of the condition in which their father stood; while Alda vehemently repeated the old declaration that he was better. He said he was better. Alas! Such a better as it always was.

‘How well you ought to be!’ said Mr. Audley one day at the reiteration, ‘better every day!’

‘Yes, and best of all at last!’ was the reply, with a sweet smile.

For he was very happy. The partial provision for the four eldest children, two by their own exertions, two through friends, had evidently been received by him as an earnest of protection and aid for the rest, even to the babe whom he scarcely expected ever to see in this world. He said it would be ungrateful not to trust, and he did trust with all his heart, cheered as it was by the tardy cordiality of his cousin, and the indefinable love of kindred that was thus gratified. Thomas Underwood poured in good things of all kinds on the invalid and his house, fulfilled his promise of calling in further advice, and would have franked half the family to Torquay—Nice—Madeira—if the doctors had given the slightest encouragement. It could be of little ultimate avail; but the wine and soup did give support and refreshment bodily, and produced much gratitude and thankfulness mentally, besides lightening some of Mrs. Underwood’s present cares.

No one was more anxious to help than Mr. Ryder; he was assiduous in his inquiries and offers of service, ever since the attack at Michaelmas; and it was evident that he really venerated the Curate, while he was a severe and contemptuous judge of the Rector. But when after a brilliant examination, he became aware that he was to lose both the elder Underwoods at once, his mortification was great; he came to call, and Mr. Underwood had again to undergo an expostulation on Felix’s prospects, and an offer of keeping him free of expense. The school-fee was a mere trifle, but Mr. Ryder would willingly have boarded and lodged the boy himself—for the benefit of his authority, as he said, over younger boarders.

‘I am afraid,’ said Mr. Underwood, kind and grateful as usual, ‘that there are too many younger boarders here for Felix to be spared. No, thank you, I am sincerely obliged to you; but the hard cash is a necessary consideration.’

‘And you can sacrifice such a boy’s prospects—’

‘Bread and cheese *must* be earned, even at the cost of prospects. He cannot afford to wait to make his labour skilled.’

‘Forgive me, Mr. Underwood, but I cannot think it is right to throw away his abilities.’

‘You can allow that it is a less wrong than to leave the rest to debt or starvation.’

‘You should trust—’

‘I do trust; but I can do so better when I humble what is nothing but pride and vanity in me after all. I was foolish enough about it at first, but I am quite content now that my boy should do his duty, without being curious as to where it is done.’

‘You will tell me a school-master’s vanity is concerned; and I allow it is, for I looked to your sons to raise the reputation of the school; but

perhaps it is only put off a little longer. Will you let me have Clement or Fulbert, on the terms I proposed for Felix ?'

'No, Ryder ; with many many thanks, much feeling of your generous kindness—it cannot be.'

'You do not trust me.' This was said with as much indignation as could be shewn to a man in Mr. Underwood's condition.

'No. Your very kindness would make the tone I regret in you more perilous. Do not think Felix ungrateful, Ryder ; the desire is mine—and remember, it is that of a man who is dying, and who really loves and values you greatly. It is that the younger boys should, as soon as may be, go to schools where older systems prevail.'

Mr. Ryder was exceedingly mortified, and though he tried hard to conceal the full extent of his annoyance, he could not help saying, 'You know how I respect your motives ; but let me say that I doubt your finding any place where the ideas you deprecate are not to be found. And—pardon me—may not the finding their progress obstructed by your scruples, the more indispose your sons to them ?'

'I hope not,' said Mr. Underwood calmly. 'I hope it may shew them how strong the approach of death makes that faith—nay rather assurance—with which your party are tampering.'

'You are not doing me justice, Mr. Underwood. You know that my faith and hope are at the core the same as your own. All our question is what outworks are untenable.' Again he spoke hotly, but Mr. Underwood's gentleness seemed to silence him.

'And that there should be any such question proves—alas!—the utter difference between our belief. Ryder, you are a young man, and as I believe and trust, verily in earnest ; and some day, I think, you will understand what faith is. Meantime, your uncertainties are doing more mischief than you understand—they pervade all your teaching more than you know. I dread what they may do to such as have not your moral sense to restrain them, and bring them back, as I pray—I hope ever to pray—it may be with you. Thank you for all your kindness, actual and intended, to my boys.'

Then rising from his chair, while Mr. Ryder remained uncertain how to speak, he signed to him to remain still while he sought in his book-case and returned with a small old copy of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*. Sat down again, and wrote the school-master's name in it, above his own 'Under-wode, Under-rode' stamp. 'Keep it, Ryder ; I do not say that you will care for it now, but some day, I think you will ; and if I am allowed to know of it, it will be joy.'

Mr. Ryder could only wring the hand that held it out to him, and with a great effort say, 'Thank you.' He saw that Mr. Underwood was too much tired to prolong the conversation ; but he wrote a note of warm thanks that evening, promising to do whatever lay in his power for the boys, that their father would not think dangerous for them ; and he added, that whatever he should for the future think or say, such an

example as he had now seen was a strong weight on its own side. It was warmly and tenderly put, and like everything that befell him, gratified Mr. Underwood.

A very happy man he had been, as he sincerely told those who would have grieved over him, and not without some remorse. 'Yes,' as he said to Mr. Audley, who watched him like a son, 'it is indeed the LORD Who hath led me all my life through. I never had a want or a care unfulfilled till nine years ago. Then just as I had become sluggish and mechanical in fixed habits of easy country work, came this thorough change, break, and rousing. I tell you, I can never be thankful enough for the mercy. Not to leave them all provided for, as the saying is, would I go back to be such a priest as I was becoming. Happy—yes, I have been much happier here, since no choice was left me but working up to my strength.'

'And beyond it,' said Mr. Audley sadly.

'If so—well; so much the better!' he said. 'It is a blessing to be allowed to be spent in that service. And for the children; I wish only for work and goodness for them—and for that I may well trust my good Master.'

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD'S CRUSADE.

BY EVELYN TOD.

CHAPTER V.

NEWS FROM THE EAST.

RAOUL stood by, struggling with an undefinable sense of injustice. He was to be treated as the delinquent, while Aloys, who had really played the part of tempter, was to be caressed and almost overwhelmed with affection. It was true, it always had been so, ever since that winter when the two boys had half-drowned themselves in trying whether the ice on the castle moat would bear; when Aloys had received all the tending and petting and restoring with spiced wine that Blanche and her women could give him, while Raoul only got a kick from Messire Geoffroi, and was told to go to the fire and dry himself. And he had accepted this state of things uncomplainingly; but when Gualtier seemed to address himself to Françoise rather than to Raoul, it was almost too much to bear. Had he not watched over Aloys with all possible care and love, and was he now to be set aside as if in too deep disgrace to be spoken to?

Gualtier had sat down on the bed, with his arm round Aloys' neck; and though he hardly uttered a word, he kept gazing at the child with a

long wistful look as if he feared he might vanish away. Once or twice he drew him closer, and kissed his forehead, or murmured a few epithets of affection; and this seemed to be pleasure enough for both of them, for neither asked a question. The Crusader's eyes were beginning to glisten, perhaps with thoughts of the fair young wife he had left when he set out, high in hope, for Palestine, and who now lay cold in her grave, and could give him no greeting home.

Presently the Sire de Cervoies strode in—'Gualtier!'

De la Ferté started, and rose to his feet with a readiness that was painful to see, while a sort of scared look came over his face, telling only too plainly how often for him a word had been followed by a blow. Then as if remembering that he was among friends, he smiled—a melancholy smile, that had hardly anything of mirth in it.

'There, sit thee down, Gualtier,' said the old Sire, almost pushing him back again; 'I meant not to disturb thee. How hast thou found thy boy?'

De la Ferté stroked Aloys' raven hair back from his forehead, and took a long tender look at him. 'He is not like his mother,' he said at last, with a disappointed air.

'He is a great deal too much like thyself, Gualtier,' said the Sire kindly. 'Too pale and thin. Why, my friend, I hardly knew thee when first I saw thee at the harbour, doing galley-slave's work among the common sailors.'

'Do you think anything of that?' said Gualtier, with the same smile, which seemed to be his nearest approach to a laugh. 'It is play to what I have had to do—been made to do,' he went on, with more animation. 'Fourteen hours a day, under a task-master's lash, is enough to tame the loftiest spirit. There I toiled on, weary and faint, thinking of poor Marguerite all the while, and keeping up my heart with the hope that I might one day escape and come back to her. And now I have come too late!'

'Where hast thou been then in this Egyptian bondage?' asked De Cervoies after a pause, wishing to lead his friend away from thoughts of the dead.

Gualtier answered more cheerfully. 'You know, Messire de Cervoies, how I sailed with the *Compte de Dampierre* for the Holy Land. Well, for our deeds there, I can tell you but little; I was a simple knight, knowing nothing of our leader's plans; and I think this long captivity has confused my brain. But men said that Reginald de Dampierre broke the truce the King of Jerusalem had made with the Infidels; and if so, we were heavily punished for that sin; for after some hard fighting about Antioch, our small host was all slain or taken by the Armenians. I fell to the share of a chieftain among them, who gave me kind usage for the time; but there came a Saracen slave-merchant that way—worse luck for me—and I was sold to him. It would take long to tell you, Messire, of all my wanderings; but the end was, that I was bought by a rich

noble at Cairo, who had many slaves, both Christian and heathen. He paid high for me—I was stronger then than I am now—and he had his money's worth out of me with a vengeance. Ask me no more; a man loves not to remember how he has been starved and fettered and beaten into a patient thrall—faugh! it makes me ill to think on't.'

He drew a long breath, and continued, 'Not so patient, though, that I did not watch for a chance of escape. I ran away at last—fled to the desert—then made my way to Alexandria, where I found a trading vessel bound to Marseilles.'

'If you had been brought back—' said Aloys, shuddering, as he looked up in his father's face.

'They never should have brought me back alive,' answered Gualtier calmly; 'I had seen deserters brought back often enough to know what that would be.'

'So thou wast taken on board?' said the Sire.

'Ay; and the mariners were good to me after their rough fashion, though they made me work my passage home, whereat you were so indignant, Messire. Then, by God's good grace, I met you here, and you told me . . . Well, I will not murmur at my lot; God has given me back this one'—he drew Loy towards him, 'whom you thought lost also.'

'I did think so,' said De Cervoles; 'I made sure of it, till a lad who had been on this wild Crusade I told thee of, brought me word he had seen Saint-André at Marseilles, and I straightway came in quest myself; a happy quest it has been in that I have found thee, my poor Gualtier.'

'And this is the son of my old friend Saint-André, then?' said De la Ferté, glancing towards Raoul, who had stood in silence all this time.

'Ha! that young scape-grace—I had forgotten him,' exclaimed De Cervoles; and turning sharply upon the culprit, he demanded, 'What mischief took thee here?'

Raoul had consented to sign that submissive letter which had, of course, missed the Sire; but as for saying anything in the same penitent strain, that was quite another matter, so he answered briefly, 'The Crusade.'

'The foul fiend, I think,' quoth De Cervoles, snapping his riding-whip against his boot with an ominous frown. 'Tell me the whole story—how didst thou leave the Castle?'

Raoul gave the history of the escape and the march at full length, neither defending himself, nor unduly criminating Loy, but recounting it all in the most matter-of-fact way, without a word of apology. His heart throbbed, and his sun-burnt face turned white; but the more frightened and ashamed he grew, the more he hardened himself into an appearance of unabashed stubbornness, and a passionate man like De Cervoles might well be irritated by the boy's manner.

'Why didst thou not ask my leave before setting out on this mad expedition?' said the Sire, when he had heard all.

'Because,' answered Raoul steadily, 'we knew that it would not be given.'

'Take that for an insolent varlet!' exclaimed the old Sire, now thoroughly enraged; and raising his hand, he brought his riding-whip down on the boy's shoulders with no measured blow.

The storm had come at last, and Raoul was aware that, if report did not belie the Sire, his fits of passion were long and fierce. Setting his teeth and squeezing his fingers together, he stood unflinchingly; but he heard a cry from Aloys; and Gualtier, who till then had been occupied with his son, and had apparently paid no heed to what was going on, looked up.

'Messire de Cervoles,' exclaimed Loy eagerly, 'indeed, indeed I persuaded him. I led him on; he would never have done it but for me. Oh pray—'

Gualtier rose, and striding forward, just intercepted a stroke that was about to fall on Raoul.

'Thy pardon, Gualtier. Confound thee, man, why dost thou get in the way?' exclaimed De Cervoles, as the Crusader shewed no intention of moving, and kept his place between the Sire and the object of his wrath. 'I did not mean to touch thee.'

Gualtier smiled, rather as if he meant to say that he was accustomed to it; and then added, 'I should take it as a favour, my Lord, if you would excuse young Saint-André. Surely the boy has had punishment enough.'

'Whatever he has had, he can be unmannerly enough,' said De Cervoles sternly. 'Stand aside, Gualtier; I am no such tyrant that thou must needs come between me and him; stand off, I say, and then I'll hear thee.'

The Crusader obediently stepped to one side, knowing well that any attempt to prevent, even passively, the will of his lord being done, would be fatal to his chance of success; but he did not therefore desert Raoul: 'It is the first request I have made for a long time.'

'And a pretty request it is,' returned the Sire, half laughing, half angry. 'Here hast thou been away these ten years in Armenia, Alexandria, and Heaven knows where, and then thou comest home to back up Raoul Saint-André in his insolence!'

'See you not,' said Gualtier, more gravely, as he turned again to Aloys, 'that my own boy here is, by all accounts, as much rebel and runaway as Raoul Saint-André, so I have an interest in the matter.'

'I leave Loy to thee—spoil him if thou wilt; but Raoul is my affair.'

'Messire de Cervoles,' said Gualtier earnestly, 'Loy tells me he should have died on the road had it not been for Raoul's care, and for that alone I should take his part. I may be very foolish, but after ten years' slavery I might be indulged with my own way for once. Forgive the boy, for my sake.'

The Sire looked doubtfully at his favourite vassal for a moment; then thrusting Raoul from him, he said, 'There, youngster, thou art pardoned, and thou mayst thank Sir Gualtier for it.'

Thanks had already been whispered by Aloys, who was rejoicing in the belief that his father, at any rate, did not think he had done wrong in going on the Crusade; and thus the matter was left for the time.

Maître Olivier, who had rather taken a liking to Raoul, did him good service by praising his devotion to Aloys, when the Sire asked how he had met with the two boys, and also by mentioning that Raoul had despatched a very proper and submissive letter to Château Cervoles. The Sire, be it said, was a little out of his element in the merchant's house, having been in the habit of denouncing all merchants, whether of Marseilles, Venice, or Genoa, as mercenary scoundrels who would sell Christendom to the Turks for a little profit; and the consciousness of this made the old noble so lofty and precise in his courtesy, even when he was assuring Olivier that his castle should ever be open to him when he needed a shelter, that he was quite appalling. But Gualtier, who had mixed much more with men of all ranks, and who was inclined at the present minute to regard everyone who was not a Saracen as his friend and brother, was under no constraint; he won the good wife's heart by thanking her earnestly for her care of his child, talked freely to Maître Olivier, and said a few amiable words to Françoise, which almost overcame her dread and dislike of a nobleman. Broken down as he was, starting nervously at a sudden noise or a raised voice, De la Ferté still bore himself like a knight and a gentleman, and had time amid all the sorrow and joy which took possession of him by turns, to think of other people. When he was left alone after supper-time with Aloys, and Raoul, looking for a moment into the room, retreated as he caught sight of the Crusader, Gualtier called him in. 'Here, Raoul, I have to speak with thee.' Still bitter and angry, the boy came forward, oppressed by a feeling that he owed some gratitude to De la Ferté for having taken his part, and being at the same time too haughty to express it. But to his surprise, he found himself being thanked for his care of and friendship to Aloys; and though he guessed that his companion's affection had made the most of all his good deeds, still it was very pleasant to find that there was one man in the world, and that man a hero like Sir Gualtier de la Ferté, who did not consider him an utter reprobate. No one, except his mother, had ever spoken to him so tenderly before.

'One word more,' said the Crusader at last; 'Raoul, I am very sorry that Aloys should ever have led thee to wrong.'

'Wrong!' cried Aloys; 'it was God's service, my father.'

'God's service, to cast off all obedience due to those whom God placed over you, to bind yourselves by rash and unhallowed vows, to plot escape in secret? Will either of you tell me that that is serving God?'

'Methought it was,' said Aloys boldly, 'otherwise I never should have done it.'

'Yes! the old story,' murmured Gualtier to himself. 'I suppose Reginald de Dampierre would never have broken a truce except to

serve God; and these children can make the same pretext as well as we.'

'Granted that it was wrong, we have had to pay heavily for it,' said Raoul abruptly. 'If you knew what that march from Vendôme to Marseilles was.'

'And if ye knew what the end of the Crusade has been, ye would think yourselves highly favoured in that your journey was checked,' said Gualtier gravely. 'It was a fearful tale that I heard at Alexandria—little did I wot that a child of mine had been so near the same destruction.'

'Were they wrecked?' cried Raoul; while Aloys said nothing, but gazed with wild startled eyes.

'Some were, I believe—the happier they.' And Gualtier forthwith unfolded to his horrified listeners the sad history, as far as he knew it, which the old Cistercian chronicler, Alberic de Trois Fontaines, has preserved for us.

'It seems these children embarked in vessels appertaining to certain merchants of this town—'

'Hugues Ferreus and Guillaume Porcus,' interpolated Raoul. 'They were to land them on the Syrian coast.'

'They landed them, some at Bugie, some at Alexandria, and sold every one of them to Saracen princes and slave-dealers.'

Raoul started back as if he had been stabbed, and after a moment's silence, exclaimed, 'Maitre Olivier was right! Traitorous, cowardly villains! O Heaven! that I were a man to give them their deserts! Cruel—false—how can such things be done?'

But Aloys turned his face away and burst into a flood of tears. Then it was all over! This was the conclusion of the enterprise in which he had so steadfastly believed. It had been a hard trial to him that he himself could not take part in it; but he had never ceased hoping for its success; and what had it ended in?

Thousands of Christian children had perished, some of hunger, thirst, and weariness; some wrecked on the Recluse Rock; some martyred (at least so Alberic tells us) by the Saracens, thus expiating their folly by a noble death; while the survivors, save a few who, like Raoul and Aloys, had stopped short on the road, were doomed by the treachery of fellow-Christians to life-long slavery under the Infidels. Not one of these, as was reported by a young clerk among them who was bought by the Calif, and who afterwards recovered his liberty, consented to embrace the religion of Mohammed.

As befitted the different natures of the two boys, Aloys' grief was far the deepest. Even when his weeping was over, and he had thrown himself back on the bed, fairly worn out, he still refused to be comforted, and lay in a silent wretchedness that was worse than tears. The fiercer Raoul paced up and down the room, heaping maledictions on the heads of Ferreus and Porcus; till with a last angry exclamation, he put his

hand to his shoulder, and began to tear away the Cross from his doublet :
 ‘There ; I renounce my vow.’

‘Hold,’ said De la Ferté, stopping the boy’s hand. ‘Vows may not be so lightly renounced. But take courage, Raoul ; thou hast all thy life before thee, and one false step at the outset need not drive thee to despair. Only remember, both of you, that an enterprise begun in disobedience and deceit will scarce come to any good at the end.’

And this was the last that was said of the matter. When the Sire forgave, he forgave thoroughly ; and perhaps, when his first anger was over, Raoul rather rose in his estimation from the courage and determination he had shewn even in his folly. How the Dame de Saint-André cried and rejoiced over her long-lost son, or how Blanche de Nogent went into ecstasies over the recovery of her darling little Loy, may be left to imagination ; or how warm a welcome Gualtier met with from the Knights De Nogent and Saint-André, and, in short, from every living soul who owed allegiance to the Sire de Cervoles ; and though no friends could restore to him the fair young wife he had lost, at least they did their best to make him forget the miseries of his ten years’ captivity.

The memory of the Child’s Crusade soon grew faint. The Pope’s only remark when he heard of its untimely ending was, ‘These children are a reproach to us for slumbering, whilst they fly to the succour of the Holy Land.’ Some of the Chronicles of the time dismiss it with a few cold words,—‘*Expeditio derisoria—nugatoria.*’ ‘*Totum istud negotium ad nihilum est redactum, quia super nihilum erat fundatum,*’—reduced to nothing, because it was founded upon nothing,—says the Archbishop of Genoa, speaking of the German army of children, which melted away under the walls of that city.* A church was afterwards raised by Gregory IX. to the memory of these infant martyrs in the Island of San Pietro, where the bodies of those wrecked on the Recluse Rock had been washed ashore.

As Gualtier de la Ferté predicted, the Pope refused to free the few survivors of the expedition from their vows. They were still bound to pay them when they reached man’s estate. But Aloys was destined never to fulfil his, for the hardships of that weary march had worn out a constitution originally delicate, and in five years from the time that rash oath was sworn, the younger De la Ferté went to his grave, a victim to his own enthusiastic fancy. His last words were spoken to his friend, who, mere stripling as he was, had enrolled himself among a band of warriors about to join the King of Hungary’s Crusade :—‘Raoul, thou wilt remember me at Jerusalem.’

(To be continued.)

* V. p. 45, Jacobi a Voragine, Muratori, ix.

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

PART II.—CHAPTER XI.

THE hospitals of London may not be perfect, but they are probably some of the best-managed institutions in this country. They will be better still when they are served by a whole staff of unpaid officials, seeking to follow their Saviour in this ministry of love. We truly believe, however, that those who receive payment for these services can in like manner offer them up with a willing mind, a holy intention, and can therefore, similarly with others, be very servants of Him Who so stringently laid upon us the duty of caring for the sick and for the poor. Only we may better depend upon the motives of the whole range of unpaid nurses, than of the collective force and staff of our present officials; all honour nevertheless to those amongst them in this, as in other vocations, who are seeking to do their work 'as unto the Lord, and not to man.'

In a ward of one of our great London hospitals had the poor old Gipsev Madge been lying for the last ten days, sorely pained in body, and greatly troubled in her mind; with a broken leg, which was never likely to be united, and the prospect of the workhouse, which she hated, for the last days, months, or it might be years, of her life.

Madge had gained a little strength with the careful attendance and better fare of the hospital, and the chaplain was pleased to find himself probably mistaken in one point of his advertisement. He was not, however, as well pleased to observe a growing hardness as the old Gipsev amended in health, and he was not so hopeful of any result from the meeting which he had so earnestly desired.

He had almost given up hope that the Gipsev children would hear of his summons, when a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Miss Gray, called upon him to make inquiry concerning the old woman he had befriended.

'I am afraid she is in quite a different mood now,' replied the Chaplain; 'and I shall have to make some explanation to the young persons if they ever come before me. She seemed at one time very repentant concerning past faults, and some misdeed of hers about a letter weighed very much upon her mind. And I took up this point, because there seemed a possibility of restitution. There had evidently been a great stir at one time regarding the document, and she might perhaps restore it to the family of her from whom it had been detained.'

'Did she say to whom the letter was addressed?' inquired Robin; 'or where it might be found?'

'No,' replied the Chaplain; 'but I fancy it might be produced, if it should be important to "Robin and Amy" to have it. But she would not, or could not, give it up to me.'

'It may possibly be important,' replied Robin. 'Consequently, my

sister and I quitted Rome for this country as soon as we saw the advertisement, for which we greatly thank you. Partly on old Madge's account, and partly on our own. We are Robin and Amy.'

Very wide were the good clergyman's eyes opened upon hearing this announcement, to think that he had summoned a lady and gentleman from a Continental excursion, instead of calling up two rough Gipsies out of a road-side tent.

'We found ourselves calling at a wrong hour,' remarked Amy, 'therefore we thought it better to ask if you would kindly give us information as to whether Madge were still living, which we are very glad to find to be the case.'

'Not only living, but rallying in a great measure,' replied the Chaplain. 'It was only the dinner-hour, and perhaps you will come in with me now.'

'We must let the poor thing have her dinner,' said Amy, 'for she may refuse it if our visit should in any way excite her.'

But the dinner hour was over now, and the Chaplain took them back immediately into the wards.

It was a singular spectacle, the contrast of the poor old creature's walnut complexion and black eyes with the extreme whiteness of the clean linen. Old Madge gave a keen glance as the party approached her bed-side.

'Here are some friends inquiring for you,' said the Chaplain kindly; and then, with much consideration, he immediately quitted the ward.

Their opening address was scarcely ready, so full were the visitors of recollections upon seeing old Madge; but they drew near to the helpless woman, and Amy, taking her hand, said very gently, 'Can we do anything for you?'

'No,' said the old woman rather sullenly, for she was not inclined to converse with strangers; 'no thank you, Ma'am. I am afraid you can't mend my leg for me, as the doctors don't think they can. And they give me all I want here, except what they would not allow you to give me.' Her keen eye wandered from Amy to Robin. 'I've seen you before, young gentleman,' said she; 'why do you come here?'

'To see you again,' replied Robin readily; 'and perhaps you may do something yet for my fortune.'

'I can't help you to your fortune just now,' replied Madge feebly. 'I've had an accident, and broke my leg badly, and I'm very ill.'

'And you have been unhappy, lying here so long,' continued the youth kindly. He vexed himself immediately for alluding to her unsatisfactory trade, and went on with the more interesting subject. 'That good gentleman, the Chaplain, has been very kind to you, I know.'

'Yes; as far as he could, he has.'

'Do you know what he has tried to do for you? You wished to find out some people whom you knew once as a little boy and girl, Madge.'

'And how came you to know it?' said Madge angrily. 'What is it

to anybody else what I wanted him to do? He did not find them, and I should not want to see them now if he did. And how do you know my name, pray?

'The little boy and girl knew it, Madge. And we know that little boy and girl.'

'Then keep them out of my way,' said the old woman. 'Don't bring them here. Promise me; I don't want to see them, *ever*. Remember that. But you may tell me what they look like now that they are grown up.'

'The boy is a tall man, as tall as I am,' replied Robin, 'and is getting his own living; and the girl is doing well also. Kind friends took care of them in London.'

'London is big enough for all,' said Madge. 'But don't bring them here, mind; I don't want them.'

'Yes, Madge—yes, Granny,' said Robin, leaning over her more closely. 'You did want them, because you had done a wrong, and wished to try and repair it before you die. Make it right to us now if you can, for I am Robin, and this is Amy, my sister. We are the little boy and girl who used to live with you in the tents.'

'You!' She looked from one to the other in amazement. And then she cried a little. Poor old Granny!

'Help us in the way you intended, Granny,' said Robin. 'Tell us what you know before it may be too late.'

'Are you afraid of us, Madge?' asked Amy kindly. 'We shall never do you any harm. We mean to be of service to you if we can.'

'How can I tell? You hate me, if you are really that boy and girl; but I can't think it.'

'We are indeed, but we do not hate you. And we shall feel your kindness very much if you will help us. And we shall always pray for you, that you may be forgiven.'

'Will you?' said Madge. 'And will the Chaplain, do you think? I was very sorry then, when I was so bad.'

'That was right, and the way to be forgiven,' said Amy.

'And now, Granny,' added Robin, 'if you are wishing to do right, tell us where our mother came from, and whether she was ever married to anyone besides your son.'

The old woman resumed her hard cold look. 'Annette married my son, of course,' she said, 'and she never had any other husband that I know of. And my poor son died—I don't want to talk about him; nor about her either—she's gone too. You know that, I should think, without my telling you,' added she sharply.

'Yes, Madge, we do remember that quite well; but you can say more than that if you like. Where were we born, Madge? Who christened us?'

'Where were you born? Let me see. And who christened you? I don't know that ever you were christened at all. Annette said so, though.'

'Tell us what you do know, Madge, won't you?' inquired Amy supplicatingly.

Madge was silent.

'What was our mother's name before she married?'

'I don't know.'

'Do you know the names of any of her family?'

'No, I don't.'

'Are we really related to you at all?'

'I'm too ill, I tell you, for all these questions to be asked me now,' replied the old woman impatiently; 'why don't you wait till I'm better? It's very cruel.' And she cried again, that they might not persevere.

Nor did they.

But Robin turned to the other point. 'You wanted us, Madge, and had something to tell us. When you have said it you will be happier. It was about the letter. Poor Annette wanted it so much. What did you do with it, if you kept it from her?'

Not a word.

'It came, Madge—that answer to her letter?'

'It never came.'

'Yes, Madge, surely?'

'No, I tell you, no.'

A nurse, who had been attending to these last words, now went up to the matron, and immediately quitted the ward.

'You want to get me locked up, that is what you want to do with a poor dying creature,' fretted out the old Gipsy. 'As if the workhouse was not bad enough for me. You ought to be satisfied. But I said so, I said so,' she muttered.

'We came to be kind to you. We will never shut you up in prison,' said Robin gently. 'Be kind to us, and tell us what you know. Give me the letter addressed to "Annette," at the "Post-office, Westerleigh."'

'There never was such a letter that I know of; it was never sent, never written. That letter she kept asking for never came, I tell you. And pray, how am I to know that you, a lady and gentleman, are her children?'

'Oh, Madge! How could other people know what we know? No one heard of the letter but ourselves and Jake.'

'Don't speak of Jake!' cried Madge, in an excited manner. 'Pray don't talk to me of him. He's no son to me now, and I told him so the night I broke my leg, and was brought here. How dared he tell me I had made him good for nothing? I was so angry, I went off to frighten him, and gave a man in a cart something to take me away somewhere; and he went off in the dark, and jolted me out, and never knew it. I don't believe he knows it now; and when it was daylight I was picked up out of the road, and brought here.'

'Does Jake know that you are here?'

‘No, he doesn’t. He thinks I am in some pond; that’s what I meant him to think, but not for all this time. He’d be glad enough to see me, I know. He’s the only one that cares whether I throw myself into a pond or not.’

‘But you’ve punished yourself, poor Madge! as well as Jake; we often do that when we get angry.’

The nurse had now returned to the foot of the little bed. ‘You were talking about a letter,’ she said to the Gipsy woman. ‘Did you remember that you had this sewed up in your gown?’ She laid a shabby-looking envelope upon the pallet, just beyond the reach of Madge’s arm.

The Gipsy made one desperate effort to secure the document; but crying out with pain, she fell back again upon the pillow in despair.

Robin’s strong hand was upon the paper in an instant. His heart was beating fast, and so was Amy’s; still they did not lose their consideration for the helpless creature before them. It was so painful to obtain any advantage from her state of infirmity. Robin bent a pitying look upon her, and Amy took the withered hand in hers.

‘Now, Madge,’ said Robin firmly, with his hand still covering the letter, ‘we do not come here to deprive you of your property, weak and ill as you are. If this is yours, you shall this instant have it, I would not look at one line; but if it is addressed to Annette, then it belongs by right to me.’

He withdrew his hand, and Amy leaned forward, looking very pale and agitated.

Perhaps there was no other word which could have so much added to their excitement as that name which then met their view. Old Madge could certainly make no claim, and the letter was not addressed to ‘Annette.’ It bore the name of ‘The Right Hon. the Earl of Pendyne, No. —, Grosvenor Square, and Castle Pendyne, Cornwall.’ The seal was still unbroken, and the letter had not passed through the post-office.

To the last words of Robin succeeded a profound silence; they seemed scarcely to breathe round the old woman’s little bed.

‘To the Right Hon. the Earl of Pendyne,’ in a woman’s hand-writing, very shaky; directed on the outside of the large sheet of paper, and half-covered by an enormous blot of ink. Why addressed to Lord Pendyne, of all people in the world?

Then it could have nothing to do with either Robin or Amy. It was, so far as they were concerned, a blank. Why had they expected otherwise? Why did they ever fancy this unknown letter might give them a something they desired?

Because it had been a matter of such grave importance to Annette. Because her solicitude for them had been so great, and because she had almost seemed to hint that the reply, when it came, would affect them as well as herself.

This was not, however, the treasure they so hopelessly desired. No;

still there was a link. Old Madge had shewn that by her desperate attempt to clutch it away. Annette's words, 'Have you sent it? are you sure and certain it was posted?' recurred to the mind of Robin. It was poor Annette's letter, *never posted*; and therefore, as Madge knew too well, no reply had been, or ever would be sent.

It was a singular scene. These two visitors, so lost in thought, and old Madge's face entirely hidden beneath the bed-clothes.

'Madge,' said Robin at last, when he could recall himself into the present, 'This letter is not for me; I should not think of opening it. But neither is it yours, although you have wrongfully detained it all these long years. It is addressed to Lord Pendyne, and I will undertake the charge of delivering it safely into his hands.'

A slight movement beneath the counterpane was the only reply to this address.

'I am afraid the interview must terminate,' said the matron, coming up to Robin and Amy at this moment; 'for although we willingly admit visitors, there seems an agitation on the part of the patient, which were better avoided in her precarious state.'

'We are very sorry indeed,' said Amy, 'for we came to be kind to the poor thing, as well as to receive information which we understood she was longing to give us. Poor creature!—Madge, say good-bye to us before we leave you.'

No reply; no face that could be seen.

'Lest you should excite her,' urged the matron.

'Farewell, Madge,' said Robin. 'Trust me that I will put this into the hands of Lord Pendyne myself, if I get to him in safety.'

Still no answer, no look. Holding fast the document, yet with a strange and disappointed feeling, the brother and sister said a parting word to the courteous matron, and to the nurse who had so materially aided in their search, and were soon again in the London streets.

'And now we have done nothing for her, poor thing!' said Amy very sadly, as they walked through the crowded thoroughfare, 'and have been obliged to leave her so wretched.'

'We must go again; and if she does not wish to see us, we can leave her a little money with some official.'

'You had not intended to give her any to-day, I believe?'

'No. I wanted Madge to do the right thing, and to have bribed her would have deprived her of the opportunity. You well remember that we were told she was penitent.'

'What an unexpected move, that nurse appearing with the letter. It was clear that she suspected that there was something wrong.'

'It is not pleasant to have captured the property in that manner,' pursued Robin, 'whatever its worth may be; but it can be nothing to which the poor creature has the slightest claim.'

'And we will not teaze ourselves concerning the contents,' said Amy. 'You cannot send it by post now, having promised to deliver it in person.'

‘Certainly not; and it will require some explanation, which Lord Pendyne may be too weak now to comprehend.’

‘I understand. And now, are we not going to see those dear Sandfords?’

‘Yes, at once; and they will advise us what to do about Madge. And about everything else. We must keep near to them for a day or two at least.’

Robin signaled a conveyance which was traveling in the right direction, and they availed themselves of its service into the St. Alban’s district.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Earl’s recovery from his illness was more rapid than was expected. His attack was far less severe than that of his cousin, and he was never at any time considered to be in actual danger. The risk of taking the fever was thought to be very slight in that large airy house and healthy locality; and Adela was soon permitted to have the great pleasure of returning to her parents.

It was very cheerful for all three, when the necessity for separation was over. Mrs. Ellis, once her governess, had now returned to her own residence, and Mr. and Mrs. Easdale had left Rome for a short period. The Earl was weak, but otherwise he was well, and all were again happy. ‘It is a joyful and pleasant thing to be thankful.’

Uncle Bertram wandered in and out. He was taking care—as far as he knew how to take it—of his invalid son. Spencer Treneer was much weaker than the Earl, and his head, none of the clearest at any time, was unusually muddled and wandering.

Uncle Bertram was paying the Pendynes a visit. ‘Just to say farewell,’ he said, as he entered the room. ‘I am going to take Spencer home to England.’

‘Soon, are you? I thought you intended to remain here during the winter, Uncle.’

‘So I did, but we had better go home. Spencer will be getting into more scrapes if he stays here. Can’t trust him, and can’t be bound to watch him. No, we are off to the mines again. Any commands for Pendyne?’

The Earl laughed at the idea of giving a commission of any sort to Uncle Bertram. ‘No, thank you, Uncle, I don’t make you my messenger.’

‘I hope Spencer is fit to travel.’

‘Quite as fit as to stay here. And I fully expect to take fever or something if we remain, he worries me so much. But I don’t wish to speak of it. Did you see anything of the fire last evening?’

‘No. Where was it?’

‘In the Via —— all among the painters, close to your protégé, the

genius Mr. Gray. Do you not even know whether he is burnt with his portfolios?’

‘I know that he is not in Rome, although he has left his picture here.’

This brief conversation was with the Earl. As he rose to ring the bell, Lady Pendyne entered the room with Adela. ‘My love, did you hear that there was a fire close to young Gray’s room, and that Uncle Bertram thinks he may have suffered?’

‘No. I am very sorry.’ After a greeting with Mr. Treneer—‘I hope you will send to inquire.’

‘Yes.’ To the man who was waiting—‘Send round to Mr. Gray’s rooms, and learn whether they are injured by the fire.’

‘Anything settled concerning your plans, Ada?’ asked her uncle. ‘When are you going to take flight?’

‘Not at all, Uncle. Not for about ten years certainly. I told you so, you may remember.’

‘Oh yes, you said that, but I persevere until you tell me something quite different. There will be another Lady Newlyn before ten years are over, if you are so unwilling.’

‘Very well, Uncle; but you cannot frighten me, or send me away against my will. There is plenty of time. We are very few, remember, *here*.’

‘Yes, now. But your father is going to adopt that young painting man, I suppose, and you seemed equally inseparable from his sister when you were living opposite. Has that fancy gone by?’

‘No, Uncle. But Miss Gray is gone, whether the fancy remains or no. If you will but stay here another week, I believe she may be returning by that time to Rome.’

‘Thank you for the hint, but I take no interest in these Grays. And I think before they are entirely adopted, you ought to know a little more about them. They may be very low people.’

‘They will not be adopted, Uncle. But you really ought to like Miss Gray, for everyone considers her to be very like me.’

‘Well, I acknowledge that I was struck at first. Indeed, to say truth, I went up to her *for you*, in such a very friendly way, the first time we met, that she was quite frightened and I had to apologize.’

‘Then I hope you consider that she looks like a lady, if I do. But you *would* have frightened her, she is so gentle and shy.’

‘Oh yes, they are both most charming, I know.’

‘They are both very good, I believe. I only wish I were more like Amy in many things than I am. She was such a comfort to me when dear Papa was ill, and always at hand to bring her work and sit with me, when I was not inclined to send about Rome for friends.’

‘I certainly beg you will not try to imitate her,’ said Mr. Treneer, more than half seriously.

The butler now came in to say that Mr. Gray’s room was not injured

excepting by water. There was a large chest in the window which had been pumped on by mistake; and as it was cracked across the top, everything within it must be very wet.

‘And it is full of drawings!’ cried the Countess. ‘Poor young man, they will all be spoiled.’

‘How I wish Amy were here,’ said Adela, ‘and she would have seen to them.’

‘What can we do?’ said the Earl, musing.

‘I have the key of that chest,’ said the Countess; ‘and he begged me to call and look at the drawings with you, Clement, if I liked.’

‘Let me have it,’ said Mr. Treneer. ‘I will see what is the matter. Or send some of your men to have them put to a stove somewhere.’

‘Will you escort *me*?’ said the Countess. ‘What do you think, Clement? *Your* orders were to keep in the house to-day, you know.’

‘Or I would go with you. I should like you to see the sketches very much, if Uncle Bertram will take care of you on the way.’

They ordered the carriage and started at once; but Lady Pendyne shrank from Uncle Bertram’s rough handling of the young painter’s sketches. Although he knew how to treat a good drawing if he chose, yet he was sure to be contemptuous upon principle as to anything that concerned the Grays.

‘Suppose you find something to do, Uncle, while I go up?’ suggested the Countess.

‘With all my heart,’ replied Mr. Treneer. ‘I want to see Lord S—— for a minute.’

‘Will you take the carriage?’

‘No, let it wait here. I might keep you—if I forget.’

‘Do not forget. Good-bye, Uncle.’

Lady Pendyne ascended the stair-case to Robin’s rooms, with the key of the old chest in her hands. Explaining her object to the person in charge, she was immediately allowed to pass. Having called before, she was remembered.

Uncle Bertram walked on, but he did not call upon Lord S——. On his way he met with a friend newly arrived, and went off with him to find Spencer. And he never gave the Countess another thought until dinner time.

Lady Pendyne went into the painting room with a little of hesitation, but it passed away in the thought of the damp drawings, as soon as she caught sight of the chest; so taking the key, she put it into the lock.

‘Poor young man!’ she said kindly. ‘He has done us such service, I should be pleased to preserve his property from being spoiled.’

She opened the drawer. Everything was saturated with the water. She took up a flat rusty-looking parcel, and as she did so, the paper fell away from it in her hands.

‘This shall be wrapped up again for him properly,’ she said.

It was the old parcel of ten years ago, addressed to Mrs. Sutton. The

string had cut through the paper, which had caused it to fall off so easily.

The Countess laid it down upon the top of the chest. It was apparently not composed of spoilable materials, so she would devote her attention to the drawings. It seemed by accident that her eye fell upon the parcel again ; the wet was running off, soon it would pour upon her dress from off the old chest. She took up the package and held it up to let the water run off.

But suddenly her eyes were riveted ; she trembled and turned pale. For one moment she held tightly by the top of the tall chest ; the next, she was lying insensible upon the floor of Robin's room, with the contents of Mrs. Sutton's parcel pressed tightly against her heart.

(To be continued.)

ON LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

ANOTHER IRISH LADY AND HER CORRESPONDENCE.

ANYONE who has lived long in this world, having received and written somewhat above the average number of familiar letters, is in a measure qualified to judge of the great revolution brought about by Sir Rowland Hill : but I think some rather remarkable proofs of that revolution, and opportunities of comparing the fruits of two periods, will, in not many years from this time, cease to be frequently met with, and it may be well to bring them into notice *now*. Some of us still retain, out of respect to departed and departing friends, large collections of letters, written in the last days of the eighteenth, and the first years of the nineteenth, century. It may be taken for granted, that many of these must disappear. House-room cannot be found for them ; and we shall soon be unable to find examples by which to test the truth of remarks, rather too rashly made, on the inferiority of modern correspondence.

'Thanks be to Sir Rowland Hill,' says a very clever writer of our day ; '*(and, she adds, 'many thanks to him,)* we, as a nation, WRITE LETTERS NO MORE.' I do not dispute the fact, that each separate letter is shorter—that octavos banish quartos, quartos folios ; but I devoutly believe that we have no occasion to mourn over present inferiority in all that regards the purposes of pleasurable and at the same time useful correspondence. I feel sure that a large number of the briefer letters now sent through the post, contain rich materials for a future history of our generation. The real difference between the George the Second period and our own, is nowhere more marked than in the topics and the style of the epistles of the two periods. But we might come nearer to our own times than this.

Fifty or sixty years ago, when the English 'as a nation' *did* 'write

letters,' and very long ones, though these were not limited to court circles, or the gossip of small coteries, they were still by no means so good for any valuable purpose as our shorter dispatches of the present day. We surely have learnt condensation. We sacrifice much of the formality, and now and then a little of the graceful ceremony, of address; but even a brief note now tells a great deal more than our wordy ancestors told in their long letters. A higher and a wider range of cultivation accounts for this. There is the frequent and marked advantage of the artist's eye when nature is described; there is a more liberal judgement of human character. More particulars are taken in. Above all, I should say, we trust with more of good faith to the candour of our correspondents. People don't mind throwing on the small paper images of the little lights and shadows which cross it while they write. It is on the whole a much more pictorial style than formerly; and if a little abruptness, a touch of familiar fun, intrudes itself into even a pathetic picture occasionally, it is not out of harmony with the ordinary mood, and our correspondent is not harbouring the idea that we shall be critical. The people who come and go before us are sketched boldly, but not at all ill-naturedly; *pleasant* peculiarities have ample justice done to them; and subjects as they come, natural objects, scenery, plants, books, fancies, anything will do, if it does but come easily and flowingly. Then, when serious topics have their part in the correspondence, there is surely less constraint—more realization of a truth—less echoing of other people's words and thoughts.

As to the matter of coarseness, *this* is indeed a past vice; no one thinks of its absence as being a matter of calculation, of prudence. It is departed, Heaven grant, never to return, because that which led to it is gone, and has given place to better things.

As it is apropos to the question of the superiority of the past over the present letter-writers, I will here say that within a few weeks I have been looking over a portfolio of letters, written by a very intelligent bright Irishwoman, to her friend in one of the eastern counties of England. They were both maiden ladies, both thoroughly polite, earnest, sincere people; quite confidential in their intercourse, loving and respecting each other. The correspondence, as far as I possess it, begins about ten years before the present century, and ends more than thirty years after. Though not all dated, I know it to be a record of fully fifty years of friendship, beginning before the ages of twenty-two or twenty-three. Neither of them were accomplished; not a word of French did they know, nor a note of music. One of them, the English friend, an old relation of my own, was moderately endowed with this world's goods. The other, the Irish correspondent, was a gentlewoman born; all her parental connexions being professional: but, alas! for the greater part of her life, certainly from the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, it was one incessant struggle with poverty. Her actual independent means did not reach £40 per annum; and she had neither education

nor health, to be used for any considerable increase of this little property. There were five sisters in all. Only one of them ever married; and she, from the time I first heard of them, had been a widow with two daughters. The rest of the sisterhood were not better off than my aunt's friend, Abigail, whom I always knew under the name of Miss Abby; but I think one of them must have had greater educational advantages than the rest, for she obtained very respectable situations as a governess, and she wrote novels; such novels as would, at that time of day, go down; perfectly proper they were, but sentimental, moralizing, descriptive—of course love-sick, but yet not quite commonplace. They were published anonymously, but I lately laid my hand upon one, *DELIA*, in four small volumes, and it is by no means bad. The English is better than Mrs. Opie's; the style often as good as Madame d' Arblay's. In looking over Miss Abby's letters, I find mention made of a hard struggle between a friend of the novelist and a London bookseller, to obtain £30 for this one novel, and I am not sure that she got so much.

Meantime Miss Abby and her other sisters lived in such cheap towns and lodgings as suited their slender purses; and each eked out her means as far as she could. One had charge of a widower's family. One, the widow, had an agency for the sale of Irish linen at Carnarvon. Miss Abby seems to have journeyed about a great deal. We find her at Rostrevor, at Clones, at Newtown Mount Kennedy, at Tralee, at Cork, at Rathfyland. Then at Carnarvon, at Cockermouth and other places in Cumberland. Wherever she went her tambour frame accompanied her, for she was an exquisite worker on the finest muslin, and as this art was not then superseded by weaving, it was, though slow and laborious, a source of profit. Yet she paid very high for her materials; on delicate India muslin many a guinea was spent, sometimes necessarily on speculation; but she invented her own patterns, and certainly at times was fortunate in purchasers, sometimes in commissions. It is certain that all the sisters possessed most attached and faithful friends through life; but no persuasion could induce any one of them, though often invited to make these friends' houses their home, to do more than pay occasional visits to them. They were resolutely independent—perhaps a little proud; and their best friends were not, they knew, rich; they accepted help from those who could best afford it in the shape of materials for work, &c.; and all who knew them knew that to bear the burden of an undischarged debt would have been intolerable to them. Miss Abby's letters shew that wherever she settled for a time she was at once regarded as a perfect gentlewoman, and admitted to the best society the place afforded. If so inclined, she might have spent all her evenings in company. Then the Protestant clergyman was always known to her, and she was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the poor, whether Catholic or Protestant.

The agrarian disturbances, which have been so long the curse of

Ireland, could not but affect these sisters in their different relations. In some years nearly all their friends went off to England, and those left behind suffered of course the more from privation, and the want of frequent intercourse.

It was not, I believe, that the lives or property of such humble individuals as they were, were endangered by the actual rebels, in arms against the Government; but the wretched state of the peasantry—their starving, often houseless, condition—made their neighbours sufferers from these miserable, but not cruel, marauders. Thus I remember hearing one story of a midnight invasion. I wish I had its record in Miss Abby's letters! but I heard it *viva voce* from another sister. It seems that during one of these disturbed periods two of them rented, for some particular purpose of their own, a cottage in the country for a few months. One of these ladies was the widowed sister, much older than the others; her grown-up daughter and Miss Abby being also with her. They knew the misery of the peasants, but did not believe they were in danger from them. One night, however, an alarm of housebreakers was given. Miss Abby and a sister sleeping on the first floor were roused, and the former instantly thought of a beautiful muslin dress she had prepared for working, but not fixed on her tambour frame. It would have been ruin to lose this, and she jumped out of bed and thrust it as high as she could up the chimney, then settled herself quietly again. The men, a party of six or seven, all with blackened faces, most likely near neighbours, entered every room, and seizing on every saleable article they could find, (but happily missing a watch,) packed them up for removal. They offered no personal violence, they spoke even kindly, and gently, begging the ladies not to be alarmed, though they must take away much of what they saw. In fact, they emptied all the drawers, only leaving them a small allowance of decent clothing. The most curious part of the story, and one I always begged to hear twice, was their visit to the bed-side of the elder sister, the widow. She was a very good compassionate woman, knowing well the miseries and starvation of the poor around her. She told them she would willingly give them all the food in her house, which was but little; but then she bestowed on them a chapter of good and Christian advice, remonstrating on the illegal course they were taking, and prophesying its disastrous end. They heard her patiently; said it was all very true—very good hearin', but what were they to do? they were starving, and wantin' of everything; they must take what would buy them food: and so they left her and went down into the kitchen. The servant girl brought them all there was, even to a good basket of eggs, just given by a neighbour. They devoured all these *raw* with tremendous eagerness, and the girl said she was sure they were 'just like famished wolves.'

Then an extraordinary scene took place. Though the good old lady's exhortations had failed practically, these Irish peasants' hearts were touched, and one of them said to the rest that he for one could not leave

the house without going to thank the old lady, and beg her '*blessin*;' and to this they all agreed, and marched up again. In what form the '*blessin*' was given, or whether given at all, I never heard; but that they took an affectionate leave of her and departed, carrying away the goods, and leaving most of the poor ladies to keep their rooms till other clothing could be got, is certain. Comic as is the idea of asking a '*blessin*' on a theft, I have always thought it in character with the Irish people in remote districts, where there was no vindictiveness, but only misery. The ladies, I believe, never recovered any of their property; perhaps they felt too thankful for the gentleness of the thieves to prosecute very ardently any search.

Let me now return, however, to my legacy of letters. Mostly they are written on folio paper, correctly and clearly written; no crossing (that villanous invention came in at a later period,) and though the size and number of the letters are considerable, there were long intervals between them. It was more like the author's vocation, as serious a matter as writing a book, and yet there was no expense attending it; for, as in the case of many other correspondences in Ireland, officials of middling rank were allowed to pass their friends' letters free; and *our* friends were connected with a secretary at the Custom House, who affixed his signature to them all. The handwriting is clear, the spelling tolerably correct; even the ink but little faded, and I shall leave them not at all in worse order than I received them more than thirty years ago.

I am struck with numerous proofs of goodness, of calm sense, of moderation, of high moral principle; but they have disappointed me, as not bearing out my own youthful impression of the writer's brightness and originality. A better story-teller I never listened to; her memory was enriched by the legends of her country; but in these letters there is little but of the present, and though everything is well told, I believe the notion of writing *long* and regular letters threw a shadow over her genuine humour. Hardly any books are mentioned. I suppose very few were to be met with in the smaller provincial towns in Ireland at that time, and that this made the sociable tea-drinkings such a necessity of life. Once she mentions having received a batch of old novels—the Romance of the Forest among them.

What, then, did these friends write about? *Much*, it must be owned, about their family troubles, but also in Miss Abby's case, much also about the various places in which she lived for a few months, sometimes much longer. I cannot say there is much of religious sentiment, and what there is, is quietly common-place.

The most lengthened of her residences, I think, was at Tralee, the capital of Kerry, of which Inglis says, writing in 1834, 'I never recollect to have seen a busier place;' of course size and situation being taken into consideration. What especially recommended it to Miss Abby's notice, was that a very dear female friend of her own, alas! too much like herself in poverty, had taken a house there, capable at once of accom-

modating boarders and of receiving day-scholars. As the place was cheap, and a friend could be helped in the matter, it cost Miss Abby little time to decide on making the trial, though she disliked the idea of so long a journey from Dublin; but to Tralee she went in 1793, and there she remained for two years. She arrived late in autumn, and the picture is deplorable enough.

'The evening I entered Tralee was cold and wet; the approaches to the town black, barren, and gloomy. Instead of hedges, the roads are bordered by ruinous old walls. We quitted our carriage, and walked through a miserable street badly paved, and flowing with mud, edged by little huts and mean houses; the savage-looking people standing round their doors (for it was Sunday) talking their country talk. We splashed and stumbled along. I was eager to go on to my destined point, "the Mall," where my window was to open on a common, and a flowing river. Alas! this Mall proves a street of very ordinary houses, built on one side only; the opposite having only a few cabins and old walls—one end of a church and a few stunted trees. The river enclosed by walls too, and it is absolutely the only place to furnish water for drinking purposes; while it acts as a sewer too. But,' she continues, 'I was not disappointed in my promised abode. It was small, but new and neat.'

Here, then, for two years Miss Abby lived—she, as one lodger, the Protestant clergyman the other. With this gentleman she is by no means smitten at first. 'He has the remains of a very handsome face, injured more by carbuncles than time, giving one the idea of a toper;' but after a while she gives a more favourable report. 'The parson improves upon one daily. He is greatly and generally liked. I believe him to be a very worthy man; and to us he is certainly a very useful one. He says grace, he does the honours of the table, makes punch, &c., also he is a whist-player. He has hired a truckle (a covered car) at seven shillings a week, to carry us to the Spa, but rain has hitherto prevented our going. As for our eating and drinking, we go on very well. We have a lamb killed, puddings made, three different kinds of bread baked, and several other little matters done in one evening, in a little kitchen not larger than three great tables. A little old woman, named Joan, the very picture of a Sibyl, is cook and housekeeper, she dresses our food remarkably well, and what is best of all, though she has been used but scurvily by fortune, she is as merry as a grig, and goes about laughing and singing from morning till night. A little girl, her niece, serves under her.' Then follows an account of the Castle of Tralee; and here and in all succeeding letters, much is said of the hospitality and sociableness of the people. The tea and card-parties are innumerable. Now and then Irish blunders are noticed. A Mrs. Machleacuddy gives an account, for the entertainment of the company, of a grand ball given in the neighbourhood in imitation of one of Sir B. Denny's parties at the castle. 'There were two servants,' says the lady, 'stationed, the one at the top, the other at the bottom of the stairs, to pronounce the names of the

guests ;' but no sooner has this intelligent person told her story, and taken leave of the hostess, than another guest, Mrs. Moriarty, expresses her 'astonishment at the ignorance of *some* people. Did y'observe, Ma'am,' says she, 'how she spoke of the footmen *pronouncing* the names of the guests, when she ought to have said *denounced*, to be sure?'

But Miss Abby has more to do than can be done in Tralee, and not even the tambour frame fills up all her spare time. She wants to see Killarney! and though not young, and always very delicate, catches at an opportunity of riding on a pillion behind a very kind farmer who is going with his wife and man-servant (another double load) over the mountains to sell some bullocks at Killarney fair. The whole expedition was by no means prosperous. They stayed two or three days at Killarney, and had but one or two short intervals of fine weather, all the rest incessant and violent rain. Yet these kind obliging people would not suffer her to be wholly disappointed; and the farmer, putting aside his own business, appeared under her windows when the gleam of fine weather came, ready to help her on her way to the Lake, and afterwards to shew her as much of the scenery as returning bad weather permitted. Some time afterwards she was in better luck; and then she joined a sister in taking rooms at Ross. Wherever she went fine scenery was the delight of her eyes and heart; and she would go through much toil, and expend her little store of money readily enough, if she could but visit the finest spots in Ireland, Wales, and Cumberland.

So few of Miss Abby's letters are dated that I can mostly only guess at the periods of her different wanderings. One of them appears to have been the result of her painful experience in some of the country towns in Ireland, where, though she had found kindness and the means of living with tolerable economy, she had suffered severely from the spectacle of the constant distress and animal life of the poor, so that when she had to choose a new abode, she was minded to try some place which she could reach by sea at once from Dublin, in hopes of escaping into a land of less misery and privation. For this purpose she seems to have taken her passage in a collier vessel bound to Maryport, having been led to form an idea of passing from thence to Cockermouth. She writes to her friend, dating (for once,) '*Pape Castle, Cockermouth, Cumberland, August 12th, 1803.*

'On the 21st of last month, I embarked. I found the cabin of the vessel large enough to dine thirty people, with four good windows, the state cabin having a good bed. All this I had to myself, with no fellow passenger. The weather was charming. A gentle breeze wafted us so smoothly along, that I was scarce ever sensible of the least motion. Twice I was served with delicately cooked broiled fish. Our captain was a desirable one, and we had seven sailors. I was forty-eight hours on board, but part of the time we were lying by, waiting for sufficient depth of water to cross the bar; at last we had to land at two o'clock in the morning, and the good captain said I must come with him to his own house, where his poor sickly wife was routed up to receive me, and sorry

as I was for her trouble, I was treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality; a neat room and comfortable bed were quickly made ready, and there I stayed till eleven o'clock next day, when a nice breakfast awaited me. I had to stop till the carrier, who was to take my trunk to Cockermouth, was ready, and meanwhile this kind gentle woman shewed me every mark of attention. She said she was *now* living almost alone, having buried recently their only child, a very fine young woman; and her heart seemed to pine for an object of affection and attention. It was singular to feel how we seemed to take to one another; and when I had told her my story and my motives for coming into her land, she asked me why I could not stay and live with her? I had, however, corresponded with someone at Cockermouth, and I felt I must go on—seven miles. I tried to bespeak a sort of gig, but it was gone to Carlisle, and I was well content with a double horse. I parted from my hostess with great regret, and even the master, though much less gracious, told me, “If I didn’t *loike* where I was going—why I might come back again.” A little money was a very inadequate return for the treatment I had received; and this she absolutely refused, which did not surprise me, but fortunately I could come at a little piece of my work, which she admired and accepted with pleasure. Had Maryport itself been a little pleasanter, I might have been tempted to stay; but the only recommendation seemed to me to be a fine view of the Scotch coast and mountains five leagues off. When my steed came to the door, judge my surprise on finding a *woman*, one Nanny Garrett, was to be my foreman—not at all, I am told, a singular custom—and of course I had no objection. It proved I was in luck. Nanny was a very intelligent, pleasant companion, having being accustomed to escort travellers in this fashion; and thus, my dear friend, was my grand entry into Cockermouth made.*

Cockermouth, our readers may remember, was Wordsworth’s birth-place. On the 17th of April, 1770, thirty-three years before Miss Abby beheld it, he was born there. She seems quite unconscious of the presence of such a memory. In fact, I doubt if she ever knew anything of Wordsworth. Miss Abby proceeds—

‘Having made previous inquiries about a respectable lodging-house, I had procured the address of one—but alas! it was occupied. I desired therefore to be taken to an inn, from whence I could proceed farther. It was an intensely hot day, and I gladly sheltered here and dismissed my companion. So now, behold poor *Teague* alone in an inn—with no guide; but I was in good health and spirits, with some guineas well quilted in a leather glove, and sewed into my fob—my head full of adventure, and my heart light, from confidence in the kindness of my fellow-creatures. Here again I was favoured. Mine hostess treated me like an old friend. She begged me to stay quietly with her, and look about at leisure—and so I did. There was the assembly-room divided by moveable partitions at my service, and the good woman set every agent at work to discover something more permanent; but the town, though enchantingly situated, was not agreeable. There was only one long street, half a mile long, with a great market twice a week—and a

* It must be borne in mind that she was then within two or at most three years of attaining her sixtieth year.

variety of vulgar annoyances. Only one very ordinary lodging was to be had. But within less than a mile I found there was a charming village called Pape, or Pape Castle. * * * * * (*Unfortunately this part of the letter is so torn that I cannot decipher what seems a very pretty description.*) I have got at least a temporary place here—quite humble, a mere labourer's cottage; but I have a good lodging-room—my fare plain, but well-cooked. Hostess clean and neat. The most pleasing circumstance of all is, to me, that the family I am with live, though in this station, very nearly as I do. Everything is prepared for the master against he comes home, and set on a little round table covered with a clean cloth, ready for him. A superannuated grand-dame, who has not quitted her room for years, is served in the same manner. I cannot express to you the pleasure it gives me to witness the decency and comfort enjoyed by the lower class of people here—and to reflect that there is not a human creature near me destitute of the necessities of life. Alas! poor Ireland! how dreadful it is to be, as I have been often, surrounded by misery which you *cannot* relieve. How widely different here!’

And here, unfortunately, the letter ends, and I have been unable to find any other from the same place, or giving her reasons for leaving it. The probability is that she pined after her Dublin friends ere long, and returned to them again.

How far so very slight and partial a notice of the letters of this worthy lady will interest the readers of *The Monthly Packet*, I do not feel competent to judge. To me they come full of associations which I certainly cannot impart, and which probably give them very much of their value. I have too in my mind the picture of the writer, as I saw her, feeble and older—certainly past seventy. She was tall, thin, weak in her lower limbs, but upright as a dart, vivacious in speech and action. She looked nervous and excitable. Her eye quickly read character. She spoke with energy, liked to talk with young people, and willingly told them her stories, which it is right perhaps to say, had now and then rather too much of broad Irish humour, and sounded less refined than her lady-like manner and character led you to expect. I was young, and did not overhear or know much that passed at the time when we were visitors in the same house, near Dublin; but I believe it was *her* last visit, and that she died two or three years afterwards in one of her retirements which had proved tolerably satisfactory. As she had not appeared much impressed in earlier life with the clerical characters she had met with, it is comforting to know that latterly she expressed a far more favourable opinion, and spoke with regard and gratitude of the clergyman who visited her, and who seems to have really been of material benefit to her. She accepted the religious views which he put before her, and which she told her friends she had hardly understood before.

No letters of a very late period in her life are in my collection; probably she wrote little or not at all, as infirmities increased. But, from all we heard from our other Irish friends, we had reason to think she retained the old loving heart to the last, and that she sank to rest gently and

peacefully, cheered by the ministrations to which I have alluded, and waiting in humble hope for the Resurrection of Life.

* * * * *

As I close the portfolio containing the memorials of this Irish Lady, another collection rises up before me—one which I do not, unhappily, possess, though the letters were addressed to the same female relative, and in early life were often before me. I trust they are yet in being, for in this case there were daughters whose pride and delight it was to treasure their mother's earliest productions. In *The Monthly Packet* for November, 1868, p. 441, will be found some notice of this extraordinary woman—far superior in genius, but also blessed with many more favourable opportunities for mental cultivation than fell to the lot of our Irish friend. I can hardly touch on the subject of private letters without recurring to hers. It is of her that her daughter speaks,* as 'an Englishwoman of the last generation, whose intellectual qualities were only inferior to her moral, (if indeed,' she adds, 'we can separate what had the same stamp of energy, justness, and greatness.)'

She is cited in the same picturesque, but, I believe, perfectly truthful note, as having said 'that the earliest book she remembered being interested in was Rapin's "History of England." Her sister, two or three years older than herself, read it aloud; it was their free unbidden choice. We imagine the two little girls, seated on low stools, the elder with the huge folio on her knees, the younger, in all the radiant beauty of a golden-haired English child, with her doll in her arms, listening with fixed attention, and day after day following the driest † of historians through his ponderous work. Exquisite and true picture, which we commend to any painter who could conceive it! he will find no living models for it. In this case, not only an intellect and a character of the highest order were developed, but a style of writing and speaking, distinguished for vernacular purity, clearness, and precision, was formed by the mere access to a library composed of the classics of the English language; nothing else came in her way. She was taught little, (which, with an over-estimate of what she did not possess, she always unduly regretted;) nor was she either commanded or forbidden to read anything. She had much to do, and little external excitement; it was presumed that reading must be her pleasure, and her father possessed no trash.'

When a daughter writes thus of a mother, who can interpose? but we may venture to add somewhat. That mother and Miss Abby's correspondent were school-fellows at a sewing-school in the ancient city of their birth, and there, and for many years afterwards, the girlish friendship grew. The father was a tradesman, sensible and intelligent,

* Germany, by Mrs. Austin, *note*, p. 52.

† I demur to the *dryness*—at least, I cannot use the superlative mood.

but disliking company; and in after years he took a farm at a little distance from the city, where the family always spent Sunday; great was the variety introduced into the life by this alternation of town and country. Our heroine, the youngest daughter, was never tired of telling her friend of rural pleasures—actually she became poetical, and was known to have ‘pricked two lines upon a laurel leaf!’ a fact which could not be forgotten.

In the course of time, the daughters lost their mother, after a long illness; but their father took care they should at least not be idle. He had come into possession, through a relative, of a property of some value in the old city, in the shape of a glass-shop, and there he stationed these young women as his accountants and general superintendants. It was not considered any degradation, and they had still time to read, and also to have the society of old friends. No doubt mental culture went on, and the opportunities of improvement were enlarged as time passed; and the father made the eldest his companion in a journey of business to London and Stourbridge, doing the same thing by the youngest the following year. She was, I believe, the most attractive of the two, and her admirers were many. In fact, she was sought in marriage by one far above her in fortune, but she would not be tempted; her heart had long been given to one whose goodness, integrity, to say nothing of a most refined and cultivated taste, had charms for her far above the advantages of fortune. Him, her fellow-citizen, the brother of her friend and correspondent, she married, and she did wisely and well. The rejected suitor remained her friend, and presented her with a noble wedding gift, treating her from this time as a daughter, which position indeed their relative age made most appropriate. Throughout a long after life she kept the same steady preference for its most real, most substantial, blessings. Simplicity and rigid economy were practised, but never did she grudge to a child a single real educational advantage.

Of her letters, well as I remember them, I shall only say, that their great merit appeared to me then and now to consist in their entire freedom from any sort of mannerism. Purer, better English I never expect to see; it was not put down without painstaking, she was much too thoughtful to be careless of what she said and wrote; but, as it has been before observed, her rule was to ‘consider well what you are going to say, and then to say it as well as possible;’ thus she sought for no extra elegancies; but every sentence told; and hence came the best of description, the truest delineations of character, the soundest maxims of conduct. Of course, I am speaking of the maturer issues of her pen; but from the earliest period her letters were always remarkable. They seem to me now, as I remember them, exactly to hit the middle point between formality and laxity—to be graceful in their ease, and dignified in their vigour.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XII.

NORTH TIROL—THE INNTHAL.

INNSBRUCK (*continued*); FERDINAND KARL—REGENCY OF CLAUDIA DE' MEDICI, ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY, ITALIAN INFLUENCES—SIGISMUND FRANZ—CLAUDIA FELICITA—CHARLES OF LOTHARINGIA—WAR OF SUCCESSION, BAVARIAN INROAD OF 1703, THE PONTLATZERBRÜCKE, BAIERISCHE-RUMPEL—S. ANNENSAÜLE—JOSEPH I.—KARL PHILIPP, BUILDS THE LAND-HAUS AND GYMNASIUM, RESTORES THE PFARR-KIRCHE; STUCCO AND MARBLE DECORATIONS, FRESCOES, PRESERVATION OF DAMIAN ASAM—STRAFARBEITSHAUS—CHURCH OF S. JOHN NEPOMUK, HIS POPULARITY, CANONIZATION—MARIA THERESA, HER PARTIALITY FOR INNSBRUCK, EXAMPLE, PRUSSIAN PRISONERS, MARRIAGE OF LEOPOLD, DEATH OF FRANCIS I., THE TRIUMPHPFORTE, THE DAMENSTIFT—JOSEPH II.

'Ora conosce come s' innamora
Lo ciel del giusto rege, et al semblante,
Del suo fulgore il fa vedere ancora.' *

Paradiso, xx. 63.

LEOPOLD's son, Ferdinand Karl, being under age at the time of his death, in 1632, he was succeeded by his widow, Claudia de' Medici, as regent. The troubles of the Thirty Years War, in which he like other German princes had had his chequered share, were yet raging. Claudia was equal to the exigencies of her time and country; she continued the measures of Maximilian the *Deutschmeister* for perfecting the defences of the country, and particularly all its inlets; and she encouraged the patriotic instincts of the people by constantly presiding at their shooting-practice. The Swedish forces, after taking Constance, advanced as far as the Valtelin, and Tirol was threatened with invasion on both sides at once. By her skilful measures, at every rumour of an inroad the mountains bristled with the unerring marksmen of Tirol, securely stationed at their posts inaccessible to lowlanders. Nothing was spared to keep up the vigilance and spirit of the true-hearted peasants. By this constant watchfulness she saved the country from the horrors of war, in which almost the whole of the German Empire was at that time involved. And all this time she was also developing the internal resources, and consolidating the administration of the country. Two misfortunes, however, visited Innsbruck during her reign; a terrible pestilence, and a destructive fire in which the Burg suffered severely,

* 'Now he knows how the just monarch is beloved of Heaven; his beaming countenance testifies this joy.'

the beautiful chapel of Ferdinand II. being consumed, and the body of Leopold, her husband, which was lying there at the time, rescued with difficulty. After this, Claudia spent some little time at Botzen, and also visited Florence. It may be questioned whether the introduction of the numerous Italians about her court was altogether for the benefit of Tirol. They brought with them certain ways and principles which were not altogether in accordance with the German character; and we have seen the effect of the jealousies of race in the tragic fate of her chancellor Biener.*

Ferdinand Karl having attained his majority in 1646, Claudia withdrew from public affairs, and died only two years later. In his reign, the introduction of the Italian element at court was apparent in the greater luxury of its arrangements, and in the greater cultivation of histrionic and musical diversions. The establishment of the theatre in Innsbruck is due to him. The marriage of his two sisters, Maria Leopoldina and Isabella Clara, and the frequent interchange of visits between him and the princes of Italy, further enlivened Innsbruck. The visit of Queen Christina,† of which I have already said enough for my limits, also took place in his reign. (1655.) Nor did Ferdinand Karl give himself up to amusement to the neglect of business, or of more manly pleasures; he maintained all his mother's measures for the encouragement of the *Schiebenschieszen*, and had the satisfaction of seeing the departure of the Protestant army from his borders, which was celebrated by the building of Mariähülfskirche.‡ To his love of the national sport of chamois hunting his death has to be ascribed; for the neglect of an attack of illness while out on a mountain expedition near Kaltern after the wild game, gave it a hold on his constitution, which placed him beyond recovery. His death occurred in 1660, at the early age of thirty-four; he was unmarried.

He was succeeded by his only brother, Sigmund Franz, Bishop of Gurk, Augsburg, and Trent, who seems to have inherited all his mother's finer qualities without sharing her Italianizing tendencies. With a perhaps too sudden sternness, he purged the court and government of all foreign admixture, and reduced the sumptuous suite of his brother to dimensions dictated by usefulness alone. However popular this may have made him with the German population, the ousted Italians were furious; and his sudden death—which occurred while, after the pattern of his father, applying for a dispensation to marry, in 1665—was by the Germans ascribed to secret poisoning; his Tuscan physician Agricola having, it is alleged, been bribed to perpetrate the misdeed.

* See No. V', vol. vii. p. 500-2.

† She was on her way to Rome, where she afterwards lived. Alexander VII. commissioned Bernini to rebuild the Porta del Popolo, and adorned it with its inscription, *felici, faustoque ingressui*, in honour of her entry.

‡ Part XI., p. 174.

Tirol now once more reverted to the Empire. Though Leopold I. came to Innsbruck to receive the homage of the people on his accession, and a gay ceremonial ensued, yet it lost much of its importance by having no longer a resident court. While there, however, Leopold had seen the beautiful daughter of Ferdinand Karl's widow, Claudia Felicita, who made such an impression upon him, that he married her on the death of his first wife. The ceremony was performed in Innsbruck by proxy only; but the dowager-archduchess provided great fêtes, in which the city readily concurred, and gave her thirty thousand *gulden* for her wedding present. Claudia Felicita, in her state at Vienna, did not forget the good town of Innsbruck; and by her interest with her husband, Tirol received a Statthalter in the person of Charles Duke of Lotharingia, husband of his sister Eleonora Maria, widow of the King of Poland. Charles took up his residence at Innsbruck; and though he was often absent with the army, the presence of his family revived the gaiety of the town, still it was not like the old days of the court. Charles, however, who had been originally educated for the ecclesiastical state, was a sovereign of unexceptionable principles and sound judgement, and he did many things for the benefit of Tirol, particularly in developing its educational establishments. He raised the Jesuit gymnasium of Innsbruck to the character of a university; and the privileges with which he endowed it, added to the salubrity of the situation, attracted alumni from far and near, who amounted to near a thousand in number.

Nothing of note occurred in Tirol till 1703—the Duke of Lotharingia had died in 1696—which is a memorable year. The war of the Spanish Succession, at that time, found Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, and some of the Italian princes, allied with France against Austria—thus there were antagonists of Austria on both sides of Tirol; nevertheless, no attack on it seems to have been apprehended; and thus, when a plan was concerted for entering Austria by Carinthia, (the actual boundaries against Bavaria being too well defended to invite an entrance that way,) and it was concerted that the Bavarian and Italian allies should assist the French in overrunning Tirol, everyone was taken by surprise. Maximilian easily overcame the small frontier garrison; at Kufstein he met a momentary check, but an accident put the fortress in his power; possessed of this base of operations, he was not long in reducing the forts of Rattenberg, Scharnitz, and Ehrenberg, and possessing himself of Hall and Innsbruck. He now reckoned the country his, and that it only remained to send news of his success to Vendôme, who had taken Wälsch-Tirol similarly by surprise and advanced as far as Trent, in order to carry out their concerted inroad through the Pusterthal. So sure of his victory was he, that he ordered the Te Deum to be sung in all the churches of Innsbruck.

In the meantime, the Tirolese had recovered from their surprise, and had taken measures for disconcerting and routing the invaders; the

storm-bells and the *Kreidenfeuer** rallied every man capable of bearing arms to the defence of his country. The main road over the Brenner was quickly invested by the native sharp-shooters; there was no chance of passing *that* way. Maximilian thought to elude the vigilance of the people by sending his men round by Oberinntal and the Finstermünz. The party trusted with this mission were commanded by a Bavarian and a French officer. They reached Landeck in safety, but all around them the sturdy Tirolese were determining their destruction. Martin Sterzinger, *Pfleger* or Judge, of Landeck, summoned the *Landsturm* of the neighbouring districts, and agreed the plan of operation. The enemy were suffered to advance on their way unhindered along the steep path, where the rocky sides of the Inn close in and form the terrible gorge which is traversed by the Pontlatzerbrücke; but when they arrived, no bridge was there! the hardy mountaineers had cut it down in the night. Beyond this point the steep side afforded no footing on the right bank, no means remained of crossing over to the left! The remnants of the bridge betrayed what had befallen, and quickly the command was given to turn back; in the panic of the moment many lost their footing, and rolled into the rapid river beneath. For those even who retained their composure no return was possible; the heights above were peopled with the ready Tirolese, burning to defend their country. Down came their shots like hail, each ball piercing its man; those who had no arms dashed down stones upon the foe. Only a handful escaped, but at Landeck these were taken prisoners; and there was not one even to carry the news to Maximilian. This famous success is still celebrated every year on the 1st of July by a solemn procession.

Maximilian and Vendôme remained perplexed at hearing nothing from each other, and without means of communication; in vain they sent out scouts; money could not buy information from the patriotic Tirolese. And meantime, danger was thickening round each; the *Landsturm* was out, and every height was beset with agile climbers, armed with their unerring carbines, and with masses of rock to hurl down on the enemy who ventured along the road beneath them. The Bavarian and French leaders in the north and in the south perceived how critical was their situation but just in time to escape from it, and the waste and havoc they had made during their brief incursion was retributed by the numbers they lost in their retreat. The Bavarians held Kufstein for some time longer, but their precipitate withdrawal from all the rest of the country earned for the campaign, in the mouths of the Tirolese, the nick-name of the *Baierische-Rumpel*. While brave arms had been defending the mountain passes, brave hearts of those whose arms were nerved only for being lifted up in prayer, not for war, were day by day earnestly interceding in the churches for the deliverance of their native land; and when, on the 26th of July, the land was found free of the foe, it was gratefully remembered that it was S. Anne's Day, and the

* *Kreidenfeuer*—alarm-fires, from *Krei*, a cry.

so-called *S. Annenssäule*, which adorns the *Neustadt*, was erected in commemoration.

It is composed of the marbles of the country; the lower part red, the column white, the effigy of the Immaculate Conception, which surmounts it and the surrounding rays, in gilt bronze. Round the base stand S. Vigilius and S. Cassian, two apostles of Tirol, and S. Anna and S. George; above them float angels, in the breezy style of the period. The monument was solemnly inaugurated on S. Anne's Day, 1706; and every year on that day a procession winds round it from the parish church, singing hymns of thanksgiving, and an altar, gaily dressed with fresh flowers, stands before it for eight days under the open sky.

Leopold I. died in 1705, and was succeeded by his son, Joseph I., who only reigned six years. Charles VI., Leopold's younger son, followed, who appointed Karl Philipp, Palsgrave of Neuburg, Governor of Tirol. He was another pious ruler, and much beloved by the people; his memory being the more endeared to them, that he was their last independent prince. His reign benefited Innsbruck by the erection of the handsome *Landhaus* and the *Gymnasium*, and also by the extensive restoration of the *Pfarrkirche*. This occupied the site of the little chapel, the according the privilege to which of hearing in it masses of obligation forms the earliest record of Innsbruck's history. It had grown with the growth of the town, and had been added to by various sovereigns, and we have seen it gifted with Kranach's *Marienhilf*. The earthquakes of 1667 and 1689 had left it so dilapidated, however, that Karl Philipp resolved to rebuild it on a much larger plan. He laid the first stone on the 12th of May, 1717, in presence of his brother, the Bishop of Augsburg, and it was consecrated in 1724. It has the costliness and the vices of its date; its overloaded stucco ornaments are redeemed by the lavish use of the beautiful marbles of the country; the quarrying and fashioning these occupied a hundred workmen, without counting labourers and apprentices, during the whole time the church was building. The frescoes setting forth the wonder-working patronage of S. James, on the roof and cupola, are by Kosmas Damian Asam, whose pencil, and that of his two sons, Kosmas and Egid, were entirely devoted to the decoration of churches and religious houses. There is a tradition, that as the fervent painter was putting the finishing touches to the figure of the saint, as he appears, mounted on his spirited charger as the patron of Compostella, in the cupola, he stepped back to see the effect of his work. Forgetting in his zeal the narrowness of the platform on which he stood, he would inevitably have been precipitated on to the pavement below, but that the strong arm of the saint he had been painting so lovingly, detached itself from the wall, and saved his client from the terrible fate. Other works of this reign were the *Strafarbeitshaus*, a great improvement on the former prison; and the church of S. John Nepomuk, in the *Ianrain*, then a new and fashionable street. The canonization of the great martyr to the seal of Confession

took place in 1730. Though properly a Bohemian saint, his memory is so beloved all through southern Germany, that all its divisions seem to lay a patriotic claim to participation in his glory. His canonization was celebrated by a solemn function in the *Pfarrkirche*, lasting eight days; and the people were so stirred up to fervour by its observance, that they subscribed for the building of a church in his honour, the Governor taking the lead in promoting it.

Maria Theresa succeeded to her father, Charles VI., in 1742. She seems to have known how to attend to the affairs of every part of the Empire alike; and thus, while the whole country felt the benefit of her wise provisions, all the former splendours of the Tirolean capital were revived. Maria Theresa frequently took up her residence at Innsbruck; and while benefiting trade by her expenditure, and that of the visitors her court attracted, she set at the same time an edifying example of piety and a well-regulated life. Her associations with Innsbruck were nevertheless overshadowed by sad events more than once, though this does not appear to have diminished her affection for the place.

When Marshal Daun took a whole division of the Prussian army captive at Maxen in 1758, the officers, nine in number, were sent to Innsbruck for safe custody, where they remained till the close of the war, five years later; this, and the furnishing some of its famous sharp-shooters to the Austrian contingent, were the only contact Tirol had with the Seven Years War. Two years after, (1765,) Maria Theresa arranged that the marriage of her son (afterwards Leopold II.) with Maria Luisa, daughter of Charles III. of Spain, should take place there. The townspeople, sensible of the honour conferred on them, responded to it by adorning the city with the most festive display; not only with gay banners and hangings, but by improving the façades of their houses, and the roads and bridges, and erecting a triumphal arch of unusual solidity at the end of the Neustadt nearest Wilten, being that by which the royal pair would pass on their way from Italy; for Leopold was then Grand-duke of Tuscany. The theatre and public buildings were likewise put in order. Maria Theresa, with her husband, Francis I., and all the Imperial family, arrived in Innsbruck on the 15th of July, attracting a larger assemblage of great people than had been seen there even in its palmiest days. Banquets and gay doings filled up the interval till the 5th of August, when Leopold and Maria Luisa made their entrance with unexampled pomp. The marriage was celebrated in the *Pfarrkirche* by Prince Clement of Saxony, Bishop of Ratisbon, assisted by seven other bishops. Balls, operas, banquets, illuminations, and the national *Freischiessen* followed. But during all these fêtes, an unseasonable gloom, which is popularly supposed to bode evil, overclouded the August sky, usually so clear and brilliant in Innsbruck; on the 18th, a grand opera was given to conclude the festivities; on his way back from it, Francis I. was seized with a fit, and died in the course of the night in the arms of his son, afterwards Joseph II.

Though Maria Theresa's master mind had caused her to take the lead in all public matters, she was devotedly attached to her husband, and this sudden blow was severely felt by her. She could not bear that the room in which he expired should ever be again used for secular purposes, and had it converted into a costly chapel; at the same time she made great improvements and additions to the rest of the Burg. She always wore mourning to the end of her life, and always when state affairs permitted, passed the eighteenth day of every month in prayer and retirement. A remarkable monument remains of both the affection and public spirit of this talented princess. Driving out to the Abbey of Wilten in one of the early days of mourning, while some of the tokens of the rejoicing so unexpectedly turned into lamentations, were still unremoved, the sight of the handsome triumphal arch reminded her of a resolution suggested by Francis I. to replace it by one of similar design in more permanent materials. Her first impulse was to reject the thought as a too painful reminder of the past; but reflection on the promised benefit to the town prevailed over personal feelings, and she gave orders for the execution of the work; but to make it a fitting memorial of the occasion, she ordered that while the side facing the road from Italy should be a *Triumphpforte*, and recall by its bas-reliefs the glad occasion which caused its erection; that facing the town should be a *Trauerpforte*, and set forth the melancholy conclusion of the same. The whole was executed by Tirolean artists, and of Tirolean marbles. She founded also the *Damenstift*, for the maintenance of twelve poor ladies of noble birth, who, without taking vows, bound themselves to wear mourning and pray for the soul of Francis I. and those of his house. Another great work of Maria Theresa was the development she gave to the University of Innsbruck.

After her death, which took place in 1780, Joseph II., freed from the restraints of her influence, gave full scope to his plans for meddling with ecclesiastical affairs, for which his intercourse with Russia had perhaps given him a taste. Pius VI. did not spare himself a journey to Vienna, to exert the effect of his personal influence with the Emperor, who it would seem did not pay much heed to his advice, and so disaffected his people by his injudicious innovations, that at the time of his death the whole empire which the skill of Maria Theresa had consolidated, was in a state of complete disorganization. Though increased by his ill-gotten share of Poland, he lost the Low Countries, and Hungary was so disaffected, that had he not been removed by the hand of death, (1790,) it is not improbable it would have thrown off its allegiance also. Leopold II., his brother, who only reigned two years, saved the empire from dissolution by prudent concessions, by rescinding many of Joseph's hasty measures, and abandoning his policy of centralization.

• One religious house which Joseph II. did not suppress, was the *Damenstift* of Innsbruck, of which his sister, the Archduchess Maria Elizabeth, undertook the government in 1781; and during the remainder

of her life held a sort of court there which was greatly for the benefit of the city. Pius VI. visited her on his way back from Vienna on the evening of the 7th of May, 1782. The whole town was illuminated, and all the religious in the town went out to meet him, followed by the whole body of the people. Late as was the hour (a quarter to ten, says a precise chronicle) he had no sooner reached the apartment prepared for him in the Burg, than he admitted whole crowds to audience, and the enthusiasm with which the religious Tirolese thronged round him surpasses words. Many possessed with a sense of the honour of having the vicar of Christ in their very midst, remained all night in the surrounding *Rennplatz*, as it were on guard round his abode. In the morning, after hearing mass, he imparted the Apostolic Benediction from the balcony of the Burg, and proceeded on his way over the Brenner.

(*To be continued.*)

R. H. B.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUMINATION.

(IN SIX PARTS.)

PART III.—ITALIAN ILLUMINATION.

THE genius of Italian painting was early directed to the development of fresco-painting and mosaic-work. Their churches were not, as elsewhere, built by Christians, or decorated in harmony with the tastes and requirements of Christian worshippers. For the most part they were the Basilicas of ancient Rome—large halls, forming in the interior long blank fields of stone, which seemed to demand some kind of decoration. This may in part account for the direction taken by early Italian art, and for the comparative insignificance of the arts of sculpture and illumination, which in France and England were such chief means of expressing thought. It was inevitable that the rapid growth of artistic knowledge in Italy should affect the schools of Illumination powerfully; and it is not a matter for surprise that we find Italian Illumination merging into naturalistic painting more quickly than in any other country, and, while possessing qualities of exquisite delicacy and beauty, failing in most of the requirements of good decorative art. For the same reason, Italian Illumination has few of the distinguishing marks which we might expect to find in the country from whence emanated all the art of Europe in the Middle Ages. By the fourteenth century, the marked outline which is such an important feature of good Illumination had disappeared, and though the designs were still restrained within conventional rules, they were shaded to an extent which caused the colouring to be pale and delicate rather than brilliant in effect. We will glance briefly over the development of Italian painting, since by so doing we shall better understand the progressive movements of all illuminated art.

It followed, from the feeling of the mediæval artists for the importance and paramount interest of human action, that they concentrated all their power on representations of scenes in human life, and introduced into their pictures no more of nature than was necessary to explain the actions of men. Water, mountains, and clouds, are represented so conventionally,

as to become mere signs of the things intended; and there is evidently no love for the things themselves. One feels in looking on the zig-zag bands which mark the river, or the wavy blue and white spot which stands for a cloud, that the feeling of delight in the bright rippling water, or of awe and wonder at the 'march of the clouds' in their glory, was as yet undeveloped. But, in fact, the state of art until the thirteenth century precluded the possibility of imitating the grander features of scenery; and ignorance of drawing was an effectual barrier to natural representations of objects. In the thirteenth century, the gold ground-work, and in the fourteenth the checquer or diaper, still sufficed generally as typical representations of sky, on which figures were clearly defined in black outline. But in the end of the thirteenth century Giotto changed the whole character of painting, and revived the art of Italy. Until the middle of the twelfth century the colours of MSS. were quite pale—chiefly red, green, and yellow: blue is rarely met with at all until the tenth century. But for some time before Giotto, the principles of colouring had been better understood, and colour-harmonies more perfectly arranged; and one of the chief influences which he exercised on painting, was in developing the tendency to richer and more harmonious colouring. Another great change which Giotto effected was in the method of arranging draperies. He discarded once for all the old Byzantine tradition of minute and conventional folds; and this among other things tended to the degeneration of Italian Illumination. For although this innovation brought infinitely more life into painting generally, yet the old conventional treatment of drapery was peculiarly fitted for the quaint and sharply-outlined figures in Illumination. The French, English, and German schools of Illumination never adopted this method in figure-drawing. But by far the most important influence which Giotto exercised was in introducing the careful study of inanimate nature, and in the attempt to represent some features of real landscape in his pictures. It was in the endeavour to paint men and things as he really saw them—in the free expression of noble thoughts, which he substituted for the traditional forms in which all former masters had painted—that the power of the great painter—in truth, 'a king among the children of men'—was chiefly seen.

Gradually the minds of men became opened to the loveliness of the lower world; in Illumination by the observation of flower-growth and insect-forms, as in realistic art by more advanced studies. With the first introduction of the gradated sky, in the end of the fourteenth century, broke the dawn of imitative art—the dawn which was to go on increasing more and more to the perfect day of Turner's genius; gradually changing, and at last absorbing and overpowering the spirit of mediæval art. It is curious to observe how suddenly the beauty of landscape seemed to break upon that period, and how immediately there sprung up, side by side with the old conventional back-grounds in MSS., delicately gradated skies, and fields, and rows of trees and flowers. The two great developments of mediæval art have been so fully treated by Mr. Ruskin, from whom much in these observations is borrowed, that it is needless to describe them here at much length; but they are too important to be entirely passed over. On the mediæval artists, in their love for the simpler forms of nature, and earnest attempts to express truthfully what they saw, first dawned the perception of the exquisite beauty and ceaseless variety in the life and growth of the leaf. They saw that it was not merely the *termination* of

the twig, but the fulfilment of its growth and the expression of its vitality, and developing some of the most exquisite variations of curve to be seen in nature. The field thus opened to them was as inexhaustible in its range as the vegetable world; and from henceforth the simple form of leaf-termination became almost universally adopted for the finish of scrolls or letters.

The prevalence of the 'ivy-leaf pattern,' so familiar to us from the MSS. of the fourteenth century, resulted from the discovery by the artists of that time of the principle of proportion in leaf-growth, as applicable to decorative art: the arrangement of five ribs verging towards a centre being the most perfect proportion attainable; and of this cinque-foiled form the ivy leaf is one of the simplest and most graceful examples. Mr. Ruskin somewhere remarks that in South Gothic Illumination soft leafage is mostly painted, while in Northern work the thorny foliage is preferred, and ornaments are terminated in thorny outlines, not always imitating leaves, but having the same main characters.

All through the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries the ornamentation was enclosed within seven lines, or more often followed the line of the initial letter the whole length of the page. This was a modification of the taste universal in early Illumination for using enormous capital letters for the headings of chapters, which frequently filled up the greater part of the page. Throughout this period also—the finest in the history of Illumination—the necessity of distinct outline-drawing was perfectly understood and exquisitely carried out. The main lines are continued all round the border, and every part of the composition is connected with the whole. Even the miniatures are generally used to fill in the capital letters. The development out of this 'outline period' is very gradual: at first the border-lines are curved out of their rigidity, then the pattern ceases to be enclosed precisely within them, and little by little conventionality passes into freedom, and soon into entire unrestraint, and Illumination becomes realistic painting. Wherever the outline principle was lost sight of, Illumination degenerated and finally passed, as in Italy, into mere flower-painting. The Italian name for painters of books, 'miniature,' is derived from 'minium,' or minio, which is vermilion; the ancient Roman method of ornamenting books having consisted chiefly of drawing the initial letters and 'flourished lines with red ink.

It is said that Giotto himself illuminated; but no authentic examples of his work remain. Oderigo, mentioned by Dante, in his 'Purgatorio,' was a contemporary of Giotto, and is described by Vasari as an 'excellente miniatore.' But the greatest master of Illumination, in Giotto's time, was Simone Memmi, of whose works very few examples are known with certainty to exist. His drawing is said to have been remarkable for its exceeding delicacy and carefulness. The Virgil, in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan, bears his name; and a Bible, in the Royal Library at Paris, is supposed to be his work. The Illuminations of Franco Bolognese are noticeable from the marked increase of imitative painting which is seen in them. Don Jacopo, of Florence, is said by Vasari to have been the most celebrated large-letter writer in Europe during the fourteenth century; and his MSS., which were written with wonderful skill, were ornamented with miniatures by his friend and brother-monk, Don Silvestro. They were both so revered by the monks of their convent, that after their death their right hands were

embalmed and preserved in a tabernacle; sixteen folio volumes of their work remained in the possession of the convent. The Siennese school, to which Simone Memmi belonged, has perhaps the largest number of MSS. attached to it. The finest library of this kind in Italy is the one belonging to Sienna Cathedral; and although numbers of books were taken from it by Cardinal Burgo, and carried to Spain, it still remains so. The library in the Church of the Benedictines at Perugia is also a very fine one. At Ferrara there are two libraries which once possessed a very fine and complete series of illuminated books; but there now remain only about fifty in all. The first works of Fra Angelico are supposed to have been in Illuminating, in which art he was instructed by his elder brother. In the Convent of St. Mark's, Florence, are some choir-books painted by his hand, which are said to be wonderfully beautiful; and those at St. Domenico, Fiesole, are equally lovely.

Girolamo dai Libri was one of the most celebrated Illuminators of the fifteenth century. The panegyric which Vasari bestows upon his works sufficiently shews the style of Italian Illumination at this period. He says, 'Girolamo executed flowers so naturally and beautifully, and with so much care, as to appear real to the beholder. In like manner he imitated little cameos and other precious stones and jewels cut in intaglio, so that nothing like them or so minute was ever seen. Among his smallest figures, such as he represented on gems or cameos, some might be observed no larger than little ants, and yet in all of them might be made out every limb and muscle in a manner which, to be believed, must needs be seen.' Giulio Clovio was Girolamo's pupil, and lived through the middle of the sixteenth century. He was official illuminator to Pope Clement VII. and his successor; and in the Celotti sale, in London, there were nineteen specimens of his illumination executed for Clement VII. There are also two of his paintings in the British Museum, and an Altar-card in the Kensington Museum. Gherardo, of Florence, was one of the finest illuminators of that period; and there are said to be many paintings by his hand in the archives of St. Gilis, at Florence. He worked with Ghirlandajo at the mosaic decorations of Florence Cathedral; but the most beautiful specimen of his work is said to be a Bible illuminated for Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who patronized the Florentine illuminators to some extent.

With the Renaissance period came in the last days of Italian Illumination. The borders of MSS. became filled with imitations of classic ornament, figures of genii, festoons, and garlands. The luxurious spirit of the age seems to have pervaded even the illuminated art. Splendour of colour and intricacy of drawing were demanded for the sake of their costliness and as a necessity of wealth; but there is little indication of the feelings of reverence and devotion which, in former times, had given the best art and the richest beauty to do honour to the writing—in their eyes so much more precious—of the Sacred Books. The Popes, however, continued to employ official illuminators for the ornamenting of various documents, long after the invention of printing, and until the end of the seventeenth century, as did also the Doges of Venice. But Illumination was finally superseded by the deceptions which were published in printed outline, filled in with colour, and sold as substitutes at comparatively little cost.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

*I have often seen inquiries for Italian books, easy enough and interesting enough for beginners in the language. I beg to recommend one called *Lo Spettro dell' Antenata*. The Italian is easy and graceful; the story an old legend, very pretty and poetical. The book has been much recommended for young people. It can be procured in England from T. Rolandi's Foreign Library, Berners Street, Oxford Street, for 2s. 6d.; in Italy from Francesco Tapini, Via Vacchereccia, Firenze, for 3fr.—NETTCHEN.*

For The Children's Kitchen, St. Mary's Home, 10, Crown Street, Soho, are acknowledged, with thanks, stamps from Five Children at Home; H. B. C., E. H. C., E. G. C.; Children, Old and Young; B. B. B.; Kathrine and Johnny; Reigate; and several anonymous packets of stamps.

M. A. begs sincerely to thank M. H. for a Post-office Order for £1 for the Poor Cripple.

For The Invalid Kitchen, acknowledged with many thanks—Mousie, 5s.; Anonymous, 14s.; Anonymous, 5s.; Anonymous, (from Liverpool,) £1.; A Reader of The Monthly Packet, (M. C.) £1; Charlie, 5s.; D. F. E., 5s.; C. M. B., £1; Ynaf, 5s. Will Y. E. kindly say when her stamps were sent? J. F. B., 6s.—To be divided equally between The Invalid Kitchen, Ragged School Dinners, and Sick Children's Dinners.

Mousie will find an answer in the January Number.

A New Subscriber is informed that Bertram, or the Heir of Pendyne, was begun in No. XXV. (New Series.)

*The botanical name of the plant 'Contessa B.' mentions in The Monthly Packet for February, is *Ruscus Aculeatus*. The common English name is Butcher's Broom. It grows in the southern counties of England, but in this neighbourhood the berries rarely, if ever, ripen so as to become the lovely red which they attain in that charming district for botanists, between Nice and Eza. The *Ruscus* is a near relative of the creeping prickly *Smilax*, of which (so says a legend I have heard) our Lord's Crown of Thorns was formed. 'Contessa B.' would do well to purchase a copy of the 'Tourist's Flora,' by Mr. Wood, (after whom the little fern *Woodsia* is named.) I can say from experience, that it is one of the most pleasant travelling companions one can possibly have. I may mention that Mr. Wood gives two other varieties of *Ruscus*—one spineless, the other with the flowers under the leaf.—CHARLOTTE CHANTER.*

E. J. M., J. E., Rita, Gregory, and two other Correspondents, answer to the same effect.

A Mother would be very grateful if any Correspondent would recommend her a suitable book or books to give to a cadet, one that would combine sound Church teaching with a pleasant easy style, and that would supply, as far as possible, the lack of regular religious teaching.

We have a letter for Lilian, but we must ask her again for name and address.

J. B. informs Catherine that the lines beginning 'Low spirits are a sin,' are by the late F. W. Faber. The sonnet is called The Winter River, and is as follows:—

*'Low spirits are a sin—a penance given
 To over-talking and unthoughtful mirth.
 There is nor high nor low in holiest Heaven,
 Nor yet in hearts where Heaven hath hallowed earth.
 Still there are some whose growth is won in strife,
 And who can bear hot suns through all their life;
 But rather for myself would I forego
 High tides of feeling and brief moods of power,
 Than share those languors with the showy flower,
 Which the shade-loving herb doth never know.
 O Brathay, wisely in thy winter grounds,
 Wisely and sweetly are thy currents chiming,
 Thus happily to every season timing
 The same low waters and the same low sounds.'*

S. B. adds that it is in the volume The Water Lily of the Cherwels.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1870.

FROM CHRISTMAS TO EASTER.

MIGHTY Mother, Spouse of Jesus,
When thou mak'st the saving sign,
All our earth is changed to heaven,
All our water turned to wine;
Thou for Christ didst bear, dost feed us,
Thou art His, and we are thine.

Led by thee we journey homeward,
Armed by thee we win the fight,
Taught by thee we use the daylight,
Kept by thee we face the night;
Thine the voice that softly whispers,
'Walk by faith and not by sight.'

Poets sing of happy childhood,
Tell of youth's unclouded joy,
Yet methinks more lasting pleasures
Bless the man than did the boy,
Joys more full of satisfaction,
Hopes less easy to destroy.

Bright the rainbow-tints of boyhood
In the holiday of life,
When each face with smiles is dimpled,
Every voice with laughter rife,
Sweet the dream of great achievements
Compassed in the coming strife.

O the world is full of wonder
That the eyes of youth behold,
And to youthful ears its music
Is that talisman of old,

Which, when Orpheus touched the harp-strings,
Savage beasts and birds controlled.

But another spell is needed
When the pulse of youth is strong,
When on boyhood's mind converging
Evil thoughts relentless throng,
And the passions fiercely surging
Sweep their torrent-course along.

Then thy voice my ear detected,
Whispering in accents mild,
'Watch and pray, my son, that holy
Be thy youth and undefiled ;
Lo ! 'tis Christmas Day, and Christmas
Brings to us a little Child.' •

Then my soul, herself uplifting,
Through the midnight watches dim
Kneels beside the Holy Manger
With adoring Cherubim,
Till from them and thee, dear Mother,
She has learnt the Christmas hymn.

'Now to God on high be glory,
And to men on earth be peace ;'
'Tis the Eucharistic anthem,
Music that shall never cease,
To a ransomed world proclaiming
Jesu's advent, man's release.

Christendom at all her Altars
Once again the tale doth tell
Of His birth, Who came to vanquish
Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
Virgin-born, and Manger-cradled,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Now through all her fanes resounding
Once again the trump is blown ;
Once again the Christmas-season
Makes the happy tidings known ;
Once again all Christian people
Kneel beside the Manger-throne.

See the shepherds, Heaven-greeted,
Worship while the Angels sing;
See the Magi, star-directed,
Their most costly treasures bring;
See earth's simple ones and wise ones
Bending o'er their Baby-King.

Happy Mother, Ever-Virgin,
Mary clasps Him to her breast,
All succeeding generations
Speaking of her call her blest,
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
In the homage of the rest.

Saviour, by Thy love and pity,
Tried so oft and proved so well,
By the victory that vanquished
Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
Make us sharers in Thy triumph,
Jesu, our Emmanuel.

Now, dear Lord, Thy birth-day keeping,
As we bend before the shrine,
Find Thee life and health bestowing,
Veiled beneath the bread and wine,
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

Keep me Thine: O may I never
Cease to offer up that prayer;
Great the risks that wait on boyhood,
Manhood also has its share;
Doubt, the foe that now assailed me,
Came, the herald of despair.

All life's mystery had vanished,
All life's melody was hushed,
For I felt my faith was blighted,
And I knew my hopes were crushed,
Like a wanderer benighted
Through the wilderness I rushed.

'Twas the desert in life's journey
Where so many lose the way,
See by night no flaming column,
And no pilot-cloud by day,
With the promised land before them
Learn to doubt and disobey.

Yet with milk and honey flowing,
Still that land its wealth displays ;
God with His rebellious children
Deals in many gracious ways,
Turning curses into blessings,
And defiance into praise.

For that Voice, once more appealing,
Came as it had come before,
'Rise, what mean you thus repining ?
Rise, and trust Him evermore,
Who (behold 'tis Easter morning !)
Rises now a Conqueror.'

Then my soul, herself uplifting,
All her blessedness foretells,
Finds her downward course arrested,
Listening to the Easter-bells ;
Then a larger faith emboldens,
And a deeper love impels.

For the gladsome Easter-sunlight
Supersedes her Lenten gloom ;
Burst upon her ears the tidings
'Christ is risen from the tomb,'
Risen, her Emancipator
From the darkness and the doom.

Two days since the Cross was lifted
On that memorable hill,
Lifted the appointed Victim
Her redemption to fulfil ;
Now, though risen and triumphant,
See His wounds are open still.

Open still His Heart, inviting
Love responsive ; dearest Lord,
Kindle answering devotion
In the souls Thou hast restored ;
Be Thy Majesty exalted,
Be Thy Clemency adored.

As to-day we kneel adoring
Where the Altar-tapers shine,
Hail the covenanted Presence,
Veiled beneath the bread and wine ;
See we in Good Friday's Victim
Christmas morning's Babe Divine.

See we Him Who with the Father
From the first was glorified ;
His the thorn-encompassed forehead,
His the mutilated side,
His the hands and feet nail-tortured,
And the piercing voice that cried,

' Father, pardon them, they know not
What they do,' and ' It is done ;'
Death-stained, sin-crushed, interceding,
See we there the Sinless One,
See we crucified and bleeding
There the Sole-begotten Son.

Christendom at all her Altars
Tells the wondrous tale to-day,
Of the resurrection-triumph,
And the great stone rolled away,
And the sepulchre deserted,
Where the Lord of glory lay.

Christ is risen ; rise we with Him,
Through Him, to the life divine ;
He can baffle this world's sadness,
Making all its water wine ;
He can read life's riddle, only
Love and patience must combine.

Every gift and every blessing,
All the wealth of sea and land,
All we are, and have, and hope for,
More than we can understand,
All good things in earth and heaven
Reach us from the nail-pierced Hand.

And of noble aspirations
Every age has had its share,
Still the voice is raised in blessing,
Still the head is bowed in prayer,
Still in self-renunciation
Men will suffer and will dare.

Still the world is full of music,
Still survives the saintly line,
Still their teaching is inspired,
And their influence benign ;
Where a sick world's wounds are gaping
Pouring in both oil and wine.

All the things I loved in boyhood
 Still I love them more and more,
 But in most of them a meaning
 That I never found before,
 Turns my wonder into homage,
 And to love is to adore.

Past the rapids in life's voyage,
 Broader, deeper grows the stream,
 Bright the rainbow-tints of boyhood,
 Youth's intoxicating dream ;
 O but words must fail to utter
 How divinely fairer seem

Those that mix with manhood's sunshine ;
 (Mother, thou canst tell my joy !)
 Yes, indeed, more lasting pleasures
 Bless the man than did the boy,
 Joys replete with satisfaction,
 Hopes that nothing can destroy.

Mighty Mother, Spouse of Jesus,
 When thou mak'st the saving Sign,
 All our earth is changed to heaven,
 All our water turned to wine ;
 Thou for Christ didst bear, dost feed us,
 Thou art His, and we are thine.

A. G.

THE TEARS OF THE SAVIOUR.

‘Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.’—*Lamentations*, i. 12.

PERCHANCE the mourner thinks
 His grief beyond compare,
 His lot too hard and sad
 For human heart to bear ;

Condemned in loneliness
 To wear his life away,
 With none to share his woe
 Throughout earth's weary day ;

Still finding for his love
 Indifference or scorn ;
 Contempt for all the toil
 For other spirits borne ;

**Forsaken by his friends,
And hated by his foes;
He thinks no other heart
Such bitter trial knows.**

**Or on a bed of pain
He lingers many years,
Oppressed with anguish sore,
O'erwhelmed with death-like fears.**

**But can there be such tears
As those the Saviour wept?
Or can there be a heart,
Like His of joy bereft?**

**Or human love received
With such a bitter scorn?
Or aching pain endured,
Like that by Jesus borne?**

**Or loneliness like His,
When friends betrayed or fled?
Or sweat of anguish known,
Like those large drops He shed?**

**Or sense of sin endured,
Like that the Sinless bore?
Upon the painful Cross
Behold Him! kneel, adore!**

S. H. P.

'IT IS FINISHED.'

**It is finished—all the trouble
Of Thine early infant years,
All the passing grief of childhood,
Vanished now with childhood's tears.**

**It is finished—all the labour
Of Thy youth is ended now,
And Thy God-like form no longer
'Neath the heavy load must bow.**

It is finished—all the striving
 Of Thy human life below ;
 All the conflict now is over,
 Waged with earth's most bitter foe.

It is finished—weary waking
 On the waves of Galilee ;
 It is finished—broken slumber
 On the stormy restless sea.

It is finished—all the anguish
 That Thy soul for sinners bore,
 So that they might enter Heaven
 Through a new and living Door.

It is finished—type and shadow
 Now for ever passed away,
 For the starry night has yielded
 To a bright and glorious day.

It is finished—Cross and Passion
 Have been borne and suffered long ;
 It is finished—Resurrection
 Now must be our joyful song.

It is finished—sons of mortals
 Sound again that mighty cry ;
 It is finished—hosts of angels
 Chant it forth beyond the sky.

S. H. P.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIIUM.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THERE is much individual feeling in these stanzas, written out of the personal experiences of a time of sorrow and disappointed affection, comparatively early in life ; and though this fact has rendered the poem more difficult minutely to explain, it has given it a more deeply soothing and sympathizing effect.

Is it not strange, it asks, that the darkest hour that ever there was on earth should give more comfort to the mourner than the joyful days of the Incarnation, Resurrection, and coming of the Holy Ghost? It is

so because beneath the Cross we find the bitter herbs of earth, such as are our own, and with them our own are 'tempered by the Saviour's prayer, and with the Saviour's life-blood wet,' till 'they turn to sweetness and drop holy balm.' Yes, all our griefs turn to sweetness by that touch, and especially disappointment, or loss of friendship or of love.

In the sore moments of such pain comes the perception of what we never realized in more sunshiny moments—the anguish of our Lord, deserted and scorned, even as He still is in His lowly members upon earth—yea, as He has been, it may be, by ourselves in the hour of our triumph and prosperity. And what is our grief to His?

'His pierced Hands in vain would hide
His face from rude reproachful gaze;
His ears are open to abide
The wildest storm the tongue can raise;
He who with one rough word, some early day
Their idol world and them shall sweep for aye away.'

But while this exposure was added to all His other sufferings, we can shelter our griefs—even fancied ones—in some quiet lonely home

'Where gentlest breezes whisper souls distress'd,
That Love yet lives, and Patience shall find rest.'

And from that contrast between our slight sufferings and our Lord's unapproachable agony, arises the sudden cry of shame upon ourselves,

'That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross
Should wince and fret at this world's bitter loss.'

And therewith ensues that deep earnest supplication and self-dedication—

'Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry
Let not Thy Blood on earth be spent;
Lo, at Thy Feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy Wounds are bent—
Upon Thy streaming Wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears;
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows, by hope and fears,
Long since. O call Thy wanderer home—
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded Side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.'

On that eve of Good Friday, when the tidings were brought to Mrs. Keble that the pains of death were ended and eternal life begun, she turned to these two stanzas, and told those about her that in them they could see what must have been the last thought and prayer of him who then was just gone from us.

The thought he has left for mothers upon this day is one to bear them through the misery of seeing the suffering of infants, when they are tempted to declare themselves willing indeed to endure, but questioning and almost rebellious at the sight of the pain of the sinless babe. Such a mother is bidden to turn her eyes to the Hill of Calvary, where—as the Saviour toiled beneath the ‘accursed and galling wood’—a stranger, ‘hastening Zionwards,’ was seized and compelled to take part in bearing His Cross. Who knows whether in heart he was on the side of the persecutors of the Victim—whether he hated the burthen, or rejoiced so to bear it with the Lord? The unseen hosts of angels and devils watched around. Was he like the Raven or the Dove? Surely the Cross itself, and the treading in the Footsteps of our Lord, must have so melted his spirit that he ever learnt more and more of his ‘sweet awful load,’ the Instrument of Redemption. So with all on whom suffering is laid! Even to the infant, these unconscious pains give a share in ‘the Cross that maketh whole.’ ‘The tottering feet upon the way of sorrow led’ are verily following the Saviour, for they are His; and if the little hand find that the crown on the Saviour’s Brow is indeed thorns, yet

‘Who but would joy one drop should fall
Out of his own dull veins for Him who spared us all.’

The thought underlying all, is that the baptized Infant so entirely belongs to the great Head to whom it is united, that all the pains it can undergo—incapable as it is of murmuring or rebellion—are assuredly its own share in the Cross-bearing, and therefore blessed in themselves, and working for it a greater weight of glory.

EASTER EVE.

‘THE worst is o’er,’ the Pains of death are over, and the Rest in the Grave is begun. The mystery is not revealed, whether that interval were indeed spent in sleep, or whether the most holy Soul were ‘at large,’ ‘free’ among the dead, whether in the region of joy waking Abraham to rejoice, or in some drearier scene preaching to the spirits in prison, and setting them free by the ransom newly paid.

Wherever our Redeemer was, with Him we know was the happy soul of the penitent thief, even as we trust each of us may be. For does not each Christian hang on his cross, watching the Saviour, till we learn like that penitent to say, ‘We suffer justly the punishment of our sins, only, O Lord, remember me when Thou comest to Thy Kingdom.’ And that lesson learnt, we shall be taken to His Rest, there to wait till the number of His elect be accomplished, and His full Kingdom be come. Then shall we return with Him, ‘again with earth to blend’ both in our own

risen and purified bodies, and in the 'new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

In the meantime, what blessed intercourse may there not be with those whom we have never known in the flesh, but whom we may then be able to thank for the aid they have left us in these our days of bondage to the flesh, their words of hope and exhortation, and their bright examples.

But in the midst of thus realizing and longing for that future Sabbath the chastened temper pauses, and in fear of presumption returns from aspiration to the actual present. For though we are now in the stony wilderness, Christ, 'my Dove that' is 'in the clefts of the rock,' (Cant. ii. 14.) is still with us, can bring 'watersprings out of a dry ground,' and 'streams in the desert' for the good and true. In a verse of extraordinary beauty we are thus exhorted—

' When tears are spent, and thou art left alone
With ghosts of blessings gone,
Think thou art taken from the Cross and laid
In Jesus' burial shade.
Take Moses' rod, the rod of prayer, and call
Out of the rocky wall,
The Fount of holy Blood, and lift on high
Thy groveling soul that feels so desolate and dry.'

'For thou art in this rocky wilderness of a world, a prisoner of hope, who should turn and look to the Stronghold of Zion above, singing in hope of the promise of the future. Joseph, his father's darling, lay imprisoned in the pit, not knowing how he should be saved, but sure that God would save him, and so 'a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.' For this is what it is to be 'buried with Christ in baptism by His death,' to be dead with Him to this world, and our life hidden with Him.

A short spring-tide poem follows, redolent of that evening calm that often falls on Easter Eve, full of the delicate scent of primroses—

' As bright and quiet all things seem,
As if no heart could ache.'

And yet how awful was the gloom of the day before; but our calmness is no slight to Him, for we know that our joy of to-morrow no man taketh from us; and therefore well may earth blossom all over with her choicest store, the thyme and violet even upon the grave. And the little child—a still purer blossom—baptized into participation in the blessings of the eternal Rest, is innocent enough fitly to mingle in the peaceful cheerfulness of the day. But so to continue must be the work of fast and prayer, for it can only be by 'mortifying our evil and corrupt affections,' that 'through the grave and gate of death' we may pass to our joyful Resurrection.

A third, and exceedingly beautiful Easter Eve poem was composed for

the Salisbury Hymnal, and is much more entirely an invocation and hymn.

‘ Father and Lord of our whole life,
As Thine our burthen and our strife,
As Thine it was to die and rise,
So Thine the grave and paradise.’

The most remarkable verse is

‘ Dread Preacher, who to fathers old
Didst wonders in the gloom unfold ;
Thy perfect creed, O may we learn
In Eden, waiting Thy return.

EASTER MONDAY.

Most of those who have known the Christian Year from childhood agree in regarding this as one of their first loves, though it has no particular applicability to the day, save such connection as is afforded by the Resurrection proclamation in the portion of Scripture that is used as the Epistle being taken from St. Peter’s discourse to Cornelius. The verses themselves were written independently of the day, and were, we believe, inspired by a visit to the spot where the sources of the Thames and Severn lie within so short a compass.

To watch the little rippling fountain, see the waters flow on out of sight, and think how they gather depth and force ; how they meet other streams, become the blessing and the bulwark of the lands on their banks, and close their lives in the ocean ; all this seemed to him a parable of the silent growth of prayer, rising first from a single Christian heart, but met on its way to Heaven by multitudinous like petitions, and forming at last a flood of that intercession which God has willed should take Heaven by violence, and rising in praise ‘a chant of many parts.’

And what better instance can be found than Cornelius, the Roman soldier, praying in his villa at Cæsarea, for fuller light to shine on a mind (mayhap) disgusted with paganism, dissatisfied with philosophy, and perceiving the unattainable perfection of the theory of Judaism ; and at the same time the ardent simple-hearted Apostle, at Joppa on the house-top beside the glittering Mediterranean, praying to know his Lord’s will. Each was perfectly ignorant of the prayer of the other, yet God joined them together ; they were brethren in heart even then, and now they see the fruit of their prayers in the millions of redeemed Gentiles who enter the gate that Cornelius was the first to pass. If he ever—as a Roman—won the oak-leaf crown for saving a fellow-citizen’s life, that moment’s joy was far less precious to him. And what were all rewards of the favoured veterans to this happiness ?

The other poem is one of the most characteristic of the Lyra, with a

charming description of the infant's first awakening, the moment's start of uneasiness quelled at first sight of the mother or nurse, and then a comparison to the wakening on the first Easter morning, the desolateness of love figured by the Magdalen when she only knew her Lord was gone, and knew not how close He was to her, till He called her by name—by name, that special mark of grace. So again, as the infant's first gesture is to spread his arms towards his nurse, so Mary would have clung to her new-found Lord. But she is withheld by the mysterious words, 'Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father.'

' Love with infant's haste would fain
 Touch Him and adore ;
 But a deeper holier gain
 Mercy keeps in store.
 " Touch Me not, awhile believe Me,
 Touch Me not till Heaven receive Me,
 Then draw near and never leave Me,
 Then I go no more." '

Here indeed is an allusion to the great truth that no bodily contact with our Lord, while yet on earth, can be so near or so deep as that which by His Holy Spirit, and in His blessed Eucharist, subsists between His ascended Body and the faithful here below.

EASTER TUESDAY.

THE locality of the isle of snow-drops is curiously doubtful. Mr. Keble himself in his later days looked for the islet in the River Test which he thought he had meant, but could not identify it. Probably, after the wont of rivers, the Test had given and taken a good deal from his islands in the lapse of forty years.

However this may be, the snow-drop—as the blossom of promise—evokes a strain of musing on our eagerness to grasp the fair promises of spring in contrast with our want of faith as regards the hints of Christian hope, comparing ourselves to the mass of disciples, to whom the words of the women who were early at the Sepulchre 'seemed as idle tales.' They were but women, and may have been despised for simplicity and credulity, even as the 'wise in their own conceit' are too apt to despise the innocent undoubting assurance of those who cannot reason ;

' But where in gentle spirits, fear
 And joy so duly meet ;
 These sure have seen the angels near,
 And kissed the Saviour's Feet.'

These are the pure child-like spirits who have proved the joy of faith in Christ risen ; and again the same experience is manifested among the suffering poor, who full often have penetrated deeply into the mysteries of faith, and speak high things in their unconscious might of faith.

‘ O guide us, when our faithless hearts
 From Thee would start aloof,
 Where patience her sweet skill imparts
 Beneath some cottage roof.

Revive our dying fires to burn
 High as her anthems soar ;
 And of our scholars let us learn
 Our own forgotten lore.’

‘ Of our scholars let us learn ’ might have been the motto of the *Lyra* ; and the poet, in the poem called ‘ *Loneliness* ’ was learning of a little boy, who was making a visit at Hursley Vicarage, his first absence from his own well-peopled nursery and from his parents. The dreary feelings of a child in a strange place came upon him, and he was frightened. Mrs. Keble offered to read to him. He begged ‘ it might be something true ; ’ and when she brought the Bible, was satisfied. Such was the incident versified in the earlier stanzas, and then compared to the hush and calm that fell on the Apostles when they knew that what they had deemed a phantom was their Lord walking on the sea. As then the sense of His Presence realized is enough to dispel all terrors, whether the eerie imaginary alarms of childhood, or the more substantial, yet in truth equally imaginary fears and anxieties of after years ; even as on Easter night there was fear when the Apostles deemed that a spirit was amongst them, but were full of peace and strength when they knew that it was His Very Self—

‘ Him name in faith, and softly make
 The sign to angels known ;
 Then never need thy young heart ache
 In silence or alone.’

ST. MARK.

ST. MARK’S DAY—Mr. Keble’s own birth-day—has two very beautiful and simple poems, both connected with that one flaw in the life of the holy Evangelist, John Mark. That in the *Lyra* shews that thorough realization of the Scripture characters through combination of the different hints, that only could be attained by a mind thoroughly imbued with Holy Writ.

‘ A holy home ’ was Mark’s, for his mother was one of the holy women of Jerusalem, in whose house prayer was wont to be made. That he was ‘ child of a priestly line ’ is inferred from his being nephew to Barnabas, a Levite. He grew up ‘ where the vernal midnight air was vocal with the prayer of the Christians, who there met during the days of unleavened bread, and supplicated without ceasing for the life of their great Apostle sleeping in his chains and awaiting death. A valiant woman was she thus to open her house to the persecuted in the very

hour of peril; a true sister of Josea, surnamed the Son of Consolation, who 'having land sold it, and laid the money at the Apostles' feet.

' A holy home, a refuge bower
For saints in evil hour,
Where child, and slave, and household maid,
Of their own joy afraid,
As parent's voice familiar own
The reverend Apostolic tone;
'Tis heard, and each the race would win
To tell the news within.

For thither it was that St. Peter, when set free by the angel, first directed his steps, and there it was that his knock started the Christians in their midnight vigil on his behalf, and the damsel named Rhoda, when she knew his voice, 'opened not the gate for gladness.'

Such a home was a blessed one to be bred in; but mark the warning. 'Even here may lurk a snare.' There must come a time when the service of God will no longer lie in those tranquil paths, and when docility must give place to resolution. There may even be a danger that the love of home—unsuspected because at first a duty, and always amiable and innocent—may weaken the hands, unnerve the spirit, and hold us back from the work of God.

Of course the poet—always so careful not to say a word beyond what is written—does not say whether it were home-sickness or want of courage that caused St. Mark's failure in his first expedition with St. Paul and St. Barnabas; but the point is the same, the caution not to take religious training for religion itself.

The poem in *The Christian Year* is on the dissension to which that temporary defection gave rise; and so remarkable was the analogy to the author's own life, that Archbishop Longley could not refrain from quoting it on that St. Mark's Day that saw the foundation of Keble College.

Who can trust to the permanence of the closest friendship, if even two great Apostles and fellow-workers were at variance and forced to separate?

' Yet deem not on such parting sad,
Shall dawn no welcome pure and glad;
Divided in their earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescued soul,
The faithful champions shall embrace.

For even as those mysterious Four,
Who the bright whirling wheels upbore
By Chebar in the fiery blast;
So, on their tasks of love and praise,
The Saints of God their several ways
Right always speed, but join at last.'

I had always been in the habit of applying these lines to Bossuet and Fénelon, divided by the unhappy affair of Madame Guyon, and never

openly reconciled upon earth, though no doubt they have met above. But of the next verse—on the meeting of long separated friends, not reconciled, for there had been no strife nor cessation of love—there was to be a very wonderful realization in the autumn of 1865, when the two who had once ‘seized the banner and spread its fold,’ and had since been in two separate—alas! often hostile—camps of the great army, met as white-haired men, so changed that at first they did not know each other!

The trust in ‘such welcome dear and glad’ in this world or the next, had long ago been gathered from the lot of the ‘Companion of Saints,’—of St. Paul, St. Barnabas, and St. Peter—when the great soldier, in his last Epistle, summoned him to receive his last farewell, and gave him his approbation as one profitable to the ministry, leaving this great and hopeful example of restoration. Yet it is to the meeting to part no more that the poem looks forward with real trust.

‘O then the glory and the bliss
When all that pained or seemed amiss
Shall pass with earth and sin away;
When saints beneath their Saviour’s eye
Filled with each other’s company,
Shall spend in love the Eternal day.’

(*To be continued.*)

A VISION OF EASTER EVE.

A MOUNTAIN pasture flecked by grazing sheep
In a night-vision passed before mine eyes;
And, where it overhung a valley deep,
To the oxen’s lowing, heavenly harmonies
Responded: songs of glory, peace, and love.
From a lone cattle-shed, whence soft light strayed,
Reflected by a clear white star above,
After a space came forth a blue-robed maid,
And in her arms a Babe was gently prest.
As He appeared, night became day. A dove,
And yet another, nestled on her breast
Near Him. A temple’s porch hid them from sight;
And soon I heard within, through doors half-shut,
The *Nunc Dimittis*. While they sang of Light
Lightening the Gentiles, looking up, I saw
In the tall cliff forty steep steps were cut;
Up these a Traveller climbed. In Him with awe
I knew the Babe, now grown, Whom from the hut
The maiden bore. Each time six steps were past,
He hewed by the way-side a resting-place,

Yet Himself rested not. The wild beasts cast
 Their hungry glances on His pale sad Face.
 And then, stained with His Blood, I saw the last
 Six steps. The matted brambles rent His Brow,
 And a green slimy snake His Foot had crushed
 Bit, as it died, His Heel. He fell, and now
 A door as of a mountain cave was pushed
 Open, and unseen hands received Him. Then
 Awhile I slumbered dreamless, ere that I
 Saw Him in dazzling glory risen again—
 The Babe, the Man, the SON of GOD most High!
 And I awoke, to find the sun's first ray
 Full on my couch; and lo! 'twas Easter Day.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS.

ON DEVOTION IN ART.

BY THE REV. G. C. HARRIS,

PREBENDARY OF EXETER.

FAMILIARITY, it is said, breeds contempt. It is perhaps not doubtful whether this adage is confirmed in the case of Art by the process of popularizing, which it, as well as science, religion, and several other things, have been undergoing of late years. By the cheap press, by wholesale prices, and by 'stooping to conquer,' Art has been in one way brought within the reach of the many; it has been popularized, it has been also vulgarized. Sensation writing, sensuous pictures, tawdry ornaments, coarse prints, have all tended to degrade the idea of Art; and in degrading the idea of Art, to degrade instead of to elevate the many thousands over whom Art, even debased as she is, exercises a wondrous fascination.

For the sake, then, of Art, as well as of her admirers, I would try to claim her in the name of Christianity. I would try to shew how Art, in all its branches, is a thing not only beautiful, but divine; truly beautiful, because divine. And I want to shew also how every man, and above all every Christian, is an artist in the highest sense of the word; and how every one, no matter what his position, education, or opportunities, is interested in the question of Art. I would shew also how in Art Christianity has one of its greatest allies, not merely as a handmaid to deck its material shrines, but also as a living influence working in the life of men, and moulding their characters.

But it must be Art understood; Art true to itself; Art in its purity, in its holiness, in its ennobling modesty, and its heavenly beauty, that is

to exercise the power and claim the sympathies which, as a minister of Christ, I demand for it.

One of Milton's most beautiful poems describes, as many of you know, the fate of a fair lady, wandering after nightfall, separated from her brothers, and entrapped by a vile enchanter, whose treachery has first lured her to his unhallowed haunts, and whose spells have bound her motionless in a magic seat. All round her are the rabble rout of elves and unclean beings, who in the glade of the forest are keeping up their hideous orgies, in obedience, as they say, to their chief's command to

' . . . Welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity;
Braid their locks with rosy twine,
Dropping ambers, dropping wine.'

Or, as the attendant spirit describes more truly the enchanter's crew, following one who is

' Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him who drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixing instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face.'

While

' Night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers,
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense.'

Here she is found by her brothers and the attendant spirit of good, unharmed as yet, but in the utmost danger; bound, fair and pure, with horrid spells, amid allurements to utter ruin. And such as *she* was, seated in her spotless maiden purity, retained against her will by the throng around her; such is holy Art, entrapped, and if possible degraded, to unholy uses; and such I commend her to you, as to her brethren, in whose souls there breathes the thought of beauty; you, who in Art or song, of high or low degree, ever tried to charm the listening ear or please the eye; or who ever tried with the gift of affection to obtain the smallest object that would gratify one you loved; you, who ever designed or delighted in the work of architecture, or painting; who ever felt the beauty of the House of God, or tried to adorn with one ray of taste the walls of your own home—to all you I appeal to lend me first your attention while I try to lay my thoughts bare before you, and then your aid in rescuing, as far as your influence reaches, the beautiful form of Art which now is in such danger on so many hands. For round about Art,

like the dancing fiends around the lady in the story, are immorality, triviality, coarseness, vulgarity, brutality, materialism, realism, infidelity, guided by that arch-enchanter who wields so much power at the present day, popularity.

I. But first of all the question meets us, What is Art? The answer is one that spreads itself far and wide, high and low. It carries our thoughts up to Heaven; it brings them down to the level and the capacities of the humblest among us. Art is 'the power of creating the beautiful.' To put it in another form, Art is 'the union of the Real and the Ideal.'

I know I have a good deal to explain here. First of all, What do I mean by the Ideal? what do I mean by the Real? By the Real I mean that which we can see and hear, and touch and feel, here at the present time. On that I need not dwell. The Ideal is something you cannot see, or hear, or touch, or feel. The Ideal is 'something more beautiful than anything you ever saw.' It is always so. Different people may get nearer and nearer to it, but no one ever attained to it. Every artist in painting, in sculpture, in music, in architecture, in poetry, in eloquence, is always striving after it. He is no artist if he ever thinks he has attained it. You have a feeling of admiration for a song, or a church, or a picture, or a poem. But as soon as you have admired it, you become dissatisfied; you feel there is something more, something beyond. You have gained much in what you have either done or admired, but you find the very step you have gained only makes you want something more. There is no rest; there is no stopping. There is always something beyond. The most perfect artist that the world has ever known, has been as thoroughly dissatisfied with his greatest work, as you or I could be with ours if we were to try and paint the face that we thought the fairest of any we had ever seen. It is this that makes improvement and progress in Art; this leads us onwards, both in producing and admiring works of Art. The Ideal seems always just in front of us, leading us onward. It becomes more beautiful as we grow more appreciative; the more we understand, the more we admire; nay, the more we understand, the more we see. A great lover of Art once put it to me, 'We can see nothing in Art that we do not understand.' And still whatever we do understand and see, the Ideal is something of which we have as it were a dream, just beyond us again. Let me illustrate. Some years ago I went in the evening to the Art Museum at South Kensington. The galleries were filled with working men and their wives and families. I noticed particularly the pictures around which they crowded. They were pictures by Wilkie and by Landseer, representations of home scenes, and familiar instances; or drawings of animals with which they were well acquainted. But each were idealized; that is, each picture—were it the interior of a cottage, or were it a stag or a dog—represented the cottage, the stag, or the dog, a little more beautiful, a little more poetical, than they had ever seen it; it represented, perhaps,

what they knew well enough in its mere bare outline ; but it shewed the scene or the animal with a beauty and a grace that they had in their hearts imagined and longed for, and never been able either to see or to express. For them the Ideal was so far realized in these pictures. There were other pictures in the gallery far grander than any of these as works of art. Masterpieces of Turner ; glowing landscapes rich in all the beauty of colouring, and in their depth and suggestiveness seeming to have borrowed that robe of glory and of mystery which Nature herself seems to hang over the mountain tops, or across the valleys between the eternal hills, or with which she fringes the wavy horizon of the sea, or wraps herself up as she flees from the sunlight into the shadows of woods. These pictures, with all their splendour, all their historic illustrations, all their weighty moral teachings, had at that time few admirers ; only one or two here and there lingered entranced before them. And the reason was simply this : the simpler pictures realized for their spectators the Ideal, the something more beautiful than they had seen ; but they had not, as yet, within reach the Ideal which floated before the mind of the greater masters. They will reach that ; many by this time have reached it ; and they will press on further yet. For, ever, I repeat it, to the true and pure, the Ideal, the something more beautiful than anything you have ever heard or seen, floats on before you like the fabled rainbow foot. Onward, yes, and upward. From the simple scene and the homely occupants of the fire-side, the work-shop, the stable, or the common ; onwards, upwards, till some trace of heavenly meaning and moral teaching breathes from the canvas, or murmurs in the song ; till the beauty gazed on, or listened to, reveals itself little by little even as it flees ; reveals itself as something not of the earth earthy ; something of heavenly birth, something of divine in nature ; something that the most skilful pencil can never portray, nor the sweetest melodies express ; something beyond the beauties of the sun and moon, beyond Nature's loveliness ; something which is craved for, and can satisfy not the eye, not the ear, not the flesh, not the mind, but the very soul of man ; something that is attained only on reaching the footstool of heaven's throne—nay, in absorption in Him Who is the only Ideal of the truly beautiful, because the only original of the truly good, even God Himself. And in this way, I repeat, we are all artists if we are Christians. For religion is our Art. Religion gives to the most unlettered the thought of something more beautiful than they have ever seen ; it supplies them with a model which is beautiful at first, but far more beautiful as they approach near to it ; more beautiful, and at the same time apparently more unattainable, as they really attain nearer to it ; the model of Christ ; the Ideal of all goodness ; that is, God Himself realized in man by the Incarnation.

But in the other part of our definition, we rise in the thought of Art to an equal elevation. Art, I said, was realizing the Ideal ; or, in other words, 'the power of creating the beautiful.' Mark you, I say the

power of *creating* the beautiful—not the power of imitating it. Just as nothing that you see or can see can be the Ideal, so no faculty of mere imitation can ever make an artist. Nor can any skill in manipulation, any attention to rules of proportion, any obedient plodding in a teacher's footsteps, any servile following of another's peculiarities, ever make a work of art. Following up what was said just now; a real work of art, however humble the artist or small the work, must be the realizing and producing something more beautiful than the producer has ever seen—producing so that he and others may see it. The sight of some painting, or building, or the sound of music that has floated before his mind—suggested, it may be, by something he has seen or heard, but invested with a new form and beauty by his own creative thought.

And again in this idea of creating, there is something religious, something deeply solemn. It is a reflection of His attributes, Who through the ages contemplated in Himself the perfection of the beautiful and the good; and in His own time produced it by His Word, speaking and it was done, commanding and it stood fast. For in His creative work we find the principle and the results of true Art. Let me try and render it, as far as translation will serve, in the language of an eloquent French preacher.*

'Thus God,' says Father Felix, 'appears from our point of view as the Supreme Artist, as being the Creator of the worlds and their marvels. His Word is His ideal. The universe is His work. In realizing all the beautiful creatures that He has planted in that universe, He has given not only substance but a visible and tangible form to the beauty which He contemplated in Himself, in His archetype, which is the infinite. The transitory spectacles which He shews to our view throughout creation, are only a sensible manifestation of the eternal spectacle which He contemplates in Himself; and the harmonies which He makes to echo in our ears in the music of this world, are also but the sensible form of the harmonies that He hears in Himself; the eternal song which God chants in Himself, and which He hears in the innermost depth of His being. And who can tell in human speech all that the Divine Artist shews us in these spectacles, all that He would have us hear in the depth of these harmonies which are the beauty of the universe? What magnificent and incomparable architecture His creative power realizes in the construction of the universe! Vast Temple where He dwells and where He reveals Himself! For in good truth the universe is a temple that excels all other temples, and there is no architecture that can compare with its architecture. And what enchanting pictures the Divine Artist has scattered before our view, in the enamel of the meadows, in the face of the lily and the rose; in the crystal of the fountain, in the wing of the bird, in the azure of the sky; and above all, in that countenance of man, where all visible beauties gather themselves on his brow, transfigured by a reflection of the beauty that is invisible. What marvellous carvings also has the mysterious chisel of the Divine Sculptor spread before us throughout this temple of creation; from the lowly hyssop to the mighty oak; from the little plants in our gardens to the giant trees of the untrodden forest; and in the animal world, from the poorest insect to the most colossal of animals; what variety of lines, what elegance of forms, what purity of design, what marvels of proportion, what perfection of detail, and what harmony as a whole! In one

* Pere Félix. Conférences de Notre Dame, 1867.

word, alongside of the mightiest works of architecture and of painting, what *chef d'œuvres* of sculpture! And from beneath these beings so divinely formed, painted, and carved by the hand of the Divine Artist, what music rings, both in the movement which is carrying them along, and in the breath that sweeps across them. Music which has nothing else like it; vast as space, lasting as time, grand as creation; music truly universal, where all voices blend, all chords vibrate; every air breathes its whisper, all sounds ring out in tune, and where every created being utters, more or less heard, more or less understood, its hymn to its Creator.'

II. If this grand passage does not carry all hearts at once to an appreciation of the true idea of Art in its highest manifestation as the Creator's work, at any rate it may lead some to look with more and deeper interest at the glorious panorama spread around us, in earth, and sky, and sea. But to take it as it specially connects itself with our present subject, I would ask whether Art so understood does not demand of those who seek to follow her the deepest devotion? And to this devotion, how it works, and what the difference in the results according as it is present or absent, I want now to come. This devotion; it is the strong earnest longing of the artist and the man after something better and more beautiful than he has ever heard or seen; it is an enthusiastic love for this something for its own sake; it is a very consecration of self to the pursuit of it.

A work of art cannot be produced off-hand, nor to order, nor for a consideration. A sign-board may, but then it is a sign-board, and not a picture. Verses may be struck off at a moment's notice at so much per couplet, but they will be only verses, not poetry; rhyme, possibly, but not reason; their writer worthy of the poet's corner in a country newspaper, never likely to be worthy of Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. But this devotion—We must have it first in the preparation. The travail pangs, and the time of embryo growth, are greater and longer in proportion to the greatness of the birth which is to come. And the work of art is a birth, not a manufacture. It is not as in the case of a mechanical product, where certain material is put into a frame, the steam turned on, the machinery set a-going, and so much is produced at so much per yard, or so many articles in a minute, each exactly like the other, reproducing the identical faults as well as excellencies. It is a birth, slowly achieved, and the conception is a time of devotion and of silence. 'I kept silence,' says David, 'yea, even from good words, but it was pain and grief to me: while I was thus musing the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with my tongue.'* So is it in their degree with all the creators of Art. There is a time of preparation with them, as with the poet,

' Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.' †

* Psalm xxxix.

† Longfellow.

And he meditates on the thought of beauty, whether it be the plan of Cologne Cathedral, or whether it be a pretty song whose rough outline has occurred to him, and he labours at it, and thinks and thinks till the full idea begins to grow upon him, first dim and dark as the landscape at night when one looks out of doors from a bright room and sees nothing at first; and then the idea brightens, but its parts are intermingled and contradictory, till at last they gather clearness and proportion and definiteness, like the stereoscope as it fits itself to the eye, and in vivid clearness the idea presents itself to the artist, and he cries out, 'Eureka!—I have found it!'

But the idea which he has conceived must come to the birth; and there is another painful process, and no one knows how far short the actual production is of the idea conceived, but the artist himself, who knows what he aimed at, and feels himself that he is defeated, while the crowd around are shouting, 'Victory! victory!' And even when he has produced it, and contemplates it, how he dreads the judgement of those he cares for; like that holy poet of our Church, who kept *The Christian Year* for twenty years after he had written it, before he could be persuaded that it was worth publishing.

But not only in preparation do we want devotion. In the work itself it is necessary. And in this let us consider these things as component parts—Perception, admiration, emulation, refusal to rest, in the artist; enthusiasm, purity, faith, love, in the man. All these are necessary. Without these no truly grand cathedral, no inspired composition of really good poetry, music, painting, sculpture, has ever been produced. Without these it is possible to achieve popularity, but not fame; to please the senses, but not the judgement; to gratify the passions, not to satisfy the soul. For nothing is a masterpiece of Art which does not elevate as well as please.

Now as to perception. I have already said it is an axiom of Art that we can see nothing we do not understand. Therefore in every branch of Art, the artist who has learned principles sees more in that composition than another. With the most intense enjoyment of music, we stand without who do not understand the science of music. And in nature, in everything, we need a certain kind of education, as well as what I must call artistic eyesight, to enable us to recognize anything at all. Let me give an instance mentioned by the late Frederick Robertson. A young woman was driving on the top of a coach down the most picturesque street in one of the most interesting of our cities; her companions were admiring, some the beautiful curve of the street itself; some the spires and towers that one after another opened to view; some were thinking of the outsides of the homes of learning; some musing on their inner life and working; when she suddenly broke silence at one part of the street, with 'Oh my! what a many narrow doors!' Her father was a builder in a small way of business, and nothing struck her but this detail which connected itself with her ordinary life. The perception I speak of grows

with what it feeds upon. Accustom yourselves to look for objects of interest, and you will find them; a piece of advice the first to any young reader who would like to be an artist. Walk to any point of interest within your reach, and try and recollect at the end of your walk what you have seen. The first time, perhaps, you will see nothing; the second, perhaps, you will notice two boys beating a donkey; the third, you may notice the houses and the gardens; you may go on to observe the flowers in the hedges, and even to study the broken rocks, the contrast of colours in rock and field, or the variety and yet the harmony of view from the mountain to the sea.

But whatever the powers of observation, they are worth little without the power of admiration. Do we think enough of that, as a great gift of God, and as having something noble in it? To enjoy a view, or to enjoy a work of art, is in itself to have something of the artist's fire; to admire what is beautiful is necessary in those who would reproduce it. How different this from the lounging 'don't care' tone that is becoming so fashionable, that thinks it a mark of distinction never to be astonished, and of manliness to see nothing to admire. And this power of admiration must be noticed both in the artist and the public. It is really to be found, however much kept in the back-ground, in almost every heart. It finds its expression and its field of exercise in shows and fêtes, and feats of strength or skill, in plays and processions—and all these of a bad kind if there is no good food provided; and this, too, forms one of the secrets of the artist's power, this gives him a hold over those among whom he lives.

But besides the power of observation, and the gift of admiration, both of which depend partly on the natural gift, partly on education, partly on opportunity, or, as the world calls it, chance, for

τύχη τέχνην ἔσπερξε καὶ τέχνη τύχην

we must push on to the third, emulation—that is the longing to reach the beauty seen or felt, till every model of beauty that the earth can give has been exhausted, and the artist at last is driven, or rather drawn, to the thought of something fairer than anything that this earth has for *him*; as Raphael said of a certain picture of his, that 'finding no model sufficiently beautiful, he availed himself of a certain ideal of beauty that hovered before him.'* Always wanting to advance in the spirit of the Swedish conqueror—

‘Think nothing gained, he cries, till naught remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the northern sky.’†

These, as an artist—observant, appreciative, quick to imitate, slow to

* Rev. G. Butler, in 'Oxford Essays,' 1856.

† Johnson, 'Vanity of Human Wishes.'

desist. But as a man, we want something more. These qualities may make a good workman, a good artificer; but there must be something more and deeper in him as a man.

We read of

‘The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak;
Such cunning they that dwell on high
Have given to the Greek.’*

But full of Art, in one sense, as those great masters were, we must not be content without something more than they reached—something which they could not reach, because they had not a motive which we have, nor the ideal which leads us onward.

In a word, to make the perfect artist we must have religion. Religion, which is in itself a motive, and supplies the perfect ideal in the Incarnation—when God took form as man.

Religion gives us the other qualities—enthusiasm, purity, self-denial, faith, love, in the man.

Enthusiasm we dismiss briefly. It is the fire of zeal, the wind that stirs the surface of the soul, the breath that quickens the live coal into a flame, the spirit of nobility which makes a man work for something higher than the actual money that his wares will fetch.

But self-denial. A great writer on Art has told us† (I cannot give his exact words) that there is no work really great in which the worker has not sacrificed himself; working on, foot to foot and hand to hand, in the struggle with all the rebellions of his subject matter, all the wearinesses or caprices within, all the failures, disappointments, bitternesses, which it is his lot continually to meet with. And all this, not for his own name or fame, not for the glory of the hour, not for the praise of those who he knows are ready to praise or condemn equally what they cannot understand; but for the love of his art, and in the enthusiastic desire to realize and express the beauty on which his heart is set.

And then the purity. If this be wanting, farewell to our hopes of Art doing anything to elevate or improve our moral state; farewell to the hope of producing anything that we may offer to the service of Almighty God. Let a man’s genius fail in this—be he architect, musician, painter, sculptor, what not—he fails entirely; he feeds the taste of sensualism. He dwells on images of unclean fancies, or thoughts of moral ugliness, till in his works and in his words he reproduces them. To quote again:—

‘Together with the delicacy of the artistic sense, together with the instinctive love of beauty, the loss of purity carries away also little by little the grand aspirations which make the true artist. . . . Impurity of morals overturns, or at any rate obscures, the ideal in Art. . . . The ideal! But is there such a

* Prophecy of Capys.

† Ruskin.

thing left for the artist who has fallen into the lowest depths—shall I say, the last slough of human immodesty? The ideal! What can become of this, the sun of Art, seen across the fumes of the midnight orgy, or looked for with the eyes dimmed, with the soul deflowered, with the faculties enervated, by the outrages of the debauch? What ideal can remain in the artist who does not even know how, by ordinary virtue, to preserve any sort of purity whatever? *

This purity was wanting to the ancient Greeks, even with all their beautiful art: and hence their Art became a vehicle for the direct encouragement of the passionate and the unclean. When Christian Art, which had its birth with so much else that is Christian in the Catacombs of Rome, first began to shew its modest beauties, religious subjects, teeming with the expressions of the joys and consolations and hopes of the Christian mourner, purified and hallowed it. Then, as the idea of Creation supplied the idea of Art, and the Incarnation furnished the highest holiest ideas, so in other relations of life, and with other subjects, Christian Art gave expression to feelings which the heathen world had never known. Hence the idea of the Virgin Mother representing the purest holiest love that could burn in a human heart; hence the Christian Church, the shrine not only of Christian worship but of Christian Art, where everything of sight and sound that could represent the best might find its fittest resting-place. Observation, admiration, enthusiasm, purity, and self-denial, guided by love for Him Whom faith revealed, all joined their greatest energies to deck the Christian Church with choicest Art, and to give a meaning to the offering.

How far the spirit in which works of art are done affects their execution, and what the effect of different kinds of Art, each good of its kind, is upon the beholder, let me shew by two illustrations. Every one has heard of Milan Cathedral; let me in a few words describe the effect upon a poet of that majestic pile, and let me beg you to notice how the beauty of Art and the beauty of Nature combine in their solemnizing effect upon his artist mind.

‘ O Milan! O the chanting quires,
The giant windows’ blazoned fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory,
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climbed the roof at break of day,
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
I stood among the silent statues
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand silvery pencilled valleys,
And snowy peaks in a golden air! †

* Pere Félix.

† Tennyson, ‘The Daisy.’

In northern climes there is a city, whose old cathedral and majestic churches carry out the same idea—I mean Rouen. In that same city is another church; and the difference in the work of the two churches—one, the labour of love, carried on through years in the dim ages of the past, the other, the mere article of commerce, executed at so much a perch—is bitterly described by one of the authors already referred to. Let him speak for himself:—

‘I believe the right question to ask respecting all ornament is simply this, Was it done with enjoyment? was the carver happy while he was about it? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder because so much pleasure was taken in it; but it must have been happy too, or it will not be living. How much of the stone-mason’s toil this condition would exclude I hardly venture to consider, but the condition is absolute.

‘There is a Gothic church lately built near Rouen, vile enough indeed in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied old work closely. But it is all as dead as leaves in December; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole façade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so, they are merely loading your walls with shapes of clay; the garlands of everlastings in Père la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments.

‘You cannot get the feeling by paying for it—money will not buy life. I am not sure even that you can get it by watching or waiting for it.’—*Seven Lamps of Architecture*, chap. v., p. 24.

The other illustration carries out the same idea of the different effect of different kinds of Art upon the beholder. At Rome, at certain grand occasions, there is a magnificent service in St. Peter’s. The service I allude to is the enthronement of the Pope upon the High Altar, where, while he is seated, homage is rendered to him by the Cardinals, the clergy, and all the people. Of this awful spectacle, as to our minds it cannot but appear, Dr. Monsell remarks,* that it *could* not occur in one of the great Gothic cathedrals of the north. Were it to be attempted, said he, at Rouen, the Pope himself could not stand it; he would soon descend from his impious elevation, and instead of receiving homage while seated on God’s Altar, he would be found bending among the crowd before it. I once mentioned this incidentally to an architect of note. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I can quite understand it. St. Peter’s is built in what is called the Italian style—the old heathen style. All the lines are cut off, so to speak, by heavy horizontal lines; there is nothing of the clustered column, nothing of the springing pointed arch, nothing of the vaulted roof, all conspiring to raise eye and thought upwards, till the eye loses itself in the mazy tracery of the roof, and the thought flies higher and further, on and up, to the very Throne of God.’

There are special departments of Art on which it were easy to touch; to dwell on the literature or the drama of the day, and shew the effect of the absence from them of the qualities I have claimed for the true artist, and the pernicious, nay, the infidel tendency, of bad art. But it is time to stop.

* Our New Vicar.

Only let us draw some such thoughts as these from what has been said. It applies in reality to all—to those who can admire a building, a song, or a picture, as much as to those who can build, or sing, or paint one. By thinking on the beautiful, and by trying to admire it, we raise ourselves. We shall drive away the coarse, the indelicate, the profane. We shall ornament life; we shall join in the artist's work every one of us—some by the actual use of the very gifts already spoken of—training them, and using them not merely for gain, not merely for show, but for love of the Art itself, and for the glory of God. Oh! if it were right to envy at all, I hardly know which I should envy most. Should I cry with one, himself a poet—

'Ye whose souls are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old,

Sovereign masters of all hearts,
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string;
He hath chosen you to lead
His Hosannas here below;
Mount and claim your glorious meed,
Linger not with sin and woe.' *

I could apostrophise him in whose hands the brush or the pencil gives form and expression to thoughts of beauty, 'fairer far than opium-eater ever dreamed;' † I could almost salute with the greatest reverence him whose genius can design a home fit for all these holy treasures, where, built in the Name and to the honour of God, the Christian temple rises—where all the beauty of form and colour blend together—

'The high embowed roof,
And antique pillars, massy proof;
With storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.' ‡

Him who can design worthily such fanes as our great cathedrals, I admire and I honour, especially when we think of the fanes crowded with the living statues, with all the expression of the immortal soul breathing through their faces:§ still more when we look eastward to where the

* The Christian Year.

† Kingsley.

‡ Milton.

§ Pere Félix.

Altar in its dignity reminds us of the very Presence of God; till all the Art around us, all the things we see, carry us to more glorious things unseen; and the material temple becomes a type, with its stones and its timbers, of something far beyond. All these pass from our thoughts; the music ravishes us, the architecture carries us up on high, the narrow space around us widens out; we feel we are in 'a temple which has been upon earth, a spiritual Temple, made up of living stones; a temple, as I may say, composed of souls; a temple, with God for its light, and Christ for the High Priest; with wings of Angels for its arches, with saints and teachers for its pillars, and with worshippers for its pavement. 'This Temple,' which 'has been on earth ever since the Gospel was preached.' *

But to come back to the individual man. 'Once more, never forget that every Christian is an artist—that artist has an ideal—in pursuing that ideal, he creates every day a masterpiece, the masterpiece which God and His Angels look on with the greatest delight: that ideal, which he pursues, and which he tries to imitate, is Jesus Christ; and that masterpiece, which he labours to realize and bring to perfection day by day, and hour by hour, is—himself.' †

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XIII.

CONDITION OF HUNGARY AT THE CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

'By the Grace of God, King of Hungary, Dalmatia, Kroatia, Rama, Servia, Galicia, Lodomeria, Kumania, and Bulgaria,' such was the title borne by the later kings of the house of 'Arpád; though their power over Galicia and Lodomeria, never thoroughly established, had ceased entirely during the reign of Béla IV.; and Servia gave them but a wavering allegiance, occasionally sending a small contingent of soldiers, but never paying tribute. After the departure of the Mongols, Hungary had, it is true, nominally taken possession of the wasted deserted lands south and east of Transylvania, formerly called Kumania, and inhabited by Kumans. But Béla IV. and his successors had been too fully occupied with the affairs of Hungary-proper to have much attention to spare for this distant semi-barbarous province. That part of it which lay to the south of the river Aluta was, however, gradually peopled by settlers from the neighbouring states, chiefly Wallachs, or Roumanians, as they now prefer to be called.

But with the increase of population, came increasing independence of

* Newman's Sermons.

† Pere Félix.

Hungary, till, at the close of László IV.'s reign, a Wallachian Knes or chief, with his followers, joined the colony, and became its acknowledged head. He built the town of Kampelungen, and being speedily followed by more of his countrymen, laid the foundations of the modern state of Wallachia, which practically repudiated all allegiance to Hungary, whenever the King was not powerful enough to enforce respect for his claims. The remaining part of ancient Kumania (now Moldavia and Bessarabia) was in time again thinly peopled by Kumans and a few Wallachs, but the growth of the state was much checked by the repeated attacks of the Tatars, to whom it could offer little effectual resistance. So much then for the states which though mentioned in the title of her kings, were practically well-nigh independent of Hungary.

There were on the other hand certain provinces, called anciently 'partes subjectæ,' but more recently, 'partes adnexæ,' whose relation to the Hungarian state it will be well to consider. They were closely united to Hungary, so closely, indeed, as in some instances to be omitted from the title, and yet were not entirely one with her. The most important of these, Transylvania, was indeed considered as an integral part of Hungary, though to their mutual disadvantage, it was not incorporated with the parent state. In the general distribution of the conquered lands, it had fallen to the share of Tuhutum, and was held by him on conditions doubtless the same as those attaching to the possessions of the other chiefs. But, owing to its isolated condition, surrounded by wild and warlike neighbours, it may have been found necessary to give it a more independent and central government; and though Tuhutum's successor, Prince Gyula, struggled in vain for entire independence, the relations of Transylvania with Hungary continued to be of a nature all the more peculiar from the complexity of its own internal organization. For Transylvania was not even united in itself, but comprised three states, each almost as independent of the other as the whole was of Hungary, it having been always St. Stephen's policy to allow each nationality to retain as far as possible its own constitution. In the west, then, were settled the Magyars; in the east, the Székels; in the middle, the Saxons, and scattered among these were Wallachs, the remains of the original inhabitants. On the conquest of Gyula the younger, the western or Magyar portion received a constitution and laws similar to those of Hungary, and was governed by a Vajda or Stattholder, appointed by the King, instead of an hereditary prince. The Vajda was the chief judge in time of peace, the general in time of war. He occupied the left wing in the battle, at the head of his troops, and ranked fourth in order among the great nobles of the kingdom at the Diet. The Székels on the other hand, retained their own patriarchal constitution, even after their union with Hungary. They were divided into six tribes, and were all free, all noble, and all bound to serve in war. In consideration of their being always under arms, and guarding the eastern frontier against all enemies, they were not required to pay any tax to the Hungarian

government. But in time of war they furnished a contingent to the King, and on his accession and marriage, as well as at the birth of his children, they presented him with a certain number of oxen, a tenth part of which were handed over to the Archbishop of Gran.* The Székels were commanded by their Count, who was chosen by the King, and, like the Vajda, united in himself the office of general, judge, and regent.

The Saxons had at first no ruler of their own, but were placed under the jurisdiction of the Hungarian Vajda. This arrangement, however, seems not to have been satisfactory to them; and on their complaining to András II., he gave them the autonomy they desired, making them immediately subject to himself, and appointing the Count of Hermannstadt to be his vice-regent. The privileges granted to the Saxons, as the German settlers were indiscriminately called, were very great. They were allowed to choose their own magistrates and other civil officers; they had the right of forbidding any foreigner to settle in their district; they enjoyed the use of the royal forest; and three times a year, for eight days, they might fetch salt from the royal mines gratis. They paid tithes, not to the Bishop of Gyulafehérvár,† in whose diocese lay part at least of their territory, but to their own clergy, chosen by themselves; and, as a further mark of honour and distinction, they had their own peculiar state seal. They paid a yearly tribute to the King, and furnished a contingent of five hundred men, except in the case of foreign war, when, if the King led them in person they sent one hundred, but if his place were supplied by a noble, only fifty men. The principal district inhabited by the Saxons was in the middle of Transylvania, but there were other small colonies in different parts, and these were subject to the ruler of the district in which they lived, Count or Vajda, as the case might be. This was also the general fate of the descendants of the old Roman colonists or ancient Dacians, who, under the name of Wallachs, were to be met with throughout Transylvania. Little is known of their condition, but they probably found themselves better off under the Vajda than under the more exclusive Counts. Where many of them were congregated they had a chief or Knes, as he was called; and in time, as the power of the nobles increased in Hungary, many a Wallachian Knes was enrolled among the Hungarian nobility. Indeed, to do them justice, the Hungarians seem to have been animated by a desire of acting fairly by these ancient inhabitants of the conquered country; and they would no doubt have been glad to receive them as brothers, in spite of the difference in language and manners, had not the Wallachs belonged to the Greek Church. This more than anything else tended to prevent the amalgamation of the two races.

The Wallachs were represented at the Diet, which was the only common bond of union of the three political nations of Transylvania, and met to discuss only such subjects as affected the whole province at large. The first recorded Diet of Transylvania is that held by András

* Esztergom.

† Weissenburg.

III. at Gyulafehérvár in 1291; but there is little probability of its having been actually the first, though the previous Diets may have been held by the Vajda, instead of the King in person. Besides attending the general Diet, each of the three political nations had its own assembly for the regulation of its internal affairs, according to its own constitution; and all the nobles of whatever nationality had the right to appear at the yearly Diet of all Hungary, held sometimes at Stuhlweissenburg, sometimes at Pest.

The political constitution of Transylvania, is, in its general features, a type of that enjoyed by all the annexed provinces of Hungary. One of these was the Bánát of Szörény, lying immediately to the south of Transylvania, between the Danube and Aluta. Like Wallachia, it had formed part of ancient Kumania, but desolated as it was by the Mongols, Béla had done more than take nominal possession of it. Being just on the frontier, it was important as a defence for Transylvania against her warlike neighbours; and Béla, anxious to have it in good hands, had at first placed it as well as great part of the rest of Kumania, under the government and protection of the Knights of St. John. But, from some unknown cause, perhaps because they could not fulfil the terms of the agreement, their occupation of the province did not last long; and the King appointed a Ban, to whom he also confided the government of the lately-won bit of Bulgaria, which afforded the Kings of Hungary the only pretext they had for styling themselves Kings of Bulgaria. The population of Szörény was a very sparse as well as mixed one, consisting of Wallachs, Kumans, and Bulgarians, but it was garrisoned by Magyars and Székels. Rama, a part of Bosnia, had become Hungarian property in the reign of Blind Béla, having been the marriage-portion of his wife Helena. Of the Bánát of Macsó, the northern part of old Servia, lying between the Morava and Drina, little is known, save that it belonged to the Greek Church. But it seems to have been a province of some importance, since Béla IV.'s son-in-law Rostislaw did not consider it beneath his dignity to become its first Ban.

Much more important, however, to the Hungarian Crown, was the possession of Dalmatia and Kroatia, which, as the 'Duchy of Sclavonia,' frequently formed the appanage of the Crown Prince. 'Sclavonia' it was called, owing to its chiefly Sclavonic population, but it must be borne in mind that it had no connection, save that of proximity, with the Sclavonia of the present day, lying between the Drave and the Save, which received its name at a much later period. In the thirteenth century, modern Sclavonia comprised the counties Szyrmia, Posega, Werschetz and the military frontier. It was no annexed province, but an integral part of Hungary, having been taken by 'Arpád himself; and Hungarian territory it remained till the time of the Turkish conquests. At the time of which we are writing, however, the name of Sclavonia was given not only to the whole dukedom, but also particularly to one part of it, the present Hungarian Kroatia, which had been taken by

'Arpád, lost by András I., re-united to Hungary by Béla I., and by him given to the native Prince Zwonimir, on whose death it was placed by László I. on a footing similar to that of Transylvania, with the unfortunate Prince 'Almos as its ruler. László had also effected the conquest of the chief part of what was then and for some time after strictly called Kroatia, namely the district lying beyond the Save, the modern Turkish Kroatia, comprising great part of Bosnia, with Montenegro as far as the Narenta. This also was placed under the government of Almos, but, though László had not attempted to incorporate the conquered provinces with Hungary, he had attached them ecclesiastically to the latter country by annulling their connection with the Archbishop of Spalatro, and giving them in his stead a Bishop of Agram, who enjoyed all the rights of a Hungarian prelate, and was under the jurisdiction of one or other of the Hungarian Archbishops. László's policy was also pursued by Kálmán, who not only reduced to order the insurgent Kroats, whom 'Almos was too weak to govern, but also made himself master of Dalmatia, the free cities on the sea-coast, and some of the islands. He was the only one of the Hungarian kings crowned in this part of their dominions. He placed the whole province, that is, Kroatia on both sides the Save, and Dalmatia, with the exception as we shall presently see of the islands and sea-board towns, under the government of a Ban, who might be either a Kroat or a Hungarian, and had the same duties to discharge as the Vajda of Transylvania, of whom indeed he took precedence in the Diet. The title of Ban, though subsequently very generally given to the ruler of any dependent province except Transylvania, seems to have been originally peculiar to Kroatia, and was doubtless adopted by Kálmán from a desire to conciliate his new subjects as much as possible. In spite, however, of his conciliatory policy and the protection he gave to the national customs, the laws and constitution of Hungary were soon introduced; a provincial Diet was established, and the Bánát, instead of Zschupanats, was divided into counties, each of which had its Lord-lieutenant or Count. The Ban took the right wing in the army, and the third place at the Hungarian Diet; but though he enjoyed many privileges, he could neither coin money nor ennoble. The Royal Princes, who were sometimes Bans or Dukes of Slavonia, held the post on exactly the same conditions, in a legal point of view, as the ordinary Ban; and though, by favour of the King, their power was sometimes increased, they were still vassals, and held office only during the King's pleasure. The nobles of Kroatia and Dalmatia had their seats in the general Diet of Hungary, and possessed equal rights with the Hungarian nobility. The tribute paid by the Bánát was decided by the Diet, and consisted, at least in part, of marten-skins. The sea-board towns, Zara, Spalatro, &c., with part of the sea-coast, and the islands of the Adriatic, had never belonged to Dalmatia. Their population was Italian; they were free corporations, and recognized the authority of the Byzantine Emperor, as long as he was able to defend

them. On the decline of his power they sought the protection of Venice, as they were always more or less at war with the neighbouring Slaves. Kálmán brought them under his power, but allowed them to retain their peculiar laws and customs, and gave them great privileges which were not enjoyed by Dalmatia and the Bánát. Andras III. did yet more, giving them in the Counts of Brebir hereditary Bans, who were entirely independent of the Bans of Kroatia and Dalmatia; the only bond of union with Dalmatia being an ecclesiastical one, as the Archbishop of Spalatro was head also of the Church in Dalmatia, and in Kroatia beyond the Save.

It is thus evident that the idea entertained by modern Pan-slavists, of there having ever been a triple kingdom of Kroatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia, finds no support from the records left us of the 'Árpád kings or their successors; for the relations of the Bánát to Hungary at the close of the thirteenth century were the same as at the close of the fifteenth.

The union was not a personal one, but the chief part at least of the province had been from the beginning one of Hungary's '*partes adnexæ*.' The inhabitants enjoyed more privileges and exemptions even than the Hungarians; they governed themselves, had their own laws and civil arrangements, unless they preferred to exchange them for the Hungarian, and took an equal part with the Hungarians in the choice and coronation of the King, as also in framing the decrees of the general Diet. Such, in few words, were the relations existing between Hungary and all her dependent provinces. She made no attempt to denationalize them by the introduction either of her own language or laws; and they in return were too well satisfied with the treatment they received, to dream of revolting from her. Had they wished to do so, when could they have attempted it with a better chance of success than during the civil wars with which Hungary was so frequently distracted?

We must now turn to Hungary herself. The immediate effect of the Mongolian invasion had been to draw the King and his people closer to one another. But unfortunately, what the country gained by Béla's wise measures, it soon lost again by his wars. For the nobles were not bound to follow him beyond the frontiers; and, to induce them to do so, he was obliged to have recourse, not only to flattery, but to substantial bribes in the shape of offices and estates, which increased their power and independence to an alarming degree. Then again, to replenish the exhausted treasury he was obliged to oppress the people by farming the taxes to Jews, debasing the coinage, &c.; and he had not long to wait before seeing the consequences of these proceedings in discontent and rebellion. But for Béla's foreign wars, Prince István could never have ventured to take up arms against his father, and would certainly not have found so many adherents. The effect of the civil war was to increase yet further the power of the nobles, for both King and Prince vied with one another in lavishly giving away offices and dignities, in order to

secure the support of this or that powerful Magnate. The bonds of society were loosened, the laws were disregarded; for, whatever crime a man committed, he had but to desert from the King to the Prince, or *vice versa*, to be sure of escaping punishment. Prince István himself, when he came to the throne, did indeed do his best, but his early death prevented his remedying the evils he had had so great a share in causing. Nor were they in any degree lessened by the cabals which succeeded during the minority of László IV. He himself was little calculated to inspire the people with respect for royalty, when they beheld it in his person brought up for reprimand before the Diet and obliged to promise improvement. The disorder and misery had reached such a pitch as to be entirely beyond the control of András III. In direct disobedience to the decrees of the Diet, the nobles held several offices which they of course could not discharge, and therefore farmed to others. The privilege of building castles had been granted to private persons since the Mongol invasion, by way of affording more points of defence, and more places of refuge to the dwellers in the open country, in case of any similar calamity. But then the castle must have a garrison, and the garrison only too frequently lived by plundering the neighbourhood.

The mainstay of the King, the country, and the general freedom, were the lower nobility; but still it was impossible to execute the decrees of the Diet of 1298, which are important only as indicating the general opinion and wish of the people. Yet in spite of all this misery and disorder, the municipal constitution of the counties had developed itself, and become one of the chief safeguards of the public liberty.

The nobles of each county held periodical assemblies called 'congregations,' for the election of magistrates and other civil officers; for the discussion of matters relating not only to the county but to the nation; and for drawing up instructions for the deputies, two or three of whom were sent by each county to the yearly Diet. The Magyar portion of Transylvania was divided into counties with the same organization; and to these 'congregations' may it chiefly be attributed that the Lord-lieutenant did not, during the reigns of some of the more feeble kings, become absolute rulers, and at length even hereditary lords of the counties. So also the discussions and resolutions of the congregations enabled the lower nobility to unite in steadily resisting the pretensions of the Barons, when they met at the Diet.

Great changes took place in the administration of justice during the thirteenth century, the ecclesiastical courts becoming more and more widely separated from the secular, till at length the former only were permitted to try causes which concerned the clergy, and likewise all matters relating to the marriage laws, which they judged not according to the law of the land, but the canonical law.

The Lord-lieutenant or Count was the chief judge of all the laity in the county, without distinction of rank; but no penalty of death or confiscation of property could be inflicted without the ratification of the

sentence by the King or his deputy the Palatine. In the provinces such cases were referred to the Ban or Vajda; but there was always the possibility of appeal from them to the King. In doubtful cases resort was still had to trials by fire, oaths taken on relics, and single combats; but such causes could only be tried at a few privileged places, one of which was Grosswardein,* where, in the course of thirty-five years, more than a hundred causes were decided by oaths taken on the coffin of St. László. Duels were not always fought in person; indeed, it seems probable that the state paid certain professional combatants, for we find that László IV. ennobled a celebrated royal champion, who had won eleven battles. A champion who betrayed the cause he had undertaken to defend was severely punished; thus a certain Achilles, having undertaken the cause of a Count Hector, at the first onset, threw away lance, shield, sword, and dagger, and was condemned to perpetual servitude with his whole family, all his property being given to Count Hector. Certain places also throughout Hungary, such as the chapter-houses, abbeys, and some of the houses of the Templars or Knights of St. John, had become *loca credibilia*, whether by law or custom is not clear. Here all sorts of covenants might be entered into, inheritances divided, persons adopted, &c.; and here too the documents relating to such transactions, as well as important state-papers, were deposited. These places existed till 1848; and though many valuable papers were destroyed in the Turkish wars, a great quantity still remain, containing doubtless valuable information, which has not yet been thoroughly examined. As regards the army, the kings of the thirteenth century were worse off than their predecessors. In a foreign war they could rely only on the Kumans, (who were always ready to fight,) on the contingents from the Saxons and Székels, on the remains of the once numerous castle-militia, and on a few persons who held lands on condition of military service. The Magnates and nobles would not send troops, unless they were bribed or flattered; and as the treasury was soon exhausted, it was very difficult to keep such an army together. In civil war it was more difficult still, as the Magnates did not care to fight against one another, and the lower nobles were afraid to fight against the Magnates. On the other hand, if the country were threatened by a foreign foe such as Albrecht of Austria, all classes united to defend it. The power of the Popes, protested against by the people, and opposed even by the clergy, had gradually increased, though their legates were obliged to be more careful of their conduct in Hungary than elsewhere. Gregory VII. had been the first to require an oath of submission from the Archbishop of Gran, but his successors followed his example. There were great murmurs of dissatisfaction, but still the encroachments were borne. When, however, the Pope thought to force upon Hungary a king of his own making, he was met by steady resistance; and it is worthy of remark, that this very house of Anjou, for whose advancement the Popes laboured so

* Nagy-Várad.

unscrupulously, when it did at length ascend the throne, turned its power against Rome and re-vindicated Hungary's independence of the Papal See.

There were many monks in Hungary at this time, and one order, that of St. Paul the Hermit, which was peculiar to this country. The rule was not a very strict one, and the order perhaps more favoured than any other. There had been great disorders in the monasteries here as elsewhere, but the Mongol invasion had swept away not only much of the monastic wealth, which was not soon regained, but with it many abuses. The rise of the begging orders also had a good effect upon the rest, rousing them by their example to greater strictness and purity of life; and the lower classes seem also to have been influenced for good by the preaching of the Dominicans and Franciscans. But unfortunately, together with much that was good, the friars inculcated a spirit of intolerance, even of persecution, not only against Mahometans and Kumans, but even against members of the Greek Church. Happily, however, religious persecution has never readily taken root in Hungarian soil. The Greek Church had been increased by the addition of the Wallachs, and by the return of Servia to its communion; but in Hungary it had no Church constitution. As for the Mahometans, some of whom had come into the country with the Magyars themselves centuries ago, by the end of the thirteenth century they seem to have been all converted. Little more at least is heard of any further religious difficulties with them. But the heretics who gave the friars the most trouble were the Patareners, who had taken refuge in Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Dalmatia, and offered stout resistance to the attempts, not always gently made, by the Franciscans and Dominicans to bring them back to the Church. It is said they threw into a river and drowned thirty-two Dominicans, who were bent on converting them by force if not by persuasion. In spite, however, of all opposition, their numbers steadily increased, and so great were the piety, diligence, and purity of their lives, that many of the clergy joined them.* The Kumans on the other hand had joined the Church, and by this time were so softened by Christianity that, though they maintained their freedom, they had become entirely one with the Magyars, and their chiefs were enrolled among the Magyar nobility.

There is one other race about whom we must say a few words. Hated, despised, and persecuted, in every other kingdom of Europe, the Jews found themselves protected in Hungary. Not that they were popular with the people; quite the contrary, for they had been too often made the instruments for oppression and exaction; but they lived under the special protection of the King, and no one dared to molest them. Béla IV. granted them a most liberal charter, by which it was provided that no Jew should be condemned on the witness of a Christian alone; that law-suits between

* In France they were called Waldenses and Albigeuses, but in Italy Patareni, either from the sufferings they endured, or from Pataria, a district in Milan where they used to hold their secret meetings. They first appeared in some of the Hungarian provinces during the reign of Imre, (1199,) who refused to persecute them.

Jews should be settled by the King or his chancellor; and that a Jew who could prove by letter and seal having lent money to a Magnate on his estate, might, if the Magnate failed to repay the loan at the appointed time, take possession of the estate and enjoy its revenues till some Christian should redeem it; for, though in this matter of liberality to the Jews, Hungary had decidedly the advantage over her neighbours, the Jew could not possess land. He laboured, however, under few other disabilities. He pursued his ancient trade of money-lending, sometimes indeed to the advantage of the King; he might receive anything in pawn except blood-stained clothes, even articles belonging to the Church, if pledged by the Bishop; he had no injustice to fear if he brought a law-suit against a Christian; and if the latter took away his pledge by violence, the Jew was certain to obtain redress, and the Christian was equally certain to be punished; for any judge who deviated from the path of justice, and suffered himself to be prejudiced against a Jew, was deprived of his office. The Jew was allowed his own religious observance, his own burial rites, &c.; no higher toll was exacted from him as he travelled through the country with his merchandise, than from any Christian merchant; no toll at all when he was carrying his dead. He was obliged, it is true, to dwell in the cities and towns, and he was excluded from public offices by the Golden Bull; but at a time when his race was so grievously oppressed in all other lands, Hungary must have been to him a haven of refuge. The last of the Arpáds granted to the Jews of Presburg equal rights with the other citizens. The citizen or burgher class was rising in importance throughout Hungary, though, from having no general constitution, it did not form such a compact political body as the nobility. Each town had its own peculiar customs, privileges, &c., so that there was not at present any bond of union to unite the burghers of one city with those of another. They had as yet no voice in the Diet, having been originally for the most part foreign settlers, as the name of 'hospites' or guests, which was equivalent to citizens, sufficiently shews.

The name was indeed given more particularly to the inhabitants of certain privileged districts, but it was now applied to them indiscriminately, without any regard to their extraction; for the descendants of the colonists had long since become naturalized Hungarians; and many had adopted the Hungarian language and manners. As trade and manufacture increased, more places were raised to the dignity of towns, and the privileges of the towns already existing were extended. Commerce of all kinds had sustained a severe blow from the Mongols, but it had speedily begun to recover. Workers in metal, weavers, tanners, and furriers, came by Béla's invitation, and established themselves in the cities of Pest, Buda, Stuhlweissenburg, Gran, &c. Husbandry was improved by the colonists, who brought the waste places, in which they were allowed to settle, into a state of cultivation. The Italians brought with them choice vines, which soon flourished in the Hungarian

soil, and produced the famous Tokay wine, which was already an article of export. Cattle also were exported; but a tenth of all the horses of the kingdom were given to the Bishop of Erlau,* that he might keep them on his own lands to form a stud for the Crown-prince. Hungary's trade in fish was also not inconsiderable. The Danube was her great highway, connecting her with East and West, and bringing crowds of foreigners from all nations to visit her yearly September market at Buda, and the still more important one at Gran. Buda was one of the few places which acted upon free-trade principles, and laid no duty upon the merchandise landed in her port, or the ships anchoring there. The merchants were not so fortunate elsewhere, for there was a frontier duty to be paid to the King, and another to the Chapter, if they brought their goods to Gran. The Magnates too would extort a tax from them as they passed through their lands; yet, in spite of these drawbacks, trade flourished.

The separation between the nobles and the lower classes became wider during this century, partly perhaps because the former had lately generally adopted surnames. Formerly they had borne only Christian names; sometimes, for distinction's sake, adding the name of their father. Now, however, they took family names, generally from one of their castles or estates, and in this case, the name was used adjectively, which gave rise to the Hungarian custom of always placing the family name before the Christian one. Persons of the same family now also adopted a common coat-of-arms, which tended to increase their family pride not a little. They were free from taxation, yet they alone enjoyed all the state offices, and they alone could be advanced to some of the higher dignities of the Church. But there was some compensation for the classes beneath them, since it was no unusual thing for an individual or even a whole district to be ennobled for service done to the state, and at the same time to receive a gift of waste land. It may be remarked that estates originally held as fiefs had by this time become very generally hereditary. After the invasion of the Mongols very many new nobles were created in reward for various acts of fidelity, valour, &c., some of them having previously been serfs. The lower classes living outside the towns and beyond the boundaries of the privileged districts, though originally free, as being either Magyars, or descended from the original inhabitants of the land, had gradually sunk till now they were not in any way to be distinguished from the bondmen or freedmen of the nobility. The lord on whose land they lived claimed from them a yearly contribution, regulated by law, consisting of money and corn, and also certain days of labour; but they were not bound to the soil, and having paid their tribute, they might move whenever they chose, taking their moveable property with them. If on their death they left no relation, and had made no will, their goods belonged to their lord, but not otherwise. The vassals of the Church were perhaps somewhat better off. Some of them were bound to military service, and they were often set free; but

* Eger.

on the other hand, many were bound to the soil, and many were slaves, bought, sold, or given away. To describe, however, the various degrees of dependence in which the lower classes lived is impossible; for their state naturally varied considerably with the characters of their masters.

The arts and sciences had not hitherto had much chance of flourishing in Hungary. Of the former, architecture is the only one which had made any progress. The churches were the finest buildings, and were built in the Gothic style; but whatever they were, the Turks destroyed nearly all. The principal church of Buda, still existing, was built in Béla's time, as was also the Chapel of St. Anna at Stuhlweissenburg. But the most important ancient building of Hungary is the Cathedral of Kassa (Kaschau) begun in the reign of István V. Education too had been hindered by the various troubles; but there were schools at the convents, and at the Bishop's Sees, as well as seminaries for the clergy at Raab* and Gran. Veszprém was indeed an university in all but the right to confer academical degrees, which was claimed exclusively by Paris and Bologna. Books were very expensive luxuries, still there were libraries at the Royal Court, in the Bishops' palaces, the monasteries, and higher schools; but private persons possessed very few books, and these chiefly legends of the saints and writings of the ascetics. The most expensive book of all was the Latin translation of the Bible, partly on account of the extreme care and accuracy required in transcribing it, but also from the illuminations with which it was enriched. It is recorded that a noble who had borrowed a Bible from the Convent of Csátár, having unfortunately lost it, gave a village and a half to the convent as compensation. The title of Magister or master was much venerated, and was taken by all who could read, write, and speak the customary Latin; but of course the chief education was still to be found among the monks and clergy; and all who wished for greater learning or who aspired to the great dignities of the Church, were obliged to go to Paris or Bologna. Indeed, towards the end of the century, a society was established at Gran, for defraying the expenses of poor students who wished to go thither. There were but few authors; for all, even the clergy, were too much absorbed by politics and the management of their estates, to have leisure or inclination for quiet pursuits. Rogerius, Canon of Grosswardein, wrote the 'Carmen Miserabile,' a description of the devastation of Hungary by the Mongols; a Bishop wrote a short history of Attila; and a Dominican wrote a description of Brother Julian's expedition in search of the old home of the Magyars. The King's chaplains also wrote a few chronicles, and no doubt many other private individuals committed their thoughts as well as the events of their times to writing, but the greater part of these works have perished. All wrote in Latin, which was now used in conducting public affairs, the Magyar language being reserved for private life.

(To be continued.)

* Gyor.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE ;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER IV.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

'Two Angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Passed o'er the village as the morning broke ;
 The dawn was on their faces ; and beneath
 The sombre houses capped with plumes of smoke.'

Longfellow.

'Don't, Ful !'

'That's nothing to you, Clem.'

'I say, this won't do. I must have some light.'

'Indeed, Ed, we must not light a candle before five o'clock.'

'Pish !'

'Oh please, Edgar, don't stir the fire. If you knew how few coals there are !'

'Stuff !'

'No, I won't have it done if Wilmet says not ;' and Felix reared up in the gloom, and struggled with his brother.

'Felix—Edgar— Oh, don't.'

'Hsh—sh— Now you girls are worse than all, screaming in that way.'

A few moments silence of shame. It had been a weary, long, wet day, a trial under any circumstances to eleven people under seventeen on the 4th of January, and the more oppressive in St. Oswald's Buildings, because not only had their father been in a much more suffering state for some days past, but their mother, who had hoped to keep up for some weeks longer, had for the last two days been quite unlike herself. In the sick room she was as tender and vigilant as ever in her silent way, but towards her children a strange fretful impatience had set in, almost a jealousy of their coming near their father, and an intolerance of the least interruption from them even for the most necessary cause. Moreover, the one friend and helper who had never failed them before, Mr. Audley, had not been seen since he had looked in before early service ; and altogether the wretchedness and perplexity of that day had been such, that it was no wonder that even Felix and Wilmet had scarcely spirits or temper for the only task that seemed at present left them, the hindering their juniors from making themselves obnoxious.

'Wilmet, do you think we shall go to the party at Centry Park ?' reiterated Fulbert.

'Do hold your tongue about that ! I don't believe there's the least chance,' said Alda fretfully.

‘And I don’t know how you can think of such a thing,’ added Cherry.

‘I want to see Cousin Marilda’s Christmas Tree,’ whined Robina.

‘Do ask Mamma again,’ entreated another voice.

‘I shall do no such thing,’ said Wilmet, with absolute crossness in her tone.

Robina began to cry.

‘Come here, Bobbie,’ said Cherry’s voice in the dark end of the room; ‘I’ll tell you a story.’

‘I know all Cherry’s stories, and they’re rubbish,’ said Fulbert.

‘This is quite a new one. There was once a little match girl—’

‘Bosh! I know that little brute, and I hate her,’ broke in Fulbert.

‘Hold your tongue,’ said Clement; but—

‘Oh no, don’t let us have the match girl,’ cried several voices.

‘Why can’t you be good? There was once an old giant that lived in a cave—’

‘I hate old giants,’ said Cherry’s critical public; and her voice grew melancholy.

‘But this one had but one eye. Come, *do* listen; Papa told me. He was in an island—’ but the voice grew mournful, and was broken by a cry.

‘Oh! Fulbert hurt me!’

‘Fulbert, for-shame! What is it, Angel dear?’

‘I only laid hold of her pudding arm,’ growled Fulbert. ‘Oh! I say, Felix, that’s too bad!’

‘Hold your row, I say,’ said Felix, after his application of fist law. ‘Hollo! what’s that?’ and he sprang to his feet with Angela in his arms, as the door was opened by a hand groping, and Mr. Audley’s voice said, ‘Darkness visible.’

There was a general scrambling up all over the floor, and Edgar rushed across to light a candle. Wilmet alone had not stirred, as Bernard lay asleep across her lap. The flash of the match revealed a mass of light disordered heads, and likewise a black figure in the door-way.

‘Here is a kind helper for you, Wilmet,’ said Mr. Audley, ‘from St. Faith’s, at Dearport. You must call her Sister Constance.’

Wilmet did rise now, in some consternation, lifting her little brother, whose hand was still in the locks, the tangling of which had been his solace. There was a sweet warm kiss on her brow, and her lost net was picked up, her hair coiled into it by a pair of ready tender hands, but she faltered, ‘Oh, thank you. Does Mamma know?’

‘She was there when I got a sort of consent from your father,’ said Mr. Audley.

‘She has not said a word,’ said Alda, half resentfully. ‘We have hardly been in all day except just to fetch and carry.’

‘Never mind,’ said the Sister, ‘it is much better that she did not think about it. Now, my dear, don’t! I won’t have anything done for me. You don’t know how we Sisters sleep on nothing when we do sleep.’

‘But you’ll have some tea,’ said Alda, the only smooth-haired one of the party.

‘When you do, perhaps, thank you. Will you come to me, my dear?’ relieving Felix from Angela. ‘What is your name?’ and the child, though ordinarily very shy, clung to her at once; while she, moving over to Cherry, found her in tears, shook up her cushion, arranged her rug, and made her comfortable in a moment. A sense came over them all that they had among them a head on whom they might rest their cares; and as the black bonnet and veil were taken off, and they saw a sweet fair motherly face beaming on them from the white plain bordered cap, they gathered round with an outpouring of confidence, small and great, while Mr. Audley went up-stairs to announce what he had done. He presently returned, saying, ‘All right! Perhaps you had better come up at once.’

There they sat, on either side of the hearth, he pillowed up, and in a dressing-gown, more entirely the sick man than he had ever before given up himself to be. Mrs. Underwood rose, and with tears in her eyes, mutely held out her hand, while her husband at once recognized Sister Constance as Lady Herbert Somerville, the wife of the late Rector of Dearport.* He had last met her, when some six or seven years before, he had been invited to preach at festivals at Dearport, and had seen her the sunbeam of her house. He knew that her husband, who was a connexion of Mr. Audley’s, had since died of the same malady as his own, and had left her, a childless widow, together with all else he had to leave, to the Sisterhood they had already founded in the sea-port town. But his greeting was, ‘This is *very* good in you; but surely it must be too painful for you.’

‘The Superior saw how much I wished it,’ she said.

‘You are like Alexandrine de la Ferronays,’ he said, remembering her love for tending a consumptive priest for her husband’s sake.

‘I am always wishing that I were!’ she said.

So they perfectly understood each other; and poor Mrs. Underwood, who had in her new and extraordinary petulance, fiercely resisted the doctor’s recommendation of a nurse, found herself implicitly relying on and trusting Sister Constance with a wonderful sense of relief—a relief perhaps still greater to the patient himself, who had silently endured more discomforts, and made more exertions than she knew, rather than tire her or vex her by employing even son or daughter, and who was besides set free from some amount of anxiety.

Indeed, the widow had too perfect a sympathy to interfere with the wife’s only comfort. When it could safely be done, she left the two alone together, and applied herself to winning the hearts and soothing the spirits of the poor children down-stairs, and suggesting and compounding new nourishing delicacies.

* Our earlier readers have a still prior acquaintance, if they remember ‘The Castle Builders’ in our first and second volumes.

She even persuaded Mrs. Underwood to go to the next room for a night's rest while she sat up, and learnt—what the silent wife had never told anyone—how trying the nights were even to that cheerful spirit! At first the patient liked to talk, and drew out much of the hidden treasure of her spirit respecting her husband, who though ailing for years, had finally passed away with only the immediate warning of a week—the final cause being harass from the difficulties from those above and below him, that beset an earnest clergyman of his way of thinking.

What struck her, as it did all, was Mr. Underwood's perfect absence of all care, and conviction that all the burthen was taken off his hands. Her own husband had, as she could not help telling him, found it hard to resign himself to leaving his plans half carried out to instruments which he had but half formed. He had wished with all his might to live, and though he had resigned himself dutifully, it had been with a real struggle, and a longing for continued service rather than rest, a hope that he should more efficiently serve, and much difficulty in refraining from laying all about him under injunctions for the future.

Mr. Underwood half smiled. 'I am neither head nor principal,' he said. 'Plans have been over long ago. I am only tired out, too tired to think about what is to follow. If I live three days longer, I shall have just had my forty years in the wilderness, and though it has blossomed like a rose, I am glad to be near the rest.'

And then he asked for the Midnight Office; and afterwards came fitful sleep, half dreamy, half broken by the wanderings of slight feverishness and great weakness; but she thought her attendance would not be very brief, and agreed mentally with what Mr. Audley had told her, that the doctor said that the end might yet be many weeks away. When in the dark winter's morning the wife crept back again to her post, and all that could be done in those early hours had been effected, Sister Constance went to the half-past seven o'clock service with Felix and Clement, imparting to them on the road that the Superior of St. Faith's was expecting to receive some of the least of the children in the course of the day, to remain there for the present.

Both boys declared it would be an infinite relief, but they doubted exceedingly whether either father or mother would consent to lose sight of them, since the former never failed to see each child, and give it a smile and kiss if no more. If they were to be sent, Felix supposed there was no one but himself to take them; nobody with whom they would be happy could be spared, nor did he shew any repugnance to the notion of acting *pere de famille* to three babies on the railway.

It was quickly settled. Mr. Underwood at once confessed the exceeding kindness, and declared it to be much better for everybody. 'Do you not feel it so, Mother?'

She bent her head in assent, as she did to all he said.

'Having them back will be good for you,' he added persuasively; and again she tried to give a look of response. So they were brought—

Robina, Angela, and Bernard—and each stood for a moment on a chair at his bed-side. The two little ones he merely kissed and blessed; but to Robina he said a few more words about being good, and minding Mamma and Felix.

‘Oh yes, Papa! And they’ll have a Christmas Tree! and I’ll save all my bon-bons to make your cough well.’

He watched wistfully as the bright heads passed out of sight, and the long struggling cough and gasping that followed had all the pangs of parting to add to their burthen. Half the family escorted Felix and his charge to the station; and in the quiet that followed, Sister Constance had a good sleep on Wilmet’s bed, as much, she said, as she ever required; and she came from it all freshness and brightness, making the dinner-time very charming to all the diminished party, though Wilmet felt greatly lost without the little ones; and afterwards she earned the warmest gratitude from Edgar and Geraldine by looking over their drawings and giving them some valuable hints—nay, she even devised the new and delightful occupation of ship-building for those three inconvenient subjects, Clement, Fulbert, and Lancelot. Up-stairs or down, all was gentle cheerfulness and patience wherever she went.

Felix came home about five o’clock, and his mother was persuaded to go to lie down while he amused his father with the account of the children’s exemplary behaviour, and of their kind welcome at St. Faith’s, where he had been kept to dine, feeling, as he said, ‘uncommonly queer’ at first, but at last deciding, to the great diversion of his father, that the sisters were a set of jolly old girls, but not one equal to ‘*our* Sister Constance.’ Then he had seen the church, and was almost bewildered with the beauty of the decorations; and Mr. Underwood, though saying little, evidently much enjoyed his boy’s refreshment and pleasure. He certainly seemed no worse, and Mr. Audley was allowed, what he had often asked before, to sit up with him.

But there was much to render it a long, anxious, restless night of a sort of semi-consciousness, and murmuring talk, as if he fancied himself at Vale Leston again. However, when Felix crept in, about four o’clock in the morning, anxious at the sounds he heard, he found him asleep, and this lasted for two or three hours; he woke refreshed, and presently said, ‘Epiphany! put back the curtain, that I may see the bright and morning star.’

The morning star was shining in the delicate dawn full in view, and he looked at it with quiet pleasure. ‘Mother,’ he said, then recollecting himself; ‘ah, she is resting! Thank you, Audley.’

At that moment a little cry through the thin wall made him start and flush.

‘Is it so?’ he murmured; ‘thank God! That is well!’ But his chest heaved grievously as he panted with anxiety, and his two watchers hesitated what to do, until the door was slightly opened, and before the intended sign could be made to Felix, the breathless exclamation,

‘How? what?’ brought Sibby’s half scared mournful countenance forward.

‘How is she, Sibby? don’t fear to say,’ he said, more collectedly.

‘Nicely, Sir, as well as can be expected; but—’

‘The baby? Alive—I heard—’

‘Yes, Sir; that is—O Sir, it is two; and it would be a mere mercy if they are taken, as they look like to be—twins, and coming like this!’ Perhaps Sibby was a little more lamentable, because instead of looking shocked, he clasped his hands in eager thanksgiving, as he looked upwards.

Sister Constance followed at the same moment, saying in a far more encouraging voice, ‘She is doing very well.’

‘It is another great mercy,’ he said. ‘Much better than longer waiting on me. Will these Twelfth-day gifts live? Or do I take them with me? At least, let me baptize them—now at once,’ he spoke earnestly. ‘My full twelve, and one over, and on Twelfth-day.’

Sister Constance had better hopes of the babes than Sibby, but this wish of his was one not to be withstood for a moment; and she went to make ready, while Mr. Audley went down for the little Parian font, and Felix and Sibby arranged the pillows and coverings. Mr. Underwood looked very bright and thankful. ‘Birth-day gifts,’ he said, ‘what are they? You have not told me, Sibby.’

‘Boy and girl, Sir,’ she said, ‘poor little dears!’

‘Jealous for your old twins, Sibby?’ he said, smiling.

‘Ah! Sir, they came in a better time.’

‘Better for them, no doubt; but this is the best for these,’ he answered brightly. ‘See, Sibby, can’t you be thankful, like me, that your mistress is sheltered from what would try her? I can bear it all better without her to see.’

Sibby’s only reply was a gush of tears, and presently all was made ready; Geraldine was quietly helped into the room by Edgar, and placed in her usual station by the pillow, and the boys stood against the wall, while the two babes, tiny and scarcely animate things, were carried, each by one of the elder pair; and the father, as whitely robed as if he had been in his surplice, held out his hands, and smiled with his kindly lips and clear shining blue eyes full of welcome.

‘Has your mother any wishes about names?’ he asked. ‘Wilmet—what—?’

‘No, Papa, I think not;’ but her eyes were brimming over with tears, and it was plain that something was suppressed.

‘My dear, let me hear; I am not to be hurt by such things.’

‘It is—it is only—she did say, when we came for them, that we were the children of joy—these are the children of sorrow,’ murmured Wilmet, uttering the words with difficulty.

‘I thought so,’ he said; then after a brief pause, ‘Now, Audley—’

For Mr. Audley said all the previous prayers, though with a voice as

hard to control as Wilmet's had been. Then Wilmet held her charge close to her father, for almost inappreciable as the weight was, he could only venture to lay one arm round that grasshopper burthen, as with his long thin fingers he dashed the water. 'Theodore Benjamin, I baptize thee.' Alda brought the other. 'Stella Eudora.' Then the two hands were folded over his face, and they all knelt round till he moved and smiled.

'Give them to me again,' he said.

It was for the father's kiss and blessing now.

'They look life-like,' he said. 'You will keep them. Now mind me. Charge *her* never to think of them as children of sorrow, but of joy. She will remember how nearly you were called Theodore, Felix. Take him as God's gift and mine—may he be a son of your right hand to you.'

The boy did take the babe, and with a deep resolve in his heart that his duty to these helpless ones should be his first thought on earth. He did not speak it, but his father saw the steadfast wistful gaze, and it was enough.

Alda ventured to ask, 'Is Eudora a gift too, Papa?'

'Yes. A happy gift. For so she is! Let her be a little Epiphany Star to you all! Tell Mother that I call them a double joy, a double comfort! Poor little maid!' and he kissed her again, 'will no one welcome her, but the father who is leaving her?'

'O Papa! You know how we will love them,' sobbed Wilmet.

'I think I do, my dear;' and he smoothed the glossy hair; 'but with love comes joy, you know.'

'It is very hard now,' broke from the poor girl.

'Very,' he said tenderly; 'but it will if you make the burthen a blessing—the cross a crutch—eh, my Cherry? Now, a kiss each, and go, I am tired.'

He was tired, but not apparently worse.

Edgar and his three juniors started off directly after church in quest of ice where they might behold skating, and practice sliding; and Wilmet, with a view to quiet, actually ventured on the extravagance of providing them with a shilling, that they might forage for themselves instead of coming home to dinner.

She regretted Edgar's absence, however, for when Mr. Bevan came in to hold the Epiphany Feast in the sick chamber, her father asked for Edgar and Geraldine, and looked disappointed that the boy was gone. But he murmured, 'Maybe it is best!' and when the little girl came in, flushed and awe-struck, he took her hand, and said, 'May not I have this little one—my last pupil—to share the feast with me? Willing and desirous,' he smiled as he held her, and she coloured intensely, with tears in her eyes.

There could be no denial, and his judgement at such a moment could only be accepted by the Rector; and the child herself durst not say one word of her alarm and awe. Papa knew. And never could she forget

that he held her hand all the time that she leant—for she could not kneel—by his bed. Her elder brother and sisters were there too, and he kissed and blessed each tenderly afterwards, and Sister Constance too knelt and asked his blessing. Then he thanked Mr. Bevan warmly, and called it a most true day of brightness. They heard him whispering to himself, ‘Arise, shine, for thy Light is come;’ and the peaceful enjoyment seemed so to soothe him, that he was not as usual eager to get up.

It was only towards the early dusk that a restlessness came on, and an increase of the distress and oppression of breath, which he thought might be more bearable in his chair; and Mr. Audley, who had just come in, began with Felix to dress him, and prepare to move him. But just as they were helping him towards the chair, there was a sort of choke, a gasping struggle, his head fell on Felix’s shoulder, the boy in terror managed to stretch out a hand and rang the bell; but in that second felt that there was a strange convulsive shudder, and—

‘Felix!’ Mr. Audley’s low voice sounded strange and far away. ‘I do believe—’

The figure was entirely prone as they lifted it back to the bed. They needed not the exclamation of Sibby to reveal the truth. *It was* only an exclamation, it would have been a shriek if Felix had not grasped her wrist with a peremptory grasp. But that bell had been enough; there had been a sound of dismay in the very tinkle, and Sister Constance was in the door-way.

‘Felix,’ she said, understanding all, ‘you must go to her. She heard—she is calling you. You cannot conceal it; be as quick and quiet as you can,’ she added, as the stunned boy went past her, only hearing, and that as through a tempest, the feeble voice calling his name. He stood by the bed-side; she looked into his white face, and held out her hands; then as he bent down, clasped both round his neck. ‘He trusted you,’ she said.

He sank on his knees as she relaxed her grasp, and hid her head beneath the clothes. A few holy words of commendation of the soul departed sounded from the other room; then at Sister Constance’s touch of his hand, he quitted the room.

Presently after, Felix was sitting in the large arm-chair in the dining-room, with his sister Geraldine on his lap, his arms round her, her arms tightly clasped round his neck, her hair hanging loosely down over his shoulder, her head against him, his face over her, as he rocked himself backwards and forwards with her, each straining the other closer, as though the mechanical action and motion could allay the pain. The table was all over baby things, which numerous neighbours had sent in on the first news of the twins that morning, and which the girls had been inspecting; but no one—nothing else was to be seen—when Mr. Thomas Underwood, on his way from the station, finding his knock unheard, and the door ajar, found his way to the room.

‘What is this? How is your father?’

Felix raised his face, still deeply flushed, and rising, placed his sister in the chair.

‘What, worse? You don’t say so,’ said Mr. Underwood, advancing.

‘He is gone!’ said Felix steadily, but in an unnatural voice. ‘Quite suddenly, not very long ago,’ he began, but he felt unable to guess for what space of time he had been rocking Cherry there.

‘Dead! Edward Underwood! Bless me!’ said Mr. Underwood, taking off his hat, passing his hand over his forehead, and standing horror-struck. ‘I had no idea! You never sent over to say he was worse.’

‘He was not; it came on just now,’ said Felix, holding by the mantel-piece.

He groaned. ‘Poor Edward! Well,’ and he was forced to put his handkerchief to his eyes. He spoke more gently after that. ‘Well, this is a sudden thing, but better than lingering on. Your poor mother, would she like to see me?’

‘She was confined last night.’

‘Bless me! bless me! What a state of things! Have you got anyone to be with you?’

‘Yes; a lady from Dearport,’ said Felix.

‘Humph. Which are you? not *my* boy?’

‘No, I am Felix. Oh, poor Edgar!’ he added, still bewildered.

And it was at this moment that trampling steps were heard, making Felix spring forward with an instinct to silence them; but at the threshold the sight of his face brought conviction to Edgar; and with a loud uncontrollable cry, tired and hungry as he was, he seemed to collapse into his brother’s arms, and fainted away.

‘*My* poor boy!’ exclaimed his cousin, coming to Felix’s help, and himself lifting Edgar to the sofa. Of the other boys, Clement ran for water, Fulbert rushed out of sight, and Lancelot laid his head on a chair choking with tears.

Felix and Clement were, poor children! used enough to illness to attend to their brother with a collectedness that amazed their cousin; and without calling for help, Edgar came shuddering and trembling to himself, and then burst into silent but agonized sobs, very painful to witness. He was always—boy as he was—the most easily and entirely overthrown by anything that affected him strongly; and Mr. Thomas Underwood was so much struck and touched by his exceeding grief, especially now that he looked on him as his own property, that after putting in some disjointed sentences of ‘There—there—You’ll always have a father in me—Don’t, my boy—I tell you, you are my son now,’—which to Felix’s mind made it more intolerable, he said, ‘I’ll take him home now—it will be all the better for him and for everyone, poor lad! So many—’

‘The three younger ones were sent to Dearport yesterday,’ said Felix; ‘but Edgar—’

‘To Dearport! Eh! To whom?’

‘The Sisters,’ said Felix.

A gruff sound followed. ‘Come, come, my dear lad, ’tis bad enough, but I’ll do my best to make up to you. It will be much the best way for you to come out of this,’ he added, glancing round the dreary fireless room, which his entrance had reminded Felix to darken.

‘Thank you,’ began Felix, not in the least supposing Edgar could go; ‘but now—’

‘It is not like a stranger,’ added his relation. ‘Be a sensible lad. One out of the way is something under the circumstances. Stay—who can I see? I will give orders for you,’ he added.

‘Mr. Audley and Sister Constance are seeing about things, thank you,’ said Felix. ‘I’ll fetch Mr. Audley,’ he added, as another trying grunt at the other name fell on his ear, and he put his arm round Geraldine, and helped her away.

Mr. Audley came, having just parted with the doctor, who had explained the sudden termination as what he had of late not thought improbable, and further shewn that it had been most merciful, since there might otherwise have been weeks, if not months, of much severer suffering. He had just looked in at the wife, but she had hardly noticed him, and he saw no dangerous symptoms about her, except an almost torpid calmness.

Mr. Thomas Underwood saw Mr. Bevan, and made it clearly understood that he made himself responsible for all expenses, including mourning for the whole family. He even offered to have the funeral at Vale Leston, ‘if it were only to spite Fulbert Underwood;’ but the wife was in no state to be asked, and the children shrank from the removal, so it was decided that Edward Underwood should sleep among those for whom he had spent his life, and where his children’s lot for the present would be cast.

The cousin carried Edgar back to Centry with him; the boy seemed too unhappy not to be restless, and as if he were ready to do anything to leave his misery behind him.

The others remained with their preparations, and with such consolation as the exceeding sympathy and kindness of the whole town could afford them. Their mother remained in the same state, except when roused by an effort; and then there was an attention and presence of mind about her that gave anxiety lest excitement should be bringing feverishness; but she always fell back into her usual state of silence, such that it could be hardly told whether it were torpor or not.

They looked out that half-finished comment on the Epistle to the Philippians. It stopped at the words—‘Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all.’

Mr. Audley took those words for his text on the Sunday, and not without breaking down more than once, read as much of the comment

as there was time for, as the happy-hearted message of the late pastor, for whom indeed there were many tears shed. It seemed to suit with that solemn peace and nobleness, that seemed almost like the 'likeness of the Resurrection' face, bringing back all the beauty of his countenance as he lay robed in his surplice, with a thorny but bright-fruited cross of holly on his breast, when his children looked their last, ere parting with what remained of that loved and loving father.

Poor little Geraldine spent that worst hour of her life sitting by her mother's bed. She had been helped by Felix to that Feast which had been spread for the mourners in the church in early morning; but afterwards she was forced to remain at home, while the white-robed choir, the brother clergy of all the neighbourhood, and the greater part of the parish, met their pastor for the last time in the church.

There the first part of the service took place; and then—Cherry could just fancy she could hear the dim echo of the *Dies Iræ*, as it was sung on the way to the cemetery. It was a very aching heart, poor child! full of the dull agony of a longing that she knew could never be satisfied again, the intense craving for her father.

She missed him more really than any of them, she had been so much his companion; and she was the more solitary from the absence of Edgar, who had always been her chief partner in her pursuits. His departure had seemed like a defection; and yet she had reproached herself for so feeling it when he had ran up-stairs, on arriving with Mr. Underwood, looking paler, more scared and miserable, than any of them; and he was sobbing so much when he took his place in the procession, that Wilmet had made Felix take Alda, that she might support him. None of his mother's steady reserve and resolute stillness had descended to him, he was all sensibility and nervousness; and Geraldine, though without saying this to herself, felt as if 'poor Edgar' might really have been nearly killed by the last few days of sadness, he could bear depression so little. She could hardly have gone through them but for Sister Constance's kindness, and that rocking process from Felix, which she and he called 'being his great baby.' And now, when her mother looked up at her, held out a hand, and called her Papa's dear little Cherry, drawing her to lay her cheek by hers on the pillow, there was much soothing in it, though therewith the little girl felt a painful doubt and longing to know whether her mother knew what was passing; and even while perfectly aware that she must not be talked to nor disturbed, was half grieved, half angry, at her dropping off into a slumber, and awakening only upon little Stella's behalf. Those few words to Geraldine had been the only sign that day of perception of any existence in the world save that of the twins.

So the time went by, and the little bustle of return was heard; Sister Constance came in, kissed Geraldine, and helped her down that she might be with Edgar, who was to return with the cousin, whispering to her by the way that it had been very beautiful. It was a day of

bright sunshine, high wind, and scant sparkling feathery stars of snow, that sat for a moment shining in their pure perfectness of regularity on the black, and then vanished. 'So like himself,' Sister Constance said.

Geraldine found her four elders and the three little boys all together in the dining-room; and while Wilmet anxiously asked after Mother, the others, in a sort of sad elation, told of the crowds present, the number of clergy—Mr. Ryder, too, come home from his holiday on purpose—the sobbing people, and the wreaths of camellias and of holly that loving hands had made, and laid upon the coffin. And then the last hymn had been so sweet and beautiful, they all seemed refreshed and comforted except Edgar, who, coming fresh back to the desolation of the house, was in another paroxysm of grief.

'But, Edgar,' said Alda timidly, 'you like being there, don't you?'

'As if one could like anything now!'

'Well! but, Eddy dear, you know what I mean. It is not bad being there.'

'Not so bad as being at home. Oh!' and a terrible fit of sobbing came on, which made the other children stand round rather appalled; while Felix hesitating, said,

'It is no good going on in this way, Edgar. Father would say it was not right; and you are upsetting poor little Cherry.'

'It is worse for him, because he has been away,' said Cherry, fondling him.

'Yes,' said Edgar between his sobs. 'It did not seem so there.'

'And are they kind?'

'Oh, yes. Marilda let me sit in the school-room, and I had books, and things to copy; such an angel, Cherry, I'll bring it to you next time—my copy, I mean.'

Here there was a summons from the other room for Felix.

'Yes,' said Edgar, a good deal re-invigorated by having something to tell; 'I suppose they are going to tell him what is settled. Mr. Underwood wrote to the man at Vale Leston, and he won't do anything for us; but they are going to try for the Clergy Orphan for one of you two little boys.'

'Oh!' there was a great gasp.

'And about me?' asked Alda.

'You are to come when we all go to London—to meet us at the station. There's a new governess coming, and you will start both together with her; and I think you'll beat Marilda, for she knows nothing, and won't learn.'

'I hope she won't be jealous.'

'I don't think it is in her! She's very jolly.'

'But I can't go till Mamma is better.'

Wilmet felt they were falling into a gossiping kind of way that jarred on her, and was glad of a summons up-stairs.

Mr. Thomas Underwood saw Alda before he returned home, told her she was his other daughter, and should join them on their way to London ; and he further made arrangements about the christening, contingent, of course, on the mother's consent, and on the possibility of taking the very small delicate babies to the church. He made very extensive promises of patronage for the future, with a full and open heart, and looked as if he should like to adopt the whole family on the spot.

(*To be continued.*)

BERTRAM ; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

PART II.—CHAPTER XIII.

‘WHAT can have detained your mother in this way, Adela?’ Lord Pendyne was walking up and down, and looking out of each window in turn. ‘If she does not come soon I must really go off and see what has become of her.’

‘O Papa, you were not to have gone out to-day. Let us send. You will not like me to go to Mr. Gray’s rooms.’

‘Not without me ; but I *must* go, I am getting so uneasy.’

‘Then take me with you, Papa.’

‘Very well. Yes ; I will order something at once.’ Then he walked up and down a little longer, but the carriage did not return.

‘And Uncle Bertram too, where is he?’

‘Uncle Bertram would never know whether one hour had gone by or six if he were amused.’

‘But he would if he were waiting. He hates waiting. Now let us come. I can’t think about rain, I am too anxious.’

So was Adela, and very glad to set off.

They drove to the young painter’s door, where stood the Earl’s carriage, as it had stood for hours.

‘Where is Lady Pendyne?’

‘At Mr. Gray’s, my Lord.’

The Earl pushed at the open door. He was too uneasy to wait, and ran up the stairs much faster than was good for him.

The door of Robin’s room was closed ; he breathlessly entered, to find his wife still senseless on the floor, and the wet parcel clasped tightly in her hands.

‘Ada ! come quickly here !’ from the window.

Adela ran in, and both together they raised the Countess from her position.

‘But she had better remain so, Papa,’ said Adela ; ‘she has fainted. Let me find some water.’

‘Is it only fainting?’ said the Earl, shaking from head to foot.

‘Only fainting, I believe.—Do not faint too,’ said Adela, alarmed for both her parents. What is this Mamma has? A baby’s little shirt!’

She bathed Lady Pendyne’s face with some water which was near, and then opened the window as wide as possible.

‘See, she is coming to now, Papa.’

They disengaged the little damp heap which her hands were pressing so closely.

Two discoloured little gold locketts fell out upon the floor. The Earl picked them up.

Pressing the spring of one of them, it opened to his touch. Then he took up the wet heap, and shook out various articles of a child’s apparel.

Pretty little things they were, with beautiful embroidered work, and a cypher and crest.

Adela was attending to her mother, and concluded that the Earl was watching with an anxiety at least equal to her own. Looking up, however, she saw the work of inspection going on.

‘Those are Mr. Gray’s things, whatever they are,’ said she presently.

Again she turned towards the Countess. Her father made no reply to her remark, so presently she looked up again. Lord Pendyne looked pale and greatly agitated, but that was of course his anxiety regarding his wife. Still he had not given up his inspection.

‘Those belong to Mr. Gray, Papa, whatever they are,’ repeated Adela.

‘They belong to *me*,’ returned the Earl, in a hollow voice. ‘These locketts, Ada, I bought for my two darlings, more than eighteen years ago; and see, this is your mother’s hair and mine.’

He opened one of the locketts and held it out before his daughter; then putting the trinkets into his waistcoat pocket, he sat down by Ada’s side, and watched for the returning consciousness of his wife.

Slowly, very slowly, did she revive; then they locked up the drawer, with all but the little wet heap, that must come to its true home with the locketts.

They led the Countess into her carriage, and took her home; one of the men going round to summon their usual medical attendant.

There was very little further conversation that day, and no way of accounting for the mysterious discovery made by the Countess in Robin’s studio.

How came he to possess the little garments and locketts? For how long had they been in his possession? and why, as he must now be acquainted with the arms of the family, had he failed to make some efforts to restore the property to its rightful owner?

The Earl was perplexed as he lay upon the sofa, and the Countess puzzled over the problem in her room, with Adela by her side; but they felt too ill and too agitated to bring it under discussion when they were together.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE London business had been concluded, and Robin and Amy had been enjoying the society of their early friends. Old Madge positively refused to see them again, therefore they could only leave a small sum of money in the hands of Mr. Sandford for her benefit, whenever she should quit the hospital. If the leg did not and would not mend, she could not expect to be maintained there much longer.

And now, with his work accomplished, and the journey safely performed, Robin stands at the door of the palazzo—wondering whether the contents of the letter, which he held in his hand, would ever be communicated to him; whether he should ever learn for what cause a message from Lord Pendyne could be so longed for by his mother.

It was the very day of his return. He had left Amy with the Easdales, who were now again at their former residence. Then he had gone to his own rooms, and there recollected that the key of the large chest was in the care of Lady Pendyne. The Countess, he was told, had called in one day; then he judged she had been to look at his drawings, or else to see to their preservation.

The door of the palazzo opened. 'Is Lord Pendyne at home?'

'Yes, Sir, but he has been ill again; and her Ladyship has been ill. I am not quite sure that my Lord can see you, but I will inquire.'

Robin was shewn into one of the rooms, and soon the Earl came in, leaning upon the arm of his servant.

He looked very pale, and very grave, and he scarcely greeted Robin with his usual cordiality of manner. The young artist perceived that there was something amiss. With great interest he made inquiry after the Earl's health, and then for the Countess, but the replies were slow and almost absent.

Robin turned to his own subject. 'My Lord,' said he, 'I am the bearer of a letter addressed to yourself, which I believe to have been written by one related very nearly to Amy and to me. It has been wrongfully detained for many years; with what object, it is not easy to understand. The interest, if any, has probably long passed away, otherwise I fear you might be scarcely strong enough to receive it at present, but I bring it on the day of my return, having no right to detain your property; and since the Countess is, like yourself, an invalid, I cannot consult her. There is no alternative but to deliver it at once.'

He placed Annette's letter in the hand of the Earl, who seemed to be thinking of something else, and he did not even look at the address.

Robin's words, however, had struck him. The words, 'having no right to detain your property.'

'I thought, my Lord,' pursued Robin, 'you might possibly have some inquiry to make of me—at a future day—and therefore it seemed better to bring the letter upon my return to Rome, than to allow it to precede

me by the post. I might explain some particulars, if necessary; but the subject of the communication is, of course, unknown to me.'

He rose to depart. 'Do not go, Mr. Gray,' said the Earl, very feebly, 'I have something very important to say to you, and am feeling too weak and ill to do it.'

He laid his arms upon the table, and bent down his face upon them.

Robin waited in silence until Lord Pendyne looked up again; but he did not resume his seat.

'Be assured, Mr. Gray, that I do not forget your services in this house—that I never shall forget them. There could be no other motive than Christian kindness to myself.'

'There was no unworthy motive, my Lord; could one be possibly suggested?' said Robin, very much astonished.

'No,' said the Earl, 'never; but yet I have more to add than this. You heard, perhaps, of the fire at the next house to your own?'

'I did,' said Robin; 'and saw some of the effects of it at home—of the water at least.'

'And we feared,' continued Lord Pendyne, 'that the water might damage the drawings in the chest; so my wife, having your permission, availed herself of the key which you gave her, to see if she could be of any service.'

'It was very good of Lady Pendyne,' cried Robin; 'I feel greatly obliged indeed. And she was not well, perhaps, at the time. Will you kindly convey my acknowledgements?'

'We brought her home *from your studio* very ill indeed,' continued the Earl, forgetting to notice the last portion of Robin's exclamation. 'She received a great shock there, and so did I, when I went later in the day to seek her.'

'The Galley Slaves! Lady Pendyne had seen them before; there could be *nothing else*,' observed Robin. 'I am very grieved.'

'Yes, Mr. Gray, excuse me,' said the Earl gravely, 'there *was* something else. There was a parcel.'

'Yes,' said Robin, 'there *was* a parcel in the same drawer with the sketches. It would not have been there had I not quitted Rome in such haste, for I should have taken it with me.'

'Why?' asked Lord Pendyne.

'Why?' Had the Earl's delirium returned, or was it his manners only that had deserted him? Was he—were peers of the realm in general—subject to occasional fits of rudeness of which an ordinary gentleman would never dream? What was it to Lord Pendyne whether he, Robin Gray, moved or did not move a parcel he had left in one of his drawers, and which was only discovered unintentionally by the Countess during his absence?

But the Earl had been ill; and Robin was a gentleman in feeling—nay more, he was a Christian. Only he was surprised almost out of his

usual deference to his friend and patron. With a slight elevation of his eye-brows, he replied, 'Because the contents of it do not belong to me, and are only in my charge until—'

He paused to consider how much he ought, or ought not, to say.

'Not until they should be claimed,' exclaimed the Earl, 'for how could Lady Pendyne expect—?'

'Lady Pendyne!' exclaimed Robin; and his brows now reached an altitude they had never before attained. 'What interest could she take in an old parcel belonging to—'

'Belonging to *me*, Mr. Gray,' continued the Earl, with great seriousness of manner; 'and I entreat you to calm our minds, so far as may be, by telling me how you became possessed of its contents.'

'Pardon me, my Lord. With regard to the contents of that parcel, am I to understand that Lady Pendyne is better informed upon the subject than myself? I have carried it about with me for years; but being addressed to one Mrs. Sutton, not to myself, I am quite ignorant as to what it may contain.'

'But the paper was in pieces, being soaked through and through by the water,' replied the Earl, 'revealing to my startled wife our precious children's clothes, and the lockets which I had myself purchased. The cypher and crest are not to be mistaken. I pray you explain it to me in some way, if you can do so?'

'Indeed I cannot, my Lord; but the letter you hold in your hand may possibly afford you assistance. I am very sorry for the Countess's indisposition.'

'I did not know whether she would ever revive,' continued Lord Pendyne. 'I found her, Mr. Gray, as one dead, upon the floor of your studio, and there she may have been for hours. Will you tell me from whom you received the package?'

This turn of the inquiry was not very agreeable to Robin. He had known of strange property in the Gipsy tents before, and although he could not exactly believe that *Annette* had retained what was not her own, yet she had seemed very miserable and conscience-stricken, and also had written a letter to Lord Pendyne.

'Another time, if you require it, after *this*.' He pointed to the letter, and bowed to the Earl more stiffly than was his wont.

'You must excuse me, Mr. Gray; you do not know what has made the discovery such a marvel to us. You are too young to have known trouble yourself.'

'Indeed you are mistaken, my Lord,' said Robin; 'my sister and I have had a sorrow which we must carry to our graves.'

'Then I would grieve for you, and with you,' replied the Earl. 'But I am ill and suffering, perhaps selfish too, in the recollection of our trouble at the present moment.'

'Believe me that I feel and suffer with you, my Lord,' returned Robin.

The Earl took his hand, and pressed it with something of his old affection.

Matters had mended a little. Robin felt rather less uncomfortable than he had done five minutes before. Upon leaving the palazzo he ran immediately to his sister Amy, to make her acquainted with the wondrous contents of Mrs. Sutton's parcel.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD'S CRUSADE.

BY EVELYN TOD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOW FULFILLED.

MAITRE OLIVIER sat by the fire-side one autumn night in the year 1221, adding up his accounts by the simple process of counting the notches on his tallies, a little heap of which lay near him. The good wife was busy with her distaff on the other side, occasionally breaking off her work to call her hand-maiden's attention to the pot on the fire, which wafted a pleasant sour smell through the room, suggestive of savoury soup a-brewing. At the other end of the low raftered room the men and maid-servants were collected, and in the recess of the window stood Françoise, now a pretty dark-eyed girl of eighteen, ostensibly employed, like her mother, with her distaff; but really devoting herself to young Michel Vassal, the master of a trading-vessel, and the betrothed lover of the merchant's fair daughter.

There had been some little excitement in Marseilles that day, owing to the arrival of two galleys laden with warriors returning from the disastrous Fifth Crusade; and Michel was describing to Françoise the landing, the melancholy array of wounded and fever-smitten men who had been carried ashore, and the down-cast looks even of their stronger comrades, who turned proudly away from curious or pitying questioners, loth to tell the tale of their defeats. In the hard practical spirit of that money-making town Marseilles, the young seaman threw out not a few sarcasms against the religious ardour of these nobles and gentlemen, who wasted their strength in the East, while merchants and ship-owners throve and fattened on the gold the Crusaders spent as lavishly as they did their lives.

While he yet spoke, there came a loud knock at the door. Visitors were not common at that time of night, and the serving-man drew back the bolts with considerable caution, scanning the stranger closely ere he would admit him. The new comer, however, had evidently no notion of

standing to be looked at, and setting his shoulder against the door, he flung it back, and coolly walked in.

He was a very giant for height and strength of limb, but crippled for the time by having his right arm in a sling; and his face, with its thick brown hair and hazel eyes, was a bright and pleasant one, though a scimitar-cut which scored his forehead across, had destroyed all his pretensions to good looks, if he had ever had them. His dress was that of a knight, and the Red Cross was displayed on his shoulder; but his long cloak was threadbare, and his embroidered surcoat faded and torn.

There was a little commotion in the family thus unexpectedly disturbed, and Michel Vassal stepped into the middle of the room, with rather a hostile air; but Maître Olivier, courteous as ever, came forward, saying, 'What would you with us, Sir Knight?'

'Tell me, good Maître Olivier,' returned the tall stranger, 'have you forgotten Raoul Saint-André? Truly, I think, he was so much of a burthen to you once, that you must needs remember him.'

'Remember him? In sooth, that I do,' answered the merchant; then, as he saw the young knight's eyes twinkling with suppressed mirth, the truth dawned upon him, and he exclaimed, 'Are you he? Yes, now I see a likeness to the boy I knew, but—'

'Ten years and the sun of Egypt have made a difference, sans doubt,' quoth Saint-André, for he it was, with a laugh: 'Ha! Mère Lucie, are you in health? I mind me well of the kind tendance you gave me when I was last under your roof.—What, is it thou, Françoise, my little play-mate?' as the girl advanced rather shyly, 'Dost thou ever come down to the harbour now?'

Now, as Françoise of late had constantly been down at the port to see Michel's ship come in or go out, this chance allusion of Raoul's made her blush till she looked prettier than ever, and the young knight, gazing at her with evident admiration, said, 'Pardon me, Françoise; we are old friends, thou knowest;' and straightway kissed her on the forehead.

Michel Vassal scowled, all the more because his betrothed submitted to Raoul's salute with a very good grace; but no one heeded him, and the visitor was installed in the best seat by the fire, with a pressing invitation to stay the night, which he was no wise loth to accept, as it saved him from the discomfort of a crowded hostelry. 'Had he been on the Crusade?' and 'What fortune had the Christians met with?' were, of course, the first questions; so Raoul Saint-André, after having refreshed himself with a cup of Rousillon, and pledged the whole company, threw himself back on the settle, and prepared to pay for his supper and lodging after the usual fashion of knights-errant, by detailing his own and his comrades' adventures to the merchant's admiring household.

It was a dreary tale of one long failure that he had to tell, the only redeeming feature being the capture of Damietta, where Raoul had gained his knighthood from the hand of Jean de Brienne, and received a severe wound in the head. After this, there had been nothing but hardships,

quarrels, and disappointments; the Nile had risen beyond its usual height and nearly washed them out of the country; plague had thinned their ranks; their sole prize, Damietta, had been lost; and finally, they had made truce and retreated, with nothing but the relics of the True Cross to console them. Raoul's arm had been broken in the last action by a shot from a mangonel, and he had been ill and helpless half the voyage, and the other half hard at work, crippled as he was, attending on comrades who were worse hurt than himself. Altogether, as he said with a sigh, there seemed to be a curse on his crusading.

He was very much the same as he had always been; for though his unusual strength of build and his wounds made him look older than he was, after all he was but twenty-two, and at heart a boy still, loving and hating with all the vehemence of youth. Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, was the idol worshipped by Raoul, who would have been quite ready to agree with the old Bishop of Tournay, that 'li Rois Jehans' was a warrior not to be matched by

'. . . Ector, Roll', ne Ogiers,
Ne Judas Machabeus li fiers.'

and in fact, all his friends were the bravest knights on earth, and all his enemies the most pitiful scoundrels. He was not diffuse on his own exploits; but incidentally it appeared that he had been a favourite with the daring and passionate De Brienne, and his hearers could easily guess that young Saint-André had been more of a hero than he cared to tell. Occasionally, too, the name of a certain Demoiselle Idoine, who had accompanied her father on the expedition, slipped out; while the quick eyes of Françoise espied a lady's favour on his sleeve, and she smiled to herself at the needless jealousy of Michel Vassal, who hated everything that called itself noble or gentle, and who was vowing internally that, if the Crusader had not been *hors de combat*, he would have given him cause to rue his forwardness.

One omission the three who had known Raoul in his boyhood could not fail to remark—he never once mentioned Aloys de la Ferté: and Maître Olivier, though very desirous to hear of him, was naturally shy of touching on a topic the young knight persistently avoided. So the night passed away without further questions being asked; and it was not till the next morning, when Saint-André was about to leave for Cervoles, and was bidding adieu to the merchant's family, that the inquiry was made.

Raoul had been laughing with Françoise over a diamond clasp, torn from the turban of a Saracen chieftain slain at Damietta, which he had presented to her, 'as a wedding-gift,' he said. He was insisting on seeing how it looked fastened into her head-gear, and the maiden, all smiles and blushes, had just laid the jewels among her raven tresses, when the name of Aloys fell on his ear. The laugh died away on his lips, and his whole countenance changed as he turned to the merchant.

• ‘Poor Loy! even your hospitality availed not to undo the mischief that wild pilgrimage wrought. He died, Maître Olivier, or ever I set out; and good sooth, I think it was best so. He could scarce have borne the disappointment of this second Crusade.’

‘And Sir Gualtier?’

‘He entered the cloister,’ was the brief reply, and there was a pause; then the merchant spoke:

‘Heaven rewarded the betrayers of those infant pilgrims according to their deserts. Heard you the end of Ferreus and Porcus, Sir Raoul?’

‘No; tell me.’

‘They conspired with the Saracens of Sicily against the life of the Emperor, and being discovered, were hung.’

He had expected a burst of fierce joy from Raoul, remembering his fury against them at the time; but the thought of Aloys seemed to have saddened him into an unnatural calm:—‘God is just,’ was all he said, making the sign of the Cross. Then, as he paced up and down the room, he continued, half to himself, ‘None can tell how bitterly I have repented ever aiding Loy to go on the Child’s Crusade. And yet, in him at least, it was a noble madness.’

His soliloquy was broken by the entrance of his young squire, whom he had left last night at the hostelry, to say his horses awaited him.

‘I come, Damien,’ answered the young warrior.—‘Farewell, Mère Lucie;—farewell, Françoise, and all happiness be with thee.—Maître Olivier, I owe you much, and have little to pay you withal, for I have neither power nor wealth. But if ever the arm of one who has been reckoned a good knight by others, can help you, it is at your service; if ever yon fair maid should need a champion, I will do battle for her as for the lady of my heart. Raoul de Saint-André will never be unmindful of the Child’s Crusade.’

(Concluded.)

A FEW DAYS IN JERUSALEM.

‘WHAT presumption to attempt a description of Jerusalem after a few days stay! when men of deep learning and patient research, after many months and even years sojourn in the Holy City, have failed to give anything like an adequate description of it.’

Such remarks are likely to be called forth by the title of this sketch. But instead of attempting a long introductory justification, I simply ask you to read on, and, if possible, reserve your criticisms till the end. Doubtless you will find material enough upon which to exercise criticizing powers, but I think and trust the minutest analysis will fail to find *presumption* amongst the ingredients. No, had I the gift of highest

eloquence, and the pen of the readiest writer, I could not hope to describe thee *worthily*, O Jerusalem !

I had been ill, and undertook the journey for change of air. If I can succeed in extending to some invalid a portion of the intense happiness which fell to me during those two never-to-be-forgotten weeks, in which I visited Jerusalem, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea ; and if I can also excite some fresh interest in, and active love for, Jerusalem, I shall be content. Of course, under the circumstances—limited time and ill health—I was obliged, however unwillingly, to leave much unseen. But I saw enough—enough to supply a life-long store of blessed memories—enough to fill my heart with love and thanksgiving had I been able only to walk about Zion, to mark well her bulwarks, and tell the towers thereof.

The following lines from the 'Christian Year' I would bring to the remembrance of all, who, from illness or other causes, are prevented from carrying out their longings to visit the Holy Land :—

‘ Or if at home they stay,
Yet are they day by day
In spirit journeying through the glorious land,
Not for light fancy’s reed,
Nor honour’s purple meed,
Nor gifted prophet’s lore, nor science’ wondrous wand.
But more than prophet, more
Than angels can adore
With face unveil’d, is He they go to seek.
Blessed be God, Whose grace
Shews Him in every place
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims, pure and meek.’

I had been passing the winter in Beyrout. On the last day of March it was proposed to me to join a party which was going to start for Jerusalem on the 2nd of April. The proposal was so sudden, the time so short, and I was feeling still very weak, that after the first moments of delight at the mere thought of such a pleasure, I hesitated. But the next morning it looked too tempting, and on the following day I was ready to start. We left Beyrout between 4 and 5 p.m. for the French steamer 'Ilissus.' We were off soon after six. A very rough night, lightning and hail. Came within sight of Jaffa (Joppa) early the next morning. The sea was so rough, it was difficult to get into the boat, and as we approached the landing-place the prospect was rather alarming, rocks bristling up on all sides ; however, we landed in safety. Stayed in Jaffa several hours. It was raining the whole time, sight-seeing out of the question. I was sorry, as the town has many Biblical and traditionary histories. After much delay the horses arrived, thin wretched-looking animals. I said to the guide, 'In England we always imagine the Arab horses to be such fine noble-looking creatures, but these are very poor specimens.' He assured me they were *Turkish*, not *Arabians*. It seemed the delay had been caused by the difficulty of finding bridles ;

we had brought saddles with us. We had to be satisfied with rope, not of the newest. A man guided us through the first narrow street, then we came to some steep slippery stairs. I thought, of course, we must dismount; but no, dangerous as it looked, the horse jogged down them safely. Then we came into an open place, with a fine fountain of coloured marbles. The place was brilliant with the bright varied costumes of men and women, sitting or walking about. Once out of the town, the road was very good, all the way to Ramleh, our appointed resting-place. Orange gardens on either side, the trees bearing both blossom and fruit. Tall cypresses, and those wonderful defiant-looking cactus hedges, with the delicate white convolvulus twining over them, in spite of thorns, suggesting dimly some undefined thought of the strength of purity—Spenser's 'Faery Queen,' the old legend of St. Margaret and the Dragon. We passed several fine fountains; one especially I tried to photograph on my memory, for reproduction. The stones red and white, and richly carved, three dark cypresses behind. Then came the Plain of Sharon. Corn-fields on each side, and the telegraph posts gave quite an English look; but the watch-towers, and Turkish cemeteries here and there, dispelled the illusion. Also quite English-April weather, sunshine and showers alternating. Just before we reached Ramleh it began to clear; a rainbow, 'Holy Bow,' as the Greeks call it, arched over the village—the effect was lovely and cheering.

'Enough to feel
That God indeed is good! enough to know
Without the gloomy clouds He could reveal
No beauteous bow.'

We reached Ramleh (Arimathæa) about three hours and a half after leaving Jaffa. Stopped at the Latin Convent. We were half afraid we might not find accommodation, as we had heard a large party had started before us. A strange scene that court-yard presented in the dim light. Amongst the arrivals priests, nuns, Prussian deaconesses, a Polish officer, an English lady, an American, and several Russians. All seemed hopeless confusion at first, but somebody's power-words effected a speedy introduction to a pleasant comfortable room, white muslin curtains embroidered in colours, sheets, &c., all beautifully clean. There is a view of Mount Carmel from the top of the monastery, but it was too dark and rainy to think of mounting. On our return from Jerusalem, we slept one night at Ramleh, and had a little time for exploring. It must have been a place of some importance. We came upon some magnificent old ruins, arches upon arches, rich material for an artist. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians have each a convent here. At eight o'clock the bell rang for dinner. We had been sitting chatting in the dark, and the dining-room looked so bright and cheerful, with the many little iron lamps, of most graceful design, on the long table. Five plates to each person. One of the monks, 'Father John,' waited on us,

handing round in succession eggs, soup, meat, omelet, and fruit. We were glad to retire early, as it was arranged to start the next morning at five.

We awoke about four o'clock, and found the rain pouring down. Coffee was ready for us, but we had to wait for the showers. However, at the first break we set off, leaving a large party behind, whose enthusiasm was not waterproof. It was very beautiful, that early morning ride, though extremely cold. Passed some fine old 'Saracenic' ruins, some at a little distance looking like gigantic vases, with palm trees growing in them. Then came again the English scenery of corn-fields, hundreds of larks joyously caroling over our heads. For some time the road was rather monotonous and flat. As we neared the mountain it became more interesting. Few trees, but lovely wild flowers; most of the common English ones. Beet-harrow, centaury, orchis, furze, bugloss, ours and also a dark rich red and violet variety; a large primrose-like flower, and a lovely white cistus growing amongst the furze. A little further on, groups of old olive trees, with pure white lilac-streaked cyclamens growing in all available hollows in the distorted gnarled trunks.

After five or six hours ride we halted. The usual halting-place is by a fountain, under a fine spreading tree, but after the rain a more open place was desirable. The guide said there was a good shelter a little way on. That was the worst part of the ride; drenching rain and fearfully strong cold wind. At last it cleared off, and we rested for about half-an-hour at Abou-Goseh. This village has a history, but I am not clear as to the facts. I know it interested me at the time. Probably Murray, or some book of travels, will give it in detail. Unfortunately I had no books of reference with me. A carpet was spread on some steps leading up to a large tomb; here we took our luncheon. I gathered a few wild flowers from the little grave-yard. Then on again. If I had understood Arabic, I should have picked up a store of, at least, traditionary history, for spots were pointed out with animated gesticulations. From a little interspersed French, I heard of Kulonieh, (Callonia,) near Emmaus, where the Romans had a colony, there are remains of an old arch. El Latron, the birth-place of the penitent thief. Here the road became very steep, and we had to serpentine round and round till we reached the top. Then came a longing yet shrinking for the first view of Jerusalem. I felt inclined to close my eyes. There! But it did not burst upon me as I expected. The most prominent objects which caught the eye were fine *new* buildings. The Sanatorium, the Russian Church and Hospice, the Prussian Home for Arab children, built on the spot called 'Godfrey's Height,' where Godfrey de Bouillon is said to have knelt down at his first sight of Jerusalem. But the nearer we approached these fine buildings, the less we saw them, for the eye at last rested on grey bulwarks and towers, and it needed no dragoman to say, 'That is Jerusalem.'

Some rode at once into the city. I was glad our resting-place was at a house outside the walls. Better to enter when less weary. We had been nearly ten hours on the road; I was indeed tired, but truly thankful that, with so many opportunities for accident, we had arrived safely.

The following day, Palm Sunday, most of the party walked in to the eight o'clock service at the English Church. They saw the soldiers coming out of the Greek Church, bearing palm branches. I was too weak and tired for the early walk, but later a donkey was procured for me, and I rode in in time for the ten o'clock service. An Arab girl kept within sight, to show me the way. I think it can have fallen to the lot of few to enter the city of Jerusalem for the *first* time quite *alone*. I prized the chance. Not one nineteenth century word to colour the pure unfettered thought, which flew over the eighteen hundred years, and brought back the echo of the jubilant Hosannas, and the wild lawless cries of 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'

I entered by the 'Jaffa,' or 'Pilgrim's' Gate. The donkey seemed perfectly to know the way; quite independent of any guidance it went on through narrow passages—I was frequently reminded of Balaam—down steps, till it stopped at the house to which it belonged. A friend took me to the English Church. The Bishop was absent; I think he had gone to Alexandria. I did enjoy hearing the beautiful Church of England Service again. Prayers were specially offered for the Sultan and the King of Prussia. Collection for the Church Missionary Society. In the Lessons for the Day and in the sermon, the word 'Jerusalem' fell on the ear with thrilling riveting power. In the life of each one of us, are there not moments of such deep mysterious silence, in which we seem to hear with startling clearness the words of the Blessed Saviour? Not only to Jerusalem does that loving pleading cry go forth: 'How often would I have gathered thee, . . . and ye *would not!*'

April 6th.—Bright, but cold. Wrote in the morning. In the afternoon, many visitors. One, an American missionary, gave us some interesting details of his Indian mission; he said he had 'lived five years under the shadow of Mount Everest in the Himalayas.' We did not get out till quite late. I much grudged the time lost, as our stay was to be so short. Went to the Russian Hospice, a collection of fine new buildings of great extent. A well-kept garden, in the Brighton 'enclosure' style. The church we had heard was well worth seeing, but unfortunately it was closed. We found our way into a beautiful little chapel. A crowd of Russian pilgrims; many had *walked* from Siberia to be in Jerusalem for Easter. I wonder how long it took them. The Russian is a strange type of face, different to any I had seen. Most of them wear high fur caps, and thick dreadnaught cloaks, freezingly suggestive of bears and icebergs. Many pictures on the walls of the chapel. The priests wore black silver-embroidered vestments. A woman

came up to me, and presented me with two tapers, and made a way for me to go up to the top, quite to the steps of the altar. There, some influence of 'holy ground' drew off the shoes of prejudice, and I knelt in prayer. When I arose, the woman approached me, and with an angry look took, or rather snatched, the tapers from my hand. I believe I ought to have kissed the stone step, and lighted my tapers, and placed them before the picture of some saint. Evidently I had failed in something orthodox, and stood a condemned heretic in her eyes. It seems that the Greek Catholics in Jerusalem regard with anything but friendly feeling this Russian community spreading, and with great jealousy the idea of a Russian Patriarch. But this is a subject I ought not to touch further, my knowledge of it is so shallow. There were many tents pitched outside, with American and other flags. A real ebony negro, standing outside a tent, holding a plate of glittering white sugar, added to the picture. It was almost dark as we walked home. We planned going to Bethany on the morrow.

April 7th.—Started early to walk to Bethany. It was a beautiful sunshiny day. Passing out of the city gate, we went along a high narrow path, the massive city walls on our left, the glorious valleys below on our right. The Valley of Jehosaphat. The village of Siloah (?) nestling in the sides of the hills. The Jews' burial-place, of great extent, lay stretched out before us. Long flat white stones with clearly defined Hebrew inscriptions—pages of that great petrified book. The tombs in the rocks are very remarkable. The most conspicuous is the tomb of Zechariah. Near to it is the tomb or monument of Absalom. It is a fine high building, and can be easily entered. I saw one day in Jerusalem some splendid old Hebrew manuscripts, which I was told had lately been discovered in this monument. The road passed over the brook Kedron, now quite dry; then on, up the Mount of Olives. Stop! We looked back. There was the view I had been longing for, familiar from pictures, but oh! how far exceeding all imagination! Even of the earthly Jerusalem, we may well exclaim,

‘ Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise!
Oh, none can tell thy capitals,
Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art!’

We then continued to ascend, stopping now and then to gather wild flowers; scarlet anemones and pheasant's-eye the most abundant. Looking back again, the city had disappeared. We had reached a crest in the mountain. Bethany was near. Many mounted Turks passed us on the road. If I had provided myself with a sketch-book, what

treasures were there for even an inexperienced artist. One ruin especially caught my eye. 'That is the house of Martha and Mary.' It was possible, so I took a small stone from the wall. A little way on, 'The tomb of Lazarus.' How these names vibrated on the ear! It was a low door cut in the rock, with steps, twenty or more, leading far down to the grave itself. I took a light, and went down a few steps—some went all the way—but it was so dark and chilly, I gladly returned to the sunlight. This spot seemed quite true. I felt the Blessed Saviour *had* stood there, and wept in His pitying manhood, and manifested forth His glorious Godhead in the life-giving words, 'Lazarus, come forth.' Oh, what a flood of sacred memories rushed through me at that moment when Faith rolled away the stone! What a resurrection of buried hopes came forth!

Then we went a little out of our way to get a good view of the Jordan. It seemed far off, and looked gloriously calm and blue; a line was pointed out where it joined the Dead Sea. We sat down on the Mount of Olives to rest. Fig, almond, and olive trees around us. The olive tree has a strange peculiar beauty of its own. Ruskin, in his 'Stones of Venice,' gives a most perfect description of the olive tree when he speaks of 'The hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed fret-work of its light and narrow leaves inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost branches—the right in Israel of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow—and more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver-grey and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which far away it veils the undulations of the mountains.'

On one of the trees was suspended a bundle, in which was a baby. A woman came up, and asked 'backsheesh.' A lady who spoke Arabic asked her if she expected money because we looked at her baby; at which she laughed. We had taken a donkey with us; when the ascent was not too steep, we were glad enough of it. At Bethany we went to a mosque, from the minaret of which is, I suppose, the finest view of Jerusalem. The Mosque of Omar was the most conspicuous object. In the clear sunny atmosphere all stood out so sharply defined. A noble city! at that distance giving little idea of 'desolation.' How can anyone be 'disappointed' with Jerusalem? If I dwelt long in the city, and wandered daily through the (like in other oriental towns) narrow, not over-clean streets, taking a part for the whole, I too might write in the usual modern style of the desolation and misery, and of 'the hopeless bigotry and superstition.' Painfully prominent as these latter are, *there* they seem such surface things, so—I hardly know what word to use—ridiculous, idiotic; such *evident* hay and stubble built upon, but never hiding, the foundation stone, JESUS CHRIST. Truly a frightful crop of tares amongst the wheat. But if God wills them to grow together till

His own good time, who are we, to call down fire! No, what we need is *love* for Jerusalem. Such love as St. Paul describes in 1 Cor. xiii.

‘He who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find,
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all has shined.

So is it with true Christian hearts,
Their mutual share in Jesus’ blood,
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood.

Oh! might we all our ~~lineage~~ prove!’

By all pulling together in the great work, no envyings, no seeking one’s own, all small jealousies cast aside, speaking the truth in love.

We began to descend; there was still much to be seen about Bethany, but we could not attempt all. We passed fine massive ruins, and new Turkish buildings. I should have liked *all* points named, but our guide was not as communicative as most of his kind are. I was very tired, but the path was too steep and jagged for even sure-footed donkey riding. Suddenly I heard, ‘There is the Garden of Gethsemane.’ I looked, and saw below me a garden, laid out in formal flower-beds, enclosed, first with a high wall, and then with palings. Very stiff and unvenerable-looking. But, never mind, the name was enough. A thrill of —? as we drew near kept us very silent. At a low door in the wall we had to knock. It opened. We entered. A picture on the wall of the ‘Mater Dolorosa.’ The garden was brilliant with marigolds, stocks, and ranunculuses. An old monk was standing there as guardian. We walked through the carefully-kept paths up to the place where the few, I think three, olive trees were standing. Lettuces and staring orange marigolds planted around. A few cypress trees in one corner. On one old olive tree, I noticed two or three huge cats, and nestling in a hole in the trunk some tiny kittens. Some of the party sat down under one of the trees. I drew aside; I felt I could not sit where the Saviour had knelt in such agony for me. I waited in silence and calm to see, and, I know not how nor whence it came, but, in spite of all the unhelping surroundings, I felt

‘There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling, touch’d Thy prostrate brow,
One angel knows it. Oh, might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offer’d where Christ in agony was laid.’

I bought some flowers and olive twigs. I think the old monk was Spanish, but we could not get much from him for all our polyglot endeavours. He spoke a little Italian, ‘Basta, basta,’ when we wanted

more flowers. I asked him if he had any rough olive crosses, like the one he was wearing. He fetched me four. I gave about one shilling for flowers and all. There was an inscription in Spanish on the wall.

We returned home by a different way. It was a great Turkish holiday. Many gaily-dressed women and children were sitting on a wall. They made remarks as we passed. 'Look, she is a beautiful one.' The lady to whom it was addressed laughed. 'Well, are you not beautiful?' they said. 'No, not at all,' she replied; at which they seemed highly amused. After entering the city gate, a street was pointed out as the 'Via Dolorosa.' Here, neither faith nor doubt was strong. I cared not to hear just hurriedly mentioned, of the fourteen stations with such heart-stirring *names*, as 'Ecce Homo' Arch, &c. A frame without a picture. Perhaps I was too tired, but I think it is a good rule not to *work up* enthusiasm, which by the help of association is often easy to do, but also never to reject it, but lovingly and gratefully cherish it when it comes unforced. We took luncheon at the Prussian Hospital. I should like to give some description of the Prussian hospitals and schools of this country. Nearly every large Eastern town has one of each. But a few lines can give little idea of the extent of the work. Indeed, a volume devoted to the subject would not exhaust it. The limits cannot be known. The Arab girls, under the Prussian system, learn with marvellous quickness, and as they in a short time become capital willing teachers, it spreads rapidly. And of the hospital work, it is not only the temporary bodily relief which is so valuable, but it is to be hoped the practical lessons of the blessing of cleanliness and order, which the Arabs there receive, are not lost upon them. I had no strength left for the afternoon sight-seeing, so at once rode home. As I passed the 'House of the Lepers,' the poor creatures, seated on the ground outside, held up their deformed hands. They did not look *white*, as I expected. They seem to have no rules for keeping at a distance. They have a good house outside the city provided for them. 'Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?' Keble's beautiful searching Hymn for the Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, and, above all, a humble reading of St. Luke, xvii., must move the hearts of many to ask themselves, if with restored health they have returned to 'give glory to GOD,' with anything like the same earnestness with which in their sickness and sorrow they prayed for mercy.

April 8th.—Dined early at a friend's house in the town. I felt great respect for an old tortoise (do tortoises ever look young?) which had been breathing Jerusalem air for twenty years. In the afternoon we made up a party to visit the Church and Convent of the 'Holy Croes.' It is about three miles from Jerusalem. We had a rough, windy, rainy walk. A service was going on as we entered. The walls and ceilings were covered with paintings of saints. One very large, St. George and the Dragon. I think it was in that church that I saw such beautiful wonderfully intricate

designs on the pavement. We were taken into a crypt where we were shown the root of the tree, which was 'planted by Abraham, watered by Lot, cut down by Solomon for a beam of the Temple, but do what they would it could not be made to fit anywhere, so it was carefully put aside, till it was used by Pontius Pilate for the Cross.' Its history and different scenes in the life of our Lord are painted on the wall. The new adjoining seminary for the priests (Greek Catholics) is a very fine building, not yet finished.

April 9th.—Maundy Thursday. Service in German, and Holy Communion at the English Church. In a book-shop near the church I found much to interest me. The owner, a converted Jew, an intelligent man, able and willing to give much information. I bought there a large picture of Jerusalem, and several smaller ones. Looked at some wonderful old Hebrew parchment scrolls, which had been recently found in a tomb or monument. And a curious ancient Spanish manuscript. I had a great longing for one of the olive-wood bound book covers, for 'wild flowers,' but it was too expensive. Not in the least knowing how much the expedition altogether would cost, I was obliged to make over my purse from inclination to prudence.

In the afternoon we visited the Armenian Church of St. James. A great discordant din outside the church, produced by men playing bells and knocking on boards, by way of music. From the number of cast-off shoes at the door we expected to find a crowd within. I think shoes must often change owners in this country. With so strong a family likeness in the faded red and pointed toes, it must be difficult to identify them, though no doubt old shoes as much as old hats bear the impress of individual character. The 'dazzling maze' of gold and silver and paintings that burst upon us as we entered, was quite startling. The doors leading into the side chapels were beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell. A strange picture of the Ascension; I wondered what the forty heads there represented, meant. A most painful picture of St. James, without his head, the blood spouting out like a fountain from his throat, the head on the ground. The crowd was great. We were just going away when the Armenian Consul came up, and told us that the great ceremony of 'Feet-washing' was about to take place. With some difficulty we waded through the sea of prostrate bodies up to a gallery, from whence we had a good view of all. In front of the altar a carpet was spread, on which the Patriarch sat—a large basin before him—and washed the feet—the right foot only—of twelve priests; and then his own were washed. The robes were magnificent. This is a ceremony which calls forth the special indignation of many. Why? I know on this occasion the scene brought home so vividly to one of the party the remembrance of our Lord's humility, that she resolved from that time to perform *willingly* a trifling act, which often fell in her path of duty, but which she always shirked or performed

unwillingly from pride. She had *no* leaning to bigotry or superstition. The *possibility* of the Patriarch being a hypocrite, and the whole twelve priests Judases, seemed no biblical argument for forgetting that, any way, the ceremony was in '*remembrance*' of our Blessed LORD and Master's example. And well for us if anything recall His commands, and enable us to answer the question, 'Know ye what I have done to you?'

'What do we then? If far and wide
Men kneel to Christ, the pure and meek,
Yet rage with passion, swell with pride,
Have we not still our faith to seek?
Nay, but in steadfast humbleness
Kneel on to Him Who loves to bless
The prayer that waits for Him; and trembling strive
To keep the lingering flame in thine own breast alive.'

We had not time to visit all the surrounding buildings connected with the church. It was getting late, and we particularly wished to see the 'Cœnaculum,' or 'Last Supper' room, which was some way off. Under a handsome archway leading to it, were many Moslem pilgrims sitting, and Turkish soldiers, and groups of buyers and sellers. We went up some steps to a large upper room; it looked like a bit of a crypt from an old cathedral. I wonder in pictures of 'The Last Supper' this room has not been represented. There was an Arabic inscription on the wall. Even here the English name-scribbling mania has raged. Some names quite recently written. One would have thought that the sacred title *given* to the room—whether justly or not—would have stopped the hand from defacing these old white-washed walls. The house is said to be one of the oldest in Jerusalem. It is in possession of the Moslems, who will not sell it for anything, holding it as something very sacred. The Sepulchre of David is pointed out near the spot. See Acts, ii. 29. We did not visit it. It had been arranged to form a quiet party to visit Gethsemane by moonlight,

'Where lies the shade so still and deep,
Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe—
One hour, to trace His musings high and low,
One heart-ennobling hour!'

But there was some mistake, we had to give it up, the city gates close at eight.

April 10th.—Good Friday. Attended the English service at ten o'clock. It seemed deeply solemn to hear the account of the Crucifixion in the very place where it had occurred, and needed all one's self-control to keep down visible emotion.

'Like a long-forgotten strain
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn,
What sunshine hours had taught in vain,
Of Jesus' suffering, pain, and scorn.'

There were many travellers present. In the afternoon we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Grand, massive, and dark, but unimpressive. Such was my first idea. Turkish soldiers were drawn up outside, taking away knives or any arms from those who entered. This year the Greek and Roman Catholic Easter fell on the same day. On the left hand side of entrance was a raised carpeted divan, on which were seated Turks, smoking, talking, and drinking coffee. All these tangible things of sense, smother for a moment any surface veneration with which we have charged ourselves. But as we gaze on, and around, and upwards, and learn to condense our thoughts, the greatness and grandeur gradually unroll, and page by page we read with increasing wonder and admiration, what was at first to us but a sealed book. The first conspicuous traditionary object is the 'stone of anointing,' with gigantic tapers round it. The 'Golgotha Chapel,' said to be built over the spot where the Cross stood, is reached by a flight of stone steps. The entrance to the grave itself was so crowded by people pressing to get in, and seemingly almost fainting as they came out, that I could not get near. We descended to the crypt, 'where the Cross was found.' There also was the 'tomb of St. Helena.' The part called the Greek Church reminded me of a modern public picture gallery. In the Latin Church is a fine piece of tapestry, representing the 'Last Supper.' Went to the four o'clock service in the English Church. Our own Prayer Book, but in German. Some of our party went to the evening 'Representation of the Crucifixion' in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I felt I could not bear to see it. 'It is finished.' What a work was then completed! If Death should call us this year, shall we be able to say with St. Paul, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do'?

Walking home, I noticed a beautiful little lilac iris had sprung up in abundance on the dry stony way-side. Perhaps the 'lily' which He bade us consider in all our anxieties for the 'morrow.'

April 11th.—Started for an early morning ride to Bethlehem. Three laden camels on our way made a picture, like that in the Child's Pictorial Bible of 'The Star of the East.' It was the '*wise men*' who in those early days sought so earnestly the lowly Jesus, knowing that with 'Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom.' How many of the wise men, philosophers of this day, instead of bringing the gifts which He has so richly bestowed upon them, diligently search to find reasons for *not* employing in His service *their* gold, frankincense, and myrrh?

The road was very steep in some parts. Passed the Convent of Mar-Elias. That looked worth a visit, but we did not stop. Many ferns growing at the foot of the outer wall, the first I had observed in the Holy Land. Some of the party who had started first were waiting for us to join them. The place where they halted was 'The Tomb of Rachel.' There we dismounted and walked about. Then after riding for some distance we came to the lovely valley of Urtas, (Hortas,) 'Solomon's

Gardens.' It is highly cultivated; fruit trees have been brought over from Germany, and much care is bestowed upon it. The Prince of Wales, or Prince Alfred, has bought a piece of ground there, and I am not sure of the names now, two or three English persons have, I think, invested their money in the same way. I like the notion; if I had any money to spare I would willingly purchase one of the waste places, knowing that the time is coming when the land will no more be termed 'desolate.' God 'will raise up the decayed places thereof.'

We were taken to a little simple white-washed house, where we breakfasted. I was astonished to see a table laid out with English books, photographs, flowers, &c. I had not heard the history of the owner. He is the Superintendent of the 'gardens.' He is a converted Jew; his wife is an Italian; their daughter, educated I believe at a missionary school in Beyrout, speaks English well. I much enjoyed our little stay there, the conversation on the surrounding localities was most interesting. Walked about, and saw the great pool or bath which was lately discovered. There are steps leading down to it. Many coloured marbles and stones were found in it.

Continued our ride. High up in the mountains, suddenly burst upon us, like a huge mirror in a frame, a gigantic reservoir of clear water, and then another, and another. I will not attempt now a description of these truly wonderful works. The dimensions and supposed history of these 'Pools of Solomon,' are probably given in most 'Holy Land' Travels. On to the left stood out the beautifully situated village of Beit-Jala, nestling in a park of olive trees. *Park* is a very unoriental word to use, but it came naturally; the scenery was the most English-looking I had seen; so fertile and bright, cows and sheep feeding below. A fine new Latin seminary is the most conspicuous building.

Arrived at Bethlehem, we took luncheon at a German Missionary's. They have a school for Arabs. In the little chapel, the Church of England Service in Arabic is used. Bought there some beautifully arranged dried flowers. Of course the principal thing to see was the 'Church of the Nativity.' In and out, amongst the forty fine columns at the entrance, children were rushing and screaming as if it were the general play-ground of the town. Within, it was very bright and golden and beautiful! Latin priests in one part, Armenian in another, were holding service. Down into the crypt, many lamps were burning. On a flat stone a large bright star was inlaid, 'Where the star shone when it stood over where the young Child was,' Down more steps to the 'manger.'

' Where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.'

The Bethlemites are very handsome. The women wear a most peculiar head-dress, with pendent weighty coins round the face.

April 12th.—‘The day of days.’ Glorious Easter Sunday! Went to the English Service at ten o’clock. Amongst the travellers I had the pleasure of recognizing a friend from England, with whom later I had a pleasant walk and talk. For the afternoon, an invitation to ‘coffee. Not feeling well, at least out of tune for strangers, I preferred to rest quietly. I slept, and woke up so refreshed, that I was inspirited to try and find my way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was not so easy as I imagined; I soon lost all clue. I first asked an old priest in French, but got no intelligible answer. Tried others, but, as the only Arabic phrase I knew was, ‘Anna ma barreef Arabee,’ (I do not understand Arabic,) their answers in Arabic could not help me. At last I saw a friendly intelligent face, but, alas! to my simple question came a bewildering stream of modern Greek in reply. In despair I ventured just to say, ‘Iglesia.’ ‘Iglesia Magallo?’ he asked, ‘Nai.’ It was not very definite, but it was enough, he seemed quite to understand. Oh, how I laughed! it was too comical to see the important cool way in which he pushed the poor people right and left, to clear the way for such a humble individual as myself. When we reached the church, he entered, bowed his head reverently as if in prayer, and suddenly disappeared, I fancy to one of the side-chapels. The church was almost empty. I went up to the Golgotha Chapel, took out my little English Prayer Book, and in a seat by a window, read part of the Service for the Day. Was not that *real* enjoyment? During those moments of perfect peace, I heeded not the cobwebs of superstition which lurked in the corners, and hung over nearly all. I thought I would try this time to enter the Sepulchre. One had only to stoop a little, and it was easy to get in. A long flat stone over which lights were burning. There were many flowers in vases. A priest was standing to guard it. ‘Why seek the Living among the dead?’ ‘He is not here.’ ‘Yet still the lifeless stone is dear for *thoughts* of Him Who once lay here.’ May the thoughts help us to remember what He spake. Why are our hearts so slow to believe? Is not this why our eyes are so holden that we do not know Him, even when He is by our side? May God in His mercy grant that the light within *us* be not darkness, and that they to whom it is given to expound in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, and in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Jesus of Nazareth, may so do it that the hearts of the chosen people, the Jews, may burn within them till they own the crucified and risen Christ as the Redeemer of Israel.

I walked about, and found many small chapels, with curious paintings, but it was so shudderingly gloomy and dark, and every now and then I came upon a spectral crouching figure, which usually held out its hand to beg. I began to feel very cold and spectral myself, and to long for

the outer sunshine. But some stone steps aroused my tired curiosity. I thought by mounting them I should find a good point from whence I could look down and get a better idea of the whole. It was worth the trouble, but I could not stay with much comfort, I was so afraid of being locked up there, it looked like a place that might be closed for an indefinite time. At 7.30 there was a service in the English Church. Walked home. I think and trust that many days will shine with the reflected light of that bright happy Easter Day!

April 13th.—Prepared for our expedition to the Jordan. We could not get all the party together, so agreed we would start in the afternoon and go as far as Mar-Saba, about three hours and a half from Jerusalem, and there pitch our tents for the night, and all go on together the next day. We found the road very steep and dangerous in some parts—slippery uneven stone terraces—but it was indescribably enjoyable; and the feelings produced by the grand wild scenery so filled the heart that little room was left for the sensation of fear. Those wonderful *stony* mountains, what an embodiment of strength and endurance! I seemed to draw in strength for body and mind as I gazed at them. I never saw anything so grand and elevating. There was much variety on our ride. Here a noble amphitheatre seemed to stand out, there ruins of old arches and castles; but as we came nearer we found it was no handiwork of *human* architect. It was getting dark as we approached the Monastery of Mar-Saba. Believing as he did in the efficacy of solitude, S. Saba chose wisely such a spot.

‘No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,
Mar the full burst of prayer.
Lone nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round her and beneath are heard her sacred tones:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.’

Our tents were fixed close to the convent. A monk was standing on the top of the high watch-tower. I made an attempt at sketching, but it soon became quite dark. Sat on a great stone and took our coffee. One can always find a raised seat in this country, some upheaved rock. Glow-worms about us, and the glimmer from a fire, round which a party of laughing, talking, coffee-making Bedouins was collected, gave us enough light. It was tantalizing not to see and know something of the interior of the convent, and of the present life of these monks. I did pity them when I understood that they were not allowed the use of their own valuable library. It is locked, and the key kept in Jerusalem. There is some story about a pet wolf which comes every day across the ravine, at a certain hour, and one of the monks stands always ready with a piece of bread for it.

The next morning we left Mar-Saba between five and six. Lovely bright clear weather. Retraced part of yesterday's road. Long before

we reached it, the Dead Sea seemed quite near. In that early morning light, it looked so calm, so still, so *dead*. But in a few minutes a streak of silver light flashed across it, and as the sun rose higher it became vividly blue and transparent like a sea of glass. The mountains opposite, with their ever-changing chameleon shadows, formed a glorious background. After riding through a stretch of desolate plain, we came to a tiresome bit of tangle and brushwood. Most of the ladies wore cotton riding-dresses. I was glad mine was a grey linsey, the best of all materials for travelling. I was surprised to find flowers and shrubs growing quite near the sea. One always reads that 'no vegetation' will grow there. We sat close to the sea, and ate our luncheon. It was intensely hot, but I walked about, for I felt a particular interest in collecting what flowers I could from this place. I found many, and some dragon-fly *wings*, and black crooked bits of wood, that I thought with 'From the Dead Sea' written on them would be prized by someone. I could not find a single shell. The shore was strewn with old branches and bamboos, constantly being washed up. And a skeleton-looking tree, standing upright, a little way out in the sea, stretched out its arms. The water was *very* salt, and left a burning taste. We were glad to continue our ride. Further on I found the description of the 'desolate' plain and 'lack of vegetation' was no exaggeration. A long tedious sandy range, and glittering salt defining the pressure-marks of the horses' and camels' feet.

It was a great relief to eye and heart when a mass of verdure told of the vicinity of the Jordan. Some fine large trees. We followed the course of the river for some time, till we reached the pilgrim's bathing-place. A few days earlier we should have seen the great bathing scene. The current was rapid and stronger; some managed to dip in their feet sitting on the trunk of a tree, which was growing almost in the river. Of all the sacred associations and holy texts which naturally there rush into the mind, the comprehensive answer of our Blessed Lord, '*Thus it behoveth us to fulfil all righteousness,*' stood out the strongest.

Scarcely a flower to be found. Strange to find more flowers at the Dead Sea than at the Jordan. We rested for some time on its hallowed banks, then on towards Jericho. We had to ride through two or three streams of water. How glad the poor horses must have been after the salt sandy road!

' In the first view of Jericho was a small square fortress with a stream at the foot. A few wretched hovels, loosely thatched. We found our tents ready—the man in charge had taken a shorter cut—close to the fortress. Near us was a fine specimen of the thorny nabk, the tree from which the 'crown of thorns' is said to have been made. Many of these 'crowns' are sold in Jerusalem; one was given to me, but I would not bring it away; I could not bear to look at the sharp cruel thorns, it was too painfully suggestive. It was just light enough to take our evening meal outside the tent. A still *sultry* evening, I liked it. I collected,

close at hand, a few seeds of flowers. An American lady had a large tent, and invited us to enter. It had quite a comfortable look, with a table, and candles ready lighted. One of the Bedouins came up and said, 'Sitt' (Lady) 'Fantaséa?' I nodded my head at a venture. Whereupon they assembled and began singing and clapping hands. The Arabs give the name of 'Fantaséa' to all kinds of dancing, &c. It was soon stopped, as we were going to have evening prayer. A Scotch clergyman of the party read, and we had some interesting talk and singing of old English hymns. I could not sleep much that night, so I amused myself with listening to the strange tones outside the tent. The Arabs far into the night seemed to be playing at some game allied to 'dominoes.' The dogs and jackals kept up a melancholy concert. I rose very early the next morning, and explored. Little to be seen of any interest. A shrub with a flower much like potato blossom, and a small yellow fruit, grows there abundantly. I was told it was the apple of Sodom.

April 15th.—Started early to return to Jerusalem. Came to 'Old Jericho;' more to be seen there than at 'New Jericho.' One fine ruin, arches, and a clear beautiful stream. Excavations going on in the high sandy tumuli. An abundance of a beautiful dark-blue 'everlasting' flower. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho still retains its 'thief' celebrity. We were told it was necessary to enlist one of the 'thieves' in our service to protect us against the others.

The Mount of Temptation, or 'Quarantania,' was pointed out. It alone is worthy an expedition from Jerusalem. I should much like to have seen some of the thirty or forty caves and chapels, with which the mountain is perforated. Some Abyssinian Christians still go there to pass the forty days of Lent. High up on our mountain way we came to distinct traces of the remains of a good-made road, part of the side wall remaining. That bit of road, what a page of history it is! telling of palmy days of old, of chariots and horsemen and traffic to and fro. We halted at the Apostles' Fountain. We passed through Bethany. I was as glad to see it again, and to get once more that all-satisfying view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. Reached home safely soon after 2 p.m. A very happy successful journey. For the next day we planned to visit the Mosque of Omar, but when the morning came, I found I had no strength left for it, so was obliged to give it up.

'To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
 To leave so many lands unvisited,
 To leave so many worthiest books unread,
 Unrealized so many visions bright;
 Oh! wretched, yet inevitable spite
 Of our short span, and we must yield our breath,
 And wrap us in the lazy coil of death,
 So much remaining of unproved delight.
 But hush my soul, and vain regrets be stilled,
 Find rest in Him, Who is the complement

Of whatsoe'er transcends your mortal doom,
 Of broken hope and frustrated intent;
 In the clear vision and aspect of Whom
 All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.'

The others went, and were delighted with all they saw. They brought me some branches and flowers from the 'Temple-place.' Perhaps some invalid reader may be disappointed at the short description I have given of many places of such renowned interest. Just touching, as it were, merely the key-note, and leaving it for the reader to fill up the chord. I could linger longer and willingly over details, but I know the subject has been so often fully and learnedly treated by more able writers. And for the harmony and for connecting vivifying links to the few plain facts I give, the Bible will supply all. I wish I could explain what the Bible has become to me since I visited the Holy Land. The promises to the Jews, the threatenings, the fulfilment of prophecy, stand out as words direct from God, to which we dare no longer be indifferent. And oh! with what a power and freshness the New Testament brings before us the Saviour's Life and Words, making us feel He is truly the same, 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' For ever with us till the end of the world.

With regard to lengthened descriptions, I found nothing I had seen or read prepared me for the actual; with the exception of some views of Carpenter and Wesley's, which I had often seen exhibited as 'dissolving views' in a country rectory in Kent. Especially those of the 'Church of the Holy Sepulchre,' 'Santa Saba,' and the Dead Sea. Even a particular tree standing out in the latter, I recognized as an old acquaintance.

During a trying illness it has afforded me much pleasure in intervals of comparative ease, mentally to retrace my journey. I felt I had absorbed much, but it was all in solution, as it were, and the writing it down has fixed it into solid crystals of memory.*

April 17th.—Our last day in Jerusalem! I thought of going once more to the Garden of Gethsemane, but on hearing I should probably find it closed, I did not attempt it. Went to see a Latin Church; nothing particularly remarkable. Bought some olive-wood curiosities. Called to say good-bye to kind friends. Finding we had not seen the Jews' Wailing-place, they took us there. I should have been very sorry to have missed that sight. It was the most striking scene I had witnessed in Jerusalem. Men and women, young and old, were there assembled. Several were holding large ancient-looking Hebrew books in their hands. No doubt some were mere formalists, but I felt it impossible to doubt the sincerity of others. It seemed the real wailing of broken-heartedness. The tears streamed down their cheeks as they pressed their heads lovingly against the old grey stones of the wall.

'Oh, say in all the bleak expanse,
 Is there a spot to win your glance,
 So bright, so dark as this?

A hopeless faith, a homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss !'

'Let not Jerusalem go out of your mind.'
'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.'
'They shall prosper that love thee.'

1868.

T. G. E.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XII. (*continued.*)

NORTH TIROL—THE INNTHAL.

INNSBRUCK (*continued*) ; LEOPOLD II.—REPEAL OF JOSEPHINISCHEN MEASURES—FRANCIS II.—OUTBREAK OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—DAS MÄDCHEN V. SPINGES—THE AUFERSTEHUNGSFEIER—ARCHDUCHESS MARIA ELIZABETH—GOTTESACKER—TREATY OF PRESSBURG—'THE YEAR NINE'—ANDREAS HOFER—PEACE OF SCHÖNBRUNN—SPECKBACHER, SUCCESSES AT BERG ISEL, HOFER AS SCHUTZEN-KOMMANDANT, HIS MODERATION, SIMPLICITY, SUBORDINATION ; HIS BETRAYAL, LAST HOURS, FIRMNESS, EXECUTION—RESTORATION OF AUSTRIAN RULE—HOFER'S MONUMENT—TIROLESE LOYALTY IN 1848—THE FERDINANDEUM, ITS CURIOSITIES—EARLY EDITIONS OF GERMAN AUTHORS—PAINTINGS ON COB-WEB—THE SCHIESS-STAND—POLICY OF COUNT BEUST, CONSTITUTIONAL OPPOSITION OF TIROL, ARBITRARY REPRISALS, CATHOLIC UNION SOCIETIES—POLITICS OF WÄLSCH-TIROL—SPIRITED DEMONSTRATION OF TIROLESE DEPUTIES—POPULATION OF INNSBRUCK.

LEOPOLD II. had not been three months on the throne before he came to Innsbruck to receive the homage of the loyal Tirolese, who took this opportunity of winning from him the abrogation of many *Josephinischen* measures, particularly that reducing their University to a mere Lyceum. He was succeeded in 1792 by his son, Francis II., but the mighty storm of the French Revolution was threatening, and absorbed all his attention with the preservation of his empire, and the defence of Tirol seems to have been overlooked. Year by year the danger gathered round the outskirts of her mountain fastnesses, whole hosts were engaged all around, yet there were but a handful, five thousand at most, of Austrian troops stationed within her frontier. The importance of obtaining the command of such a base of operations which would at once have afforded a key to Italy and Austria, did not escape Bonaparte. Joubert was sent with fifteen thousand men to gain possession of the country, and advanced as far as Sterzing. Innsbruck was thrown into a complete panic, and I am

sorry to have to record that the Archduchess Maria Elizabeth took refuge in flight. The Austrian Generals, Kerpen and Laudon, did not deem it prudent, with their small contingent, to engage them; nevertheless, the Tirolese, instead of being disheartened at this pusillanimity, with their wonted patriotism rose as one man; a decisive battle was fought at Spinges, a hamlet near Sterzing, where a village girl fought so bravely, and urged the men on to the defence of their country so generously, that though her name is lost, her courage won her a local reputation as lasting as that of the 'Maid of Zaragoza,' under the title of *Das Mädchen von Spinges*.* Driven out hence, the French troops made the best of their way to join the main army in Carinthia. After this the enemy left Tirol at peace for some years, with the exception of one or two border inroads which were resolutely repulsed; one of these is so characteristic of the religious customs of Tirol, that, though not strictly belonging to the history of Innsbruck, I cannot forbear mentioning it. The French, under Massena, had in 1799 been twice repulsed from Feldkirch with great loss. Divisions which had never known a reverse, were decimated and routed by the practised guns of the mountaineers. Thinking their victory assured, the peasants after the manner of volunteer troops had dispersed, but too soon, to return to their flocks and tillage. Warily perceiving his advantage, Massena led his troops back over the border silently by night, intending in the morning to take the unsuspecting town by storm, a plan which did not seem to have a chance of failure. But it happened to be Holy Saturday; suddenly, just as he was about to give the order for the attack, the bells of all the churches far and near, which had been so still during the preceding days, burst all together upon his ear with the jubilant *Auferstehungsfeier*.† General and troops, alike unfamiliar with religious times and seasons, took the sound for the alarm bells calling out the *Landsturm*; believing they were betrayed, a precipitate retreat was ordered. But the night no longer covered the march; and the peasants

* Since writing the above, I have been assured by one who has frequently conversed with her, that the concealment of her name arose from her own modesty; it was Katharina Lanz. To avoid public notice, she went to live at a distance, and up to the time of her death in 1854, bore an exemplary character, living as housekeeper to the priest serving the mountain Church of S. Vigilius, near Rost, the highest inhabited point of the Enneberg. When induced to speak of her exploits, she always made a point of observing that, though she brandished her hay-fork, she neither actually killed or wounded anyone. She had heard that the French soldiers were nothing loth to desecrate sacred places, and she stationed herself in the church porch determined to prevent their entrance; the churchyard had become the citadel of the villagers; from her post of observation she saw with dismay her people were giving way. It was then she rushed out and rallied them; in her impetuosity she was very near running her hay-fork through a French soldier, but she was saved from the deed by her landlord, who, encouraged by her ardour, struck him down, pushing her aside. The success of her sally and her subsequent disappearance cast a halo of mystery round her story, and many were inclined to believe the whole affair was a heavenly apparition.

† Celebration of the Resurrection.

who were gathered in their villages for the office of the Church, were quickly collected in their pursuit. Thus this abortive expedition cost the French army three thousand men.

In the meantime the Archduchess had returned to Innsbruck, and all went on upon its old footing as if there were no enemy to fear. So little was another disturbance expected, that the Archduchess devoted herself to the promotion of local improvements, including that of the *Gottesacker*. This is one of the favourite Sunday afternoon resorts of the Innsbruckers, and is well worthy of a visit. The present site was first destined for the purpose by the Emperor Maximilian. It was gifted with all the indulgences accorded to the Campo Santo of Rome by the Pope, and in token of the same, some earth from San Lorenzo fuor le mura was brought hither at the time of its consecration by the Bishop of Brixen in 1510. It has, according to the frequent German arrangement, an upper and a lower chapel; the former, dedicated to S. Anne; the lower, as usual, to S. Michael, though the people commonly call it *die Veitskapelle*, on account of some cures of S. Vitus' dance wrought here. The arcades which now surround the cemetery, were the result of the introduction of Italian customs later in the sixteenth century. Some of the oldest and noblest names of Tirol are to be found upon the monuments here, some of which cannot fail to attract attention. The bas-reliefs sculptured by Collin for that of the Hohenhauser family, and those he prepared for his own, may be reckoned among his masterpieces. Some which are adorned with paintings would be very interesting if the weather had spared them more. The Archduchess had prepared her own resting-place here also, but was not destined to occupy it. The disastrous defeat of Austerlitz filled her with alarm, and she once more fled from Innsbruck, this time not to return.

This was the year 1805, and a sad one it was for Tirol. The treaty of Pressburg had given Tirol to Bavaria, and Bavaria and Tirol had never in any age been able to understand each other. Willingly would the Tirolese have opposed their entrance, but the Bavarians, who knew every pass as well as themselves, were enabled to pour in the allied troops under Marshal Ney in such force, that they were beyond their power to resist. The fortresses near the Bavarian frontier were razed, and Innsbruck occupied. On the 11th of February, 1806, Marshal Ney left, and the town was formally delivered over to Bavarian rule. The most unpopular changes of government were adopted, particularly in ecclesiastical matters, and in forcing the peasants into the army; and the University also was once more made into a Lyceum. But the Landsturm was not idle, and the Archduke Johann, Leopold's brother, came into Tirol to encourage them. Maturing their plans in secret, the patriots, under Andreas Hofer who had been to Vienna in January to declare his plans and get them confirmed by his government, and Speckbacher, broke into Innsbruck on the 13th of April, 1809, where the townspeople received them with loud acclamations; and after a desperate and

celebrated conflict at Berg Isel, succeeded in completely ridding it of the invaders. The Bavarian arms on the Landhaus were shattered to atoms, and when the Eagle replaced them, the people climbed the ladders to kiss it. This was the first great act of the *Befreiungskämpfe* which have made 'the year Nine' memorable in the annals of Tirol; and, I may say of Europe, for it affords one of the noblest and most successful struggles of determined patriotism and loyalty those annals have to boast. Hofer accepted the title of *Schützenkommandant*, and was lodged in the Imperial *Burg*, while his peasant neighbours took the office of guards; but he altered nothing of his simple habits of piety, nor of his national costume; his frugal expenses amounted to forty-five kreuzers a day, and he lost no opportunity of expressing that he did nothing on his own account, but all in the name of the Emperor. On the 19th of May the Bavarians laid siege to the town; but defenders of the country, supported by a few regular Austrian troops, obliged them by the end of a fortnight to decamp. On the 30th of June they returned with a force of twenty-four thousand men; but other feats of arms of the patriots in all parts of Tirol shewed that its people were unconquerable, and for the third time Hofer took possession of Innsbruck. In the meantime, however, the Peace of Schönbrunn, of the 25th of October, had nullified their achievements; though the memory of their bravery could never be blotted out, and always asserted its power. Nor could the brave people, even when bidden by the Emperor himself to desist, believe that his orders were otherwise than wrung from him, nor could their loyalty be quenched. Hofer's stern sense of subordination made him advise abstinence from further strife, but the more ardent patriots refused to listen, and ended by leading him to join them. A desultory warfare was now kept up, with no very consequential success, but yet with a spirit and determination which convinced the Bavarians that they could never subdue such a people, and predisposed them to consent to the evacuation of their country in 1814; for they saw that

‘Freedom, from every hut
Sent down a separate root,
And when base swords her branches cut,
With tenfold might they shoot.’

In the meantime, a terrible wrong had been committed; the French, knowing the value of Hofer's influence in encouraging the country-people against them, set a price on his head sufficient to tempt a traitor to make known his hiding-place. He was taken, and thrown into prison at the *Porta Molina* at Mantua. Tried in a council of war, several voices were raised in honour of his bravery and patriotism; a small majority, however, had the cowardice to condemn him to death. He received the news of the sentence with the firmness that might have been expected of him; the only favour he condescended to ask for being the spiritual assistance of a priest. Provost Manifesti was sent to him, and remained

with him to the end. An offer was made him of saving his life by entering the French service, but he indignantly refused to join the enemies of his country. To Provost Manifesti he committed all he possessed, to be expended in the relief of his fellow-countrymen who were prisoners. He spent the early hours of the morning of the day he was to die, after hearing mass, in writing his farewell to his wife, bidding her not give way to grief, and to his other relations and friends, in which latter category was comprehended the population of the whole Passeierthal, not to say all Tirol; recommending himself to their prayers, and begging that his name might be given out, and the suffrages of the faithful asked for him, in the village church where he had so often knelt in years of peace. He was forbidden to address his fellow-prisoners. He bore a crucifix, which he was observed repeatedly to kiss, wreathed in flowers, in his hand as he walked to the place of execution. There he took a little silver crucifix from his neck, a memorial of his first Communion, and gave it to Padre Manifesti. He refused to kneel, or to have his eyes bandaged, but stood without flinching to receive the fire of his executioners. His signal to them was first a brief prayer; then a fervently uttered '*Hoch lebe Kaiser Franz!*' and then the firm command, 'Fire home!' His courage, however, unmanned the soldiers; ashamed of their task, they durst not take secure aim, and it took thirteen shots to send the undaunted soul of the peasant hero to its rest. It was the 20th of February, 1810; he was only forty-five. The traditions of his courage and endurance, his probity and steadfastness, are manifold; but in connection with Innsbruck, we have only to speak of his brief administration there, which was untarnished by a single unworthy deed, a single act of severity towards prisoners of war, of whom he had numbers in his power who had dealt cruel havoc on his beloved valleys.

The Emperor for whom he had fought so nobly returned to Innsbruck, to receive the homage of the Tirolese, on the 28th of May, 1816, amid the loud rejoicings of the people, preceded by a solemn service of thanksgiving in the *Pfarrkirche*. Illuminations and fêtes followed till the 5th June, when the ceremony was wound up by a grand shooting match, at which the Emperor presided and many prizes were distributed. The number who contended was 3678, and 2137 of them made the bull's-eye; among them were old men over eighty and boys of thirteen and fourteen.

The claims of Hofer on his country's remembrance were not forgotten when she once more had leisure for works of peace; his precious remains, which had been carefully interred by the priest who consoled his last moments at Mantua, were brought to Innsbruck in 1823, and laid temporarily in the *Servitenkloster*. On the 21st of February they were borne in solemn procession by six of his brothers in arms, all the clergy and people following. The Abbot of Wilten sang the requiem office. The Emperor ordered the conspicuous and appropriate monument to

mark the spot where they laid him, which is one of the chief ornaments of the *Hofkirche*. The pedestal bears the inscription—

‘Seinen in den Befreiungskämpfen gefallenem Söhnen das dankbare Vaterland,
and the sarcophagus, the words;—

‘Absorbta est mors in victoria.’

Tirol had no reason to regret the restoration of the dynasty for which she had suffered so much; most of her ancient privileges were restored to her, and in 1826 Innsbruck again received the honour of a University, and many useful institutions were founded. Francis came to Innsbruck again this year, and while there received the visit of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia; another shooting match was held before them, at which the precision of the Tirolese received much praise; and again for a short time in 1835. The Archduke John, who came in 1835 to live in Tirol, was received with great enthusiasm; his hardy feats of mountain climbing, and hearty accessible character, endearing him to all the people.

The troubles of 1848 gave the Tirolese again an opportunity of shewing that their ancient loyalty was still undiminished. The Emperor Ferdinand, driven out of his capital, found he had not reckoned wrong in counting on finding a secure refuge in Tirol. It was the evening of the 16th of May, that the Imperial pair came as fugitives to Innsbruck; though there was hardly time to announce their advent before their arrival, the people went out to meet them, took the horses from the carriage, and themselves drew it into the town, and all the time they remained the towns-people and *Landes-schützen* mounted guard round the Burg. More than this, the Tirolese *Kaiser-Jäger-Regiment* volunteered for service against the insurgents, and fought with such determination that Marshal Radetsky pronounced that every man of them was a hero. With equal stout-heartedness the *Landes-schützen* repelled the attempted Italian invasion at several points of the south-western frontier, and kept the enemy at bay till the imperial troops could arrive. These services were renewed with equal fidelity the next year. A tablet recording the bravery of those who fell in this campaign, one of the officers engaged being Hofer's grandson, is let into the wall of the *Hofkirche* opposite Hofer's monument.

It was this Emperor from whom the name of Ferdinandeum was given to the Museum, but it was rather out of compliment, and while he was yet crown-prince, than in memory of any signal co-operation on his part. It was projected in 1820 by Count Von Chotek, then Governor of Tirol; it comprises an association for the promotion of the study of the arts and sciences. The Museum contains several early MSS. in the production of which the Carthusians of Schnals and the Dominicans of Botzen acquired a singular pre-eminence; at a time too when the nobles of other countries were occupied with far less enlightened pursuits, the peaceful condition

of Tirol enabled its nobles, such as the *Edelherrn* of Monlan, Annaberg, Dornsberg, Runglstein, and others, to keep in their employment secretaries, copyists, and chaplains, busied in transcribing; and often sent them into other countries to make copies of famous works to enrich their collections. It has also some of the first works produced from the printing-press of Schwatz already mentioned; this press was removed to Innsbruck in 1529; Trent set one up about the same time. In the lower rooms of the Ferdinandeum is a collection of paintings by Tirolean artists, and specimens of the marbles, minerals, and other natural productions of the country. The great variation in the elevation of the soil affords a vast range to the vegetable kingdom, so that it can boast of giving a home to plants which like the tobacco only germinates at a temperature of seventy degrees, and the edelweiss which only blossoms under the snow. There is also a small collection of Roman antiquities, dug up at various times in different parts of Tirol, and specimens of native industries; among these the most singular are some paintings on cobweb, of which one family has possessed the secret for generations, and some of their works may be found in most of the collections of Southern Germany. These almost self-taught artists display great dexterity in the management of their strange canvas, and considerable merit in the delicate manipulation of their pigments; sometimes they even imitate fine line engravings in pen and ink without injuring the fragile surface. They delight specially in treating subjects of traditional interest, as Kaiser Max in the Martinswand, the beautiful Philippine Welser, the heroic Hofer, and the patron saints and particular devotions of their village sanctuaries; Kranach's Mariähilf is thus an object of most affectionate care. The 'web' is certainly like that of no ordinary spider, but it is reported that this family has cultivated a special species for the purpose, and an artist friend who had been in Mexico mentioned to me having seen there spiders'-webs almost as solid as these. I was not able, however, to learn any tradition of the importation of these from Mexico. In the first room on the second floor are to be seen the letter written, as I have said, by Hofer, shortly before his end, and other relics of him and the other patriots, as the hat and breviary of the Franciscan Haspinger. Also an Italian gun taken by the *Akademische Legion*—the band of loyal volunteer students of Innsbruck university, in the campaign of 1848, and I think some trophies also of the success of Tirolese arms against the attempted invasion of the later Italian war, in which as usual the skill of these people as marksmen stood them in good stead. Anyone who wishes to judge of their practice may have plenty of opportunity in Innsbruck, for their rifles seem to be constantly firing away at the *Schiess-stand*; so constantly as to form almost an annoyance to those who are not interested in the subject.

This *Schiess-stand*, or rifle-butt, was set up in 1863, in commemoration of the fifth centenary of Tirol's union with Austria and its undeviating loyalty. No history presents an instance of a loyalty more intimately

connected with religious principle than the loyalty of Tirol; the two traditions are so inseparably interwoven that the one cannot be wounded without necessarily injuring the other. The present Emperor and Empress of Austria are not wanting to the devout example of their predecessors, but the modern theory of government leaves them little influence in the administration of their dominions. Meantime the anti-Catholic policy of Count Beust is creating the greatest dissatisfaction and uneasiness in Tirol. Other divisions of the Empire had been prepared for his measures by the laxity of manners and indifferentism to religious belief—the detritus, which the flood of the French revolution scattered more or less thickly over the whole face of Europe. But the valleys of Tirol had closed their passes to the inroads of this flood, and laws not having religion for their basis are just as obnoxious in the nineteenth, as they would have been in any former century. Yet Tirol's opposition to their introduction is conducted in a loyal way; but how is it met? When it became a question of introducing the new so-called Confessional Law of the 2nd of May, 1868, into Tirol, Tirol through her Diet at Innsbruck, in the Session of the 9th October, 1868, declared it subversive of her cherished unity of worship, and dangerous to her cherished system of religious education, but very temperately proposed such a modification of the law in its application to Tirol as would have saved any collision with the supreme government. Instead of conciliating the peaceful people by adopting their view, and thereby carrying out honestly its own boasted principle of self-government,* the Austrian Cabinet determined to force the conscience of Tirol, closed the Diet of Innsbruck, and by an arbitrary ministerial rescript of the 10th of February, 1869, forced its measure on the country in spite of its legitimately expressed wishes; since then both sides have armed themselves vigorously for the contest. Government offices are everywhere given to those in whom the least spirit of divergence from the ancient institutions is detected—the government patronage, a powerful lever with the continental press, is given entirely to Liberal newspapers, which pour themselves out daily in an anti-religious propaganda, while an arbitrary censorship is established over the Catholic prints, the most captious objection being taken to every expression of opinion on political matters; and scarcely a month passes without fines, confiscations, and imprisonment of their editors. On the other hand, the Catholic population is not idle; the intrusion of the secular school-inspectors is met by parents withdrawing their children from the schools whenever he makes his appearance; meetings of the 'Catholic union' societies are being everywhere vigorously held, in which the nobles and better instructed members of each commune address the rest, and stir each other up to a vigorous defence of their traditions. Every vexatious difficulty is thrown in the way of these meetings, and if any spy can torture anything that is said in the heat of debate into 'seditious language,' the authorities are not slow to inflict a fine or a sentence of imprisonment.

* As expressed in the law of the 25th of May, 1868.

The privilege of meeting in the open air too is now denied them, and as many of the little villages have no hall capable of containing the numbers who flock in from the surrounding valleys and heights, some difficulty was for a time experienced. Permission is now granted by the ecclesiastical authorities to hold them in the churches, and every day they are receiving greater extension. The Liberals have on their side the countenance of authority for the denial of all that is restrictive and irksome in matters of religion. On the other side are the less tangible advantages of fidelity to the dictates of conscience and tradition, and the instincts of a higher life; nevertheless so solidly is the faith of this mountain people grounded, that in the bulk of the country but slight advance has been made towards its subversion; in the larger centres, however, that is in Innsbruck, Trent, Botzen, Meran, &c., the disposition to ape the irreligious attitude of the larger capitals of Europe undeniably gains ground; and thus during the ebullition excited by the Cracow nun *fiasco*, the windows of the Carmelite Convent in Innsbruck were assailed, not by roughs but by the class to which Liberalism specially appeals—the well-dressed and half-educated youths of the middle orders. The Catholics are not slow to meet these displays by demonstrations of earnestness in the external observances of religion, and whenever any occasion offers, such as the special festivals of their local sanctuaries, the meeting of the Catholic unions, the Jubilee celebrations of their pastors, (and notably on that observed in April * of the Holy Father,) they make the mountain sides alive with sacred symbols written in bonfires of flame after their picturesque manner of illuminating, and resound with the echoes of their bells and mortars—while every diocesan visitation of their bishops is literally a triumphal progress; the stoutest young men of the neighbourhood don their gala costume, whether working-day or holiday, and contend with each other for the honour of bearing his litter over the steep paths which are spanned for the occasion by triumphal arches.

So far I do not think the spirit of loyalty of Deutsch-Tirol is much impaired; to be sure, the Liberals there, as elsewhere in Austria, do not seem to care much for the dismemberment of the Empire; † but they are a small party as yet, and the Catholics are for the present too strong, and too hopeful of their ultimate success, to entertain seriously any thought of having to bring other than constitutional means to bear on the supreme

* 1869.

† 'Our country's difficulties increase month by month; and is it the party which considers the prosecution of the Bishop of Linz in the light of a triumph,' (*i. e.* the Liberal party,) 'the party that will save her? No, it is just this party which, if it should at any time appear difficult to maintain our dominion in its full extension, would as on a former occasion be foremost to beat a retreat;' (alluding to the advice of the Liberal party after Sadowa,) 'perhaps, content to take up with the contracted frontiers of Leopold the Glorious, and to restrict the limits of the empire to those of the two Archduchies of Styria, if only they are allowed to carry out their peculiar views within them.'—*Letter of Cardinal Rauscher to Count Taaffe, quoted in 'Westminster Gazette' of 14th August, 1869.*

government, in order to maintain their principles. But in *Wälsch*, or Italian, Tirol it is far otherwise. *Wälsch* Tirol was for the most part incorporated as the result of conquest, not by free election of the Austrian government like the more northern provinces; and though never actually disloyal, its attachment has never been so firm. Still as long as its people have been left undisturbed in their usages and traditions, they have submitted cheerfully enough to Austria, and have been as resolute as any in defending its borders against all but Italian adversaries. But the tie of a common tongue and origin is strong, and it is undeniable that the people have been not indisposed to coquet, to say the least, with the propagandists of Italian nationality; and now, even the clergy, who in better times might have been found the most useful supporters of the established order, begin to ask—‘After all, what do we gain by being tied to Austria? religion could scarcely be more discouraged and persecuted, even under the regime of Victor Emmanuel.’ *

In concluding my notice of the capital of Tirol, it may be worth while to mention that the census of January shews its population (exclusive of military) is 16,810, being an increase of 2,570 in the last twelve years.

* On the 27th January of the present year, the whole of the five Deputies of Deutsch-Tirol, unable longer to give the consent of their presence to the treatment religion is receiving in the Reichsrath of Vienna, left the House in a body after the following words had been uttered by their spokesman, Count Giovanelli:—

‘It has for some time past been apparent to us that our remaining in this House would sooner or later become incompatible with the dignity of the country we represent. Yesterday, it was said of us that we were no Austrians, that our *Vaterland* was the Church, and our Emperor the Pope. I have asked that the hon. member who used that expression should be called to order. This satisfaction is denied us. It is not we alone at whom the shaft is aimed, but our constituents, who are thereby wounded in their most sacred affections. We have declared ourselves opposed to the Fundamental Law, (*Verfassungsgesetze*,) because we believe it can never be carried out, and because we can foresee that it will bring the whole Empire to the verge of ruin. It is apparent that we are doing no good here; and we will not consent to stand silent spectators while all we hold holiest is being sentenced to death by Ministerial indifference.

‘We leave this House because, as Tirolese, and as men of honour, whose hearts beat true to our Sovereign, (*für die Monarchie*,) it is impossible that we should remain here longer; and we leave it with the consciousness that we have kept our honour unsullied. My last cry within these walls is the motto of Tirol, “*Für Gott, Kaiser, und Vaterland!*”’

This conduct has met with the unqualified approval of the Tirolese, who call on the three Deputies of *Wälsch*-Tirol to do the like.

(*To be continued.*)

R. H. B.

POLYGLOTT PARSING.

CHAPTER VII.

DECLENSIONS OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES.

1 ST. TIMOTHY, VI. 10.

Ρίζα γὰρ πάντων τῶν κακῶν ἐστὶν ἡ φιλαργυρία.*
 Radix enim omnium malorum est cupiditas.
 Perciocchè radice di tutti i mali è l'avarizia.
 Porque raiz de todos los malos ès la avaricia.
 Car l'amour des richesses est la racine de toutes sortes de maux.
 For the love of money is the root of all evil.
 Denn Geiz ist eine Wurzel alles Uebels.

Frances. Only two words disposed of all this time—*root* and *is*!

Gertrude. But each has taken us a long way.

Polly. Let us have George's second word.

George. How it varies!

Frances. But mine is exactly like George's. *Gar* and *car*.

Polly. In appearance, not reality; since *car* is a contraction of the Latin *quare*, which Mark can dissect for us.

Mark. What, *quâ-re*—by what thing? But *quare* meant *why*.

Polly. Or, *because*—by cause. And *car* used to mean *why* in old French. *Quâ* is from the universal relative root, *ki*; but can you carry *gar* any further back, George?

George. *Gar* is a contraction of *ge*—at least, with *ara*—then, explanatory.

Mark. My word here is *enim*, the same as *nam*—for. Both are said to come from the Greek *nu*—now.

Polly. More likely, like *nunc*, it comes from the original *nu*, that formed all these words.

Florence. Now what of our two long words, *per-ciò-che*, and *porque*?

Polly. They are both of them compounds—easily cut down.

Florence. *Per-ciò-che*—for that which.

Elvira. *Porque*—for which.

Frances. And *par-ce-que* is just like them.

Mark. There is a Latin preposition, *por*, or *pro*.

Polly. Which is of the same root as your own word *for*, Edith; only that has picked up the aspirate among the Teutons, and made *p* into *f*.

Gertrude. *Fur* is the same in German.

Polly. The original meaning is 'in front of.' The preposition *pra*, meaning *before*, got made into a conjunction, connecting the cause, which of course was *prior* to the effect.

Florence. Oh, how many words must come from that *pra*! *Primus* and *first*, by two different roads.

* Riza gar pantōn tōn kakōn estin hē philarguria.

Polly. We shall be utterly bewildered if we run after all those derivatives. Lay hold of Edith's *for* and the Latin *por*.

Edith. You see I am sensible enough to be contented with *for*, instead of saying 'for this that,' as Florence does.

Florence. What is my *ciò* and Frances' *ce*, our demonstrative pronouns?

Polly. There is a little difference of opinion, whether they came from a popular Latin *sou*, a likeness of the Sanskrit *sa*, or whether they are merely the last syllable of the Latin *ecce*—behold, which looks like the imperative of a forgotten verb. *Cio* is most likely *ecce hoc*—behold this.

Florence. *Che* is of course the Italian spelling of *que*.

Polly. Which, as before, we said comes from the old root *ki*, the same that has grown into *who*, and almost all the relatives.

Gertrude. Now we have only *denn*, which must answer to the English *then*.

Polly. And like it is the dative or ablative case of our old friend the demonstrative pronoun, *der*, or *the*—meaning, 'at that time,' or 'for that cause.'

Edith. How many wanderings we have had after this little conjunction *for*!—What comes next, George?

George. *Pantôn*; for the Greek says 'the root of all the evils.' *Pantôn* is the genitive plural of the adjective *pas*, *pasa*, *pan*.

Edith. Has that anything to do with Pan, with his goat's legs?

George. 'Universal Pan;' to be sure it has. Pan got his name at first because he delighted all; but afterwards he was supposed to be a symbol of all nature.

Edith. And what is a panic?

George. A madness inspired by Pan.

Florence. Then the Pantheon was the temple of all the gods.

Frances. And whenever people now-a-days want to express that a thing is very universal indeed, they make it begin with *pan*.

Polly. I cannot go any deeper into the origin of the word; so let us have yours, Mark.

Mark. *Omnium*—of all; from *omnis*.

Polly. We have no stages to trace it by.

Mark. It has made lots of modern words—*omnivorous*, and such like.—Ay, and do you know its dative plural, Edith?

Edith. Its dative plural!

Mark. Yes; *a bus*—an omnibus!

Edith. Is that what it means? A coach for all. How absurd!

Mark. And, as usual, these three young ladies are indebted to Latin for their words, though they have not used mine.

Frances. What is the word for *tout*?

Mark. *Totus*, which rightly means 'the whole.' I believe it comes from *tot*—so much; and of course goes back to the old root *ta*. I suppose the barbarians found *omnis* too much trouble to say.

Florence. I have *ogni*—each.

Gertrude. Now for *all*, which Edith and I have in common.

Polly. Yes, it is a great Teutonic word; and Wedgewood thinks it comes from the root *a*, or *æ*—aye, ever; but he is not sure about it. It is not the same with *whole*, which has quite a different history. *Eall* was the old Saxon. Now let us go on to the varieties of evil.

George. I cannot find any derivation for *kakos*. The word here is its neuter, *kakon*, made to serve as a substantive.

Polly. As abstract adjectives constantly do. The languages that have declinable adjectives of three genders have an advantage here.

Mark. So I have *malum*, the neuter abstract of *malus*; and you, girls, have all the very same word.

Florence. I suppose we took it from *malum* itself; for oddly enough, our word for *bad* is *cattivo*.

Polly. That is *captivus*.

Florence. A captive! Poor fellow! is he necessarily bad?

Edith. Well, a *cattiff* is a bad man in English. And yet I always think the Litany makes a distinction between prisoners for their own sins, and captives taken in war.

Polly. As *captivus*, from *capere*—to take, implies; but the poor captive being a slave, and mean, popular Italian made him bad likewise.

Elvira. At any rate, *malo* has gone rightly to Spanish.

Frances. French has *mal*, changing the *l* into *maux* in the plural for the noun; but *mauvais* is more common for the adjective.

Florence. That answers to our *malvagio*—wicked.

Polly. Of course, then there was an old popular Latin *malvagi*—doing evil; the *u* turned into a *v*; and then the French cut the *l* into *u*, and made *mauvais*, leaving out the *g*.

Gertrude. I suppose *uebel* and *evil* are very near together.

Polly. They are almost exactly the same word; and their connection with *ill* is curiously shewn by the old Northern for the adverb being *ilf*.

Edith. What is *bad* then? *Ill* seems so odd an adverb to come out of *bad*.

Polly. Nor does it. *Bad* is the same with the German *böse*—wicked, and Dutch *boos*. Wedgewood will not connect it with the Gothic *bauths*—dull, or deaf; but others do.

Gertrude. Is *bauths* Gothic for *deaf*? It is funny, for I have been told that *bothered* really means *deaf* in Irish.

Polly. And what is still more funny, is that *weor*, the Anglo-Saxon *bad*, that gave us *worse* and *worst*, came from the same root as *woren*—to worry. But we will not go into the other comparatives of the words for *bad*.

Gertrude. We have done ‘the root of all evil;’ now for ‘the love of money.’

George. *Philarguria*—all in one word—love of silver. That word *philos*—love, is a very useful one, always to be found in compounds.

Polly. It belongs to a remarkable family, which are all descended from the root *pri*—love; but they would lead us too far now. There is a curious thing to be observed about the words for money. Here you see it is expressed by that for silver.

Frances. Just as *argent* stands for *money* in French. Is it the same word?

Polly. Yes; having passed through Latin as *argentum*.

George. And *argyros* comes from *argos*—white and glistening.

Frances. The French *argent* must have come into common use from silver coin being most often used.

Florence. But the common Italian word is *danaro*.

Mark. Oh, that must be *denarius*—a penny! and that came from *decem*—ten, because it contained ten asses—not donkeys, Edith; but *as*, a bit of brass worth a little more than a farthing.

Elvira. *Dinaro* is the same in Spain; so that both countries shew their relation to Rome.

Frances. We have the word *denier*; but it is not much used, only in the proverbial expression, '*n'avoir pas le denier*.'

Edith. Is it not the *d* of our pence line?

Polly. Yes; as £ stands for *libra*.

Frances. We have *monnaie* too, but rather used for small coin or change.

Mark. As it ought to be, as *money* was called, from the coining at Rome being done at the temple of Juno Moneta.

Edith. Was she called Moneta after the money?

Mark. No; from *monens*—warning, because she warned the Romans to sacrifice a sow to stop an earthquake.

George. That's one story; but there are plenty more. One says, that during Pyrrhus' invasion, she told the Romans that they would never want money as long as they fought with the arms of justice.

Polly. And what is most likely is, that these were invented by the Romans to account for her connection with the mint; and that *Moneta* really comes from the root *mā*—to measure; the same which has named the *moon*—the measurer of the *months*, and formed more words than we can dwell on now. *Moneo* is one of them, as well as memory, muse, and many more.

Edith. I have a real Latin word this time, then.

Frances. And I don't think I have. *Richesse* does not sound to me like Latin.

Polly. No, it is not. The word *riche* in French, and *rich* in English, are in Anglo-Saxon *ric*, in Gothic *reiks*.

Elvira. Even Spanish has *rico*.

Florence. And Italian *ricco*.

Polly. It is a lordly word, really meaning powerful; and coming from the root *ra*, which has a goodly progeny in Latin likewise.

Mark. What, *rego*?

Polly. Yes; but we reserve that. Observe how the French translation has injured the sense by making it 'the love of *riches*,' instead of simply *money*, little or much.

Gertrude. What do you say to *geld*? not that I have it here.

Polly. *Geld* is anything paid, from the verb *geltan*, the same as our *yield*.

Gertrude. And *geiz*?

Polly. Old High German *gît*. There is an old English *gytsian*—to covet; and the root is found also in *gâd*—a goad. It is the *urging* that is the idea.

Mark. I have one word too—*cupiditas*. *Itas* is the suffix, that means 'a propensity to,' put on at the end of *cupido*, which stands for *desire*, comes from *cupi-re*.

Edith. Is that what Cupid is named from?

George. Yes. *Cupido* was the Latin rendering of *Eros*—love.

Polly. You have a word from *cupire* that sounds thoroughly English, *Edith.* It is to *covet*, which came through French.

Frances. In French it is *convoiter*.

Polly. The *n* appears to have slipped in by some ignorant attempt at spelling correctly.

Florence. *Avarizia*, *avaricia*.

Polly. Proneness to *have*. Latin *bs* were very soft, and easily became *v*; and so *avaricia* expressed the quality that Bunyan personified as 'Sir Having Greedy.'

Edith. We have had *money*; now for *love*.

Gertrude. I could match that with *Liebe*.

Polly. It is found in Slavonic too; and Wedgewood derives it from the same source as the *lip*, the Latin *labium*, and thus connects it with—not *kissing*, I am sorry to say, but *licking*—tasting.

Edith. It is too good for that!

Frances. *Amour*.

Mark. That is neither more nor less than *Amor*, from *ama-re*—to love.

Elvira. Florence and I have just such verbs and nouns, *amar*, *amare*, *amor*, *amore*.

Polly. I am sorry I cannot trace *amo* beyond Latin, though the root may be also in the Greek, *ameinon*—better.

Frances. *Amour des richesses*.

Polly. For once the French has the Teuton word, and English the Latin.

Frances. *Richesse* does not answer to *money*, but to *riches*.

Polly. Which ought to be *richesse*, like *largesse* and *noblesse*.

Florence. It would be *ricchezza* in Italian.

Elvira. *Riqueza* in Spanish. Can it really be not a Latin word?

Polly. It is a word that came from the conquerors of all these races, and originally meant power, rather than wealth. *Reiks* was the Gothic word for *rich*, and came from the root *ra*, which expressed the idea of power, or judgement, as in *wreak*.

Edith. Indian *Rajahs* !

Mark. *Rex, regere.*

Gertrude. *Reichs* is 'an empire.'

Edith. Oh yes; and *rik* ended all the names of the kingdoms in the Heptarchy.

Elvira. Then, coming as it does in from the universal word, and our all getting it in this one form from the Teutons, it is a very curious testimony to our having been conquered last by the Teutonic races.

Frances. I have one word more than any of you. The French says, '*toutes sortes de maux.*' What is *sortes*—*sorts* in Latin, Mark?

Mark. I suppose it must be *sors, sortis*—fate; but that means something quite different.

Polly. Think of the word *lot*—how it means at once the means of division, the fate of the person who shares the division, and the portion he receives. In the same way the derivatives of *sors*—fate, has passed into meaning *a division, portion, or sort.*

George. And as it is related to the Greek *horos*—'a boundary, or portion,' they must have returned to their primitive meaning.

Polly. Just as *lot* meant a share first of all.

Edith. There, we have quite done with the root of all evils. What shall we have next?

Gertrude. Something with personal pronouns, I hope.

Polly. Then George must find us a Greek sentence in which they are not conspicuous by their absence.

(*To be continued.*)

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF ST. LUKE'S, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

WE need scarcely apologize to the readers of The Monthly Packet for having anything further to say to them about St. Luke's, Stepney. From the time when the Mission was first commenced, until the day when it was blessed with its completed and consecrated Church, this Mission has received so much help and sympathy, that we think a further sketch of what has been, and is now being, done in St. Luke's, can scarcely fail to be acceptable. Perhaps, too, we may own to a feeling that the picture is one which may in itself tend to promote confidence in the great Missionary work which we have so frequently been permitted to advocate in these pages, and may help to shew somewhat of the practical results springing from the establishment of Missions such as this.

From the morning when, in the presence of a crowded congregation, (and such a congregation as could only have been met with in the East of London,) the Bishop of London consecrated the New Church of St.

Luke's, Burdett Road, no single day has passed without one or more services. The bells regularly summon the people to worship; and never has there been a service in which the Missionary Clergyman has not found many amongst his flock ready and thankful to take part. It was not only the first rejoicing over the completed work, and that eagerness with which all are wont to take pleasure in something new, that held the congregation together for a little while, to fall off when the first impulse had passed away; on the contrary, through the dull dreary winter the numbers have been fully maintained, and, better still, continue to increase.

Five months have now elapsed since St. Luke's Day, when the Church was consecrated; and the clergyman still works alone in the Mission. They are working-people only who inhabit the district; so eight o'clock every evening has been fixed upon as the most suitable hour for the daily service, the attendance at which *averages one hundred*, and sometimes amounts to one hundred and twenty, or even to one hundred and forty. And these are the people who have been sought, and—how thankfully and hopefully we trust we may add the word!—won by this Mission: for in its earlier days it was only by diligent visiting from house to house, and personally inviting the people one by one, that the congregation was gathered together. Now from five hundred to seven hundred meet together for the Sunday Morning and Evening Services.

There has been an early Celebration of the Holy Communion on every Sunday and Holy-day since the Consecration. This will account for the *average* number of Communicants not being very great; but at least it has been an increasing number, having amounted to forty on the first Sunday in March.

It was a subject of great congratulation that St. Luke's Church was opened without any serious debt; but then, to accomplish this desirable end, everything was left undone which was not absolutely essential. No neat railing or gates surround the church; the ground is rough and uneven, as it was left by the builders; and for vestries and other accommodation the most temporary arrangement was made. We mention these little things because they have to do with the purport of the present paper. The main portion of the district lies to the west of the church; but though the principal church door is at the west end, it is practically of little use, for want of an entrance gate from the street at that side—the present rough opening in the palings being quite unworthy of the name, and having been only thrown open on such special occasions as the Consecration, and the Sunday morning when the Tower Hamlet Volunteers attended service in the church.

We have visited St. Luke's both at and since the Consecration, and have become somewhat familiarized with its wants; and the need of a neat enclosure, a better approach, and some good room or place of meeting, which might be used for the various purposes required in the Mission, was obvious: as, after finding our way through this very

unfinished entrance, we went to a hired room in a small house, where the clergyman's sister was engaged with a class of young girls, and round the walls of which were hung the surplices used by the choir—this room, in default of a better, answering the purpose of a choir-vestry. Over the mantel-piece was placed a card, on which were written the rules to be observed by the members of the choir, drawn up by themselves. While looking at their rules, one of which is that when once attired for service, and the opening prayer has been said, no conversation is to be allowed either in going to or returning from the church, we thought of the grave quiet faces, and reverent manner with which they had first walked up the church at the Consecration Service, and could only rejoice to hear that the five or six and twenty who had first formed the choir have increased in number to nearly forty. Frequently twenty or more of these take part in the ordinary daily evening service; and always at the early Communion on Sunday morning some of the elder members of the choir are to be seen among the Communicants.

An opportunity now offers itself of securing a desirable piece of ground, which might be rendered available for each and all the purposes for which some building is required in St. Luke's. A plot of ground immediately adjacent to the west end of the church is to be sold in April. On this ground stand at present three small houses, that nearest to the church being a green-grocer's shop, kept open on Sundays. To secure this most advantageous site, an immediate sum of several hundred pounds would be required; probably about £300 to purchase one house, or £500 for two, or £700 for the three. This is not wanted for a 'Mission House,' for St. Luke's already possesses that noblest of all Mission Houses—a Consecrated Church, from which the voice of prayer and praise daily ascends on high, and in which earnest and attentive congregations listen every evening to the preaching of the Gospel; but it is required for all the necessary 'business' (we use this word for want of a better) which springs up around the church. To build the schools must be a work of time; and meanwhile, the want of a place of meeting is greatly felt, as a centre for the charities connected with St. Luke's; a link between the helpers and those who need help; a room in which the Mothers' Meetings, still held in the choir-vestry of St. Paul's, kindly lent by the Rev. A. B. Cotton, might have a home of their own, where the Confirmation candidates might be assembled; and where, perhaps, some Sunday classes might be held before the schools are built; where, if needed, a Penny Bank might be carried on; and last, not least, which might be permanently available for a choir-vestry.

If this is to be done at all, it must be at the sole responsibility of the clergyman; for the Bishop's Fund, which has given so much for the Permanent Church, could not be applied to for a grant for this purpose. The scheme in its complete state may seem a large undertaking, but the need of securing the site is immediate. It is not proposed to use all the

houses at once, only to go on slowly and by degrees; for the need of economy and care are apparent enough in St. Luke's. With a little alteration, a convenient approach could be made to the west door of the church; the rooms not required for the Mission, or even one or two of the houses, if purchased, might be let; or some of the workers in St. Luke's might live in them rent-free, in return for their services in cleaning, lighting fires, &c.; and one or more of the best rooms be always ready to meet the various needs of the District as they arise.

We subjoin the following Table of Services, which has been furnished by the Rev. W. Wallace, and which will fully exhibit some of the details of our Appeal.

ST. LUKE'S, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

FIVE MONTHS PUBLIC SERVICES SINCE THE CONSECRATION.

Periods.	No. of Services.	Total Con- gregation.	No. of Celebra- tions and of Communicants.	No. of Week- evening Services and Congregation.	Offertory.
1869.					£ s d
Oct. 18 morn.	1	800			100 7 11 ³ / ₄
" 18 even-25	11	4263	2 ... 38		19 12 1
" 26-31	9	1844	2 ... 19	5 ... 455	4 5 1 ¹ / ₄
Nov. 1-30	40	7392	6 ... 77	26 ... 2625	8 11 0 ¹ / ₄
Dec. 1-31	45	6106	8 ... 71	28 ... 2425	16 3 2
1870.					
Jan. 1-31	44	7018	8 ... 77	26 ... 2409	13 11 4 ³ / ₄
Feb. 1-28	38	5777	6 ... 64	24 ... 1993	11 16 2 ¹ / ₄
Mar. 1-17	22	3250	3 ... 60	15 ... 1572	6 14 4 ¹ / ₂
151 days.	210	36,450	85 406	124 11,479	£181 1 3 ³ / ₄
Quarterly Collection, December					20 8 6
					£201 9 9 ³ / ₄

I have assisted at every Service: thus—Celebrated the Eucharist 34 times; Prayers with Sermon, 141 times; Prayers, (others preaching,) 15 times; Short Prayers and Hymns, 19 times:—in all 210 Services. Of the Offertory, £143 has been paid to the Treasurer of the Building Fund, the rest for Expenses.

It will be a very great satisfaction if any friend of St. Luke's will call on me, on any day, to visit the District, and see the works of the Mission. I have received two sums of £25 and one of £60 for the purchase of the Plot of Ground referred to in this Appeal, or for any other purpose of the Mission.

WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A.
28, COTTAGE GROVE, BOW ROAD, E.

We may well leave the above to tell its own tale, and to plead the cause of St. Luke's with our readers. We feel sure that it cannot but be gratifying to all who have ever contributed towards this church to

know how much the Church Services are valued, and to see from the above Table by what large congregations they are attended. Therefore, if the present sum required is likely to promote the successful working of the Mission, we feel assured that it will be readily supplied. At least, no words of ours can add any force to the above record of five months work in a new church in the east of London.

IVANOVNA.

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM,
AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS.

LORD of my life, I fain would know
The leadings of Thy holy Will,
Where'er Thou point'st would gladly go,
And all Thy wise behests fulfil.

The world—it is in error lost,
And he who takes it for his guide
Shall find to his eternal cost,
How wrong his path, tho' smooth and wide.

And wit and wisdom promise fair,
But lure us on with vapour light,
Which melting into empty air,
Gives double darkness to our night.

For wild and rude is nature's stock ;
Tho' fair may be its show of fruit,
The cheated sense it does but mock,
Its taste betrays the bitter root.

Then let me not for guidance lean
On any gifts, which do not shew
That they have newly grafted been
With fruits that spring not here below.

And let me still with jealous care
Attend to worldly wisdom's voice,
Nor ever follow her but where
Religion broadly seals her choice.

And do Thou, bounteous Lord, endue
Thy servant with continual grace,
As by a clear unerring clue
The leadings of Thy Will to trace.

Be Thou my cloud in prosp'rous days,
 To soften the too glaring light ;
 The pillar of my hope, whose blaze
 May chase the gloom of sorrow's night.

Thus guide me by Thy counsel sage,
 And guard me with paternal heed,
 E'en to my closing pilgrimage ;
 Then to Thy own blest Presence lead.

1823.

J. M.

HINTS ON READING.

Misunderstood, by Florence Montgomery, (Bentley,) is a story with much fun and a great deal of sadness in it, which will be so popular that we are sorry to see that the forgetting of a promise is treated as a mere act of common heedlessness perfectly excusable. Circumstances may make elders excuse or pardon such a failure in a child, but imaginary cases of such disregard, treated as a mere result of high spirits, are surely not good to set before children in ever so pretty a dress of pathos.

The Normans ; or, Kith and Kin, by Anna Harriet Drury. (Chapman and Hall.) A very good quiet novel of domestic life, with some excellent characters in it, of which the father stands foremost, and the fretful girl is perhaps the most wholesome portrait.

The Boy in the Bush, (Bell and Daldy,) seemed to us a delicious book till we came to the horrors respecting the aborigines, only too true as we much fear, and which no doubt ought to be known to men, but which it seems to us had much better not be given to children, either to pain, excite, or harden them. Why, even though it is or was fact, should they hear of bright, lively, good-humoured boys, of their own rank and standing, shooting at natives at first reluctantly, but afterwards as indifferently as at crows, and without the excitement of battle ; or be told of atrocities too barbarous to spend a second thought upon ? If people would only think of the effect on their hearers before they write !

A charming collection of the later tales of Hanns Christian Andersen, illustrated by Otto Speker, has been brought out by Messrs. Bell and Daldy.

Another book worth taking up for light reading is *David Lloyd's Last Will*, a story placed in Lancashire in the cotton famine, with a very high-minded hero and heroine.

We must not miss, though it is rather late, the mentioning Hugh Macmillan's beautiful book, *Holidays in High Lands*, which, if our readers are not up in the last theories of historico-physical geography, they will enjoy much more if they take it after Kingsley's *Madam How and Lady Why*.

Cecy's Recollections, by Mary Bramston, (Strahan,) we like very much, for its quiet but very true sketches of character. Cecy tells her own story, very prettily, and keeping herself subordinate ; and her sister-in-law, Phenice, is a charming picture of strength of principle in the midst of gentleness and simplicity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PETER'S HOME, KILBURN.

Sir,

It is now some months since, through the kindness of the Editor, I made a plea in *The Monthly Packet*, for books, to form a Library for St. Peter's Home, Kilburn; and more especially for the use of the Incurable Patients in the Home. At that time the only books in the Home consisted of those belonging to the Sisters, together with a few volumes of miscellaneous reading given to the Sisters, for the use of the sick, at odd times.

The appeal thus made has been most generously answered; and books of many a varied hue (both inside and out) have been sent as offerings to the Home. Some of these have been already acknowledged—as the donors desired—in *The Monthly Packet*; some remain still to be acknowledged (as three Vols. *Saturday Magazine* from M. C., and Ten shillings and Five shillings sent anonymously for the purchase of books); but others, and by far the larger number, have had private acknowledgment. Some of the books sent were unfitted for the purpose, and these have been disposed of as advantageously as possible; others are being illuminated, and converted into picture books for the children's (St. Christopher's) ward; all have been of some use; periodicals sent in numbers have been put together and bound; and from the huge mass has been formed Libraries, of which the following is a brief account, sent to me by one of the Sisters of St. Peter's.

'There are about sixteen hundred books in the Home, which are divided into two Libraries, about seven hundred being kept in the "Community Room," and called the "Sisters' Library"—consisting of books belonging to the Sisters, and of others sent in answer to the appeal in *The Monthly Packet*, but which are thought too learned for the sick patients, though books are lent from the Sisters' Library for reading aloud, for the Ladies' Ward, or for any special case. The rest of the books, called the "Home Library," are kept (when not in use) in the "Visitor's Room;" they consist of 136 Vols. of Religious works; 327 Vols. of Amusing Literature; 198 Vols. Histories and Travels; 48 Vols. Poetry; 124 Periodicals, and 61 Children's books. From this library about 40 vols. are taken for each ward, they are changed every two months, and any patient is allowed to have a book for her private reading, the name of such book and patient being entered into a register kept for the purpose.'

Added to these standing libraries, the following periodicals are sent monthly, and are most highly valued: *Aunt Judy's Magazine*; *The People's Magazine*; *Magazine for the Young*; and *The Net*. To these (if I may still go on begging) might be very advantageously added—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip* (four-pence); *Good Words* (which is very popular); and *The Churchman's Companion*.

None but those who are acquainted with Hospital work can tell the intense pleasure that is derived by a whole ward from any fresh, pleasant little incident—a new book, a paper, a basket of country flowers, a little fruit "fresh from the country," with all the happy aroma of green fields, sunny walls, or pretty gardens; all helps to turn the mind outward from the body's sharp pain, in gratitude to those who minister so lovingly to the weary monotony of sickness; and (having begun to beg) I may mention here, that I know of nothing which affords more pleasure to sick people—especially those of the poorer class—than a basket of good flowers, such as, at a glance, a poor person would know were of the best the donor could send. I have often gone into a ward with a basket of such flowers, every eye has been fixed lingeringly and lovingly upon it, and I have gone from one invalid to another, giving a flower here and there into the wasted hands, and never without some response, such as 'Oh, whatever is this? ah! but I never saw a passion-flower before, never heard tell of it,'—then perhaps I would tell my tale, and the occupant of the bed on either side would listen, and the simple flower would furnish the grandest theme that ever human lips could descant upon, and the theme—flowing naturally from the every-day occurrence, fraught with interest alike to the teller and to the told—would steal gently into the hearers' heart with its full treasure of sweetness and comfort; and so I would ask such as possess beautiful gardens or conservatories, sometimes to dedicate a tithe of their contents to the service of Christ's suffering ones, sending them the day before some festival (that a part might be given to the Chapel), carefully

packed, carriage paid, and directed to the Superior of St. Peter's Home; and I would earnestly ask them to do this, not once, and then in the whirl of every-day life to forget St. Peter's Home, but to accept it as a little work, to be done carefully and regularly at certain fixed times, and I think that the flowers which are left will seem all the sweeter that some of the selfsame blossoms have been dedicated to the service of Him Whose Love gave them all to us. Is it not Mrs. Hemans who so touchingly speaks of the earth—decked with such gorgeous beauty by the Creator's Hand—having nothing to offer Him back of all His gifts, but A Crown of Thorns.

But I am leaving St. Peter's Library too long, and I have a few more words I want to say.

It may be interesting to some to know, that the books in the library which at present are most asked for, are, *The Churchman's Companion* (of which one lady sent twenty Vols.); *Good Words*; *Monro's and Adams' Allegories*; *Miss Yonge's works*; *Neale's Readings for the Aged, &c.* The Sister adds, 'just now, "*The Messiah*," by Mr. Anderdon, is being read aloud in St. Barnabas, and is much appreciated.'

I could not, for want of space, mention the names of all who have so kindly responded to my plea, but I should like to name as amongst them, the Editor of *The Monthly Packet*; The Bishop of Ely and Mrs. Browne; Mr. Macmillan; Sir John Coleridge; Mr. Longman; Mr. Richard Massie; the Rev. George Maclear; with many another goodly name attached to many a goodly work. The Sister in charge of the books sends me a little list of works they are still anxious to add to the Library. Amongst them I find Blunt's '*Coincidences*,' and '*Household Theology*;' Archbishop Trench on the Parables, Miracles, Gospels, and also his '*Lectures on the Seven Churches*;' Bishop Ellicott's '*Life of our Lord*;' Miss Yonge on the Catechism; Miss Pratt's books on Flowers, Ferns, and Sea-weeds (published by the S. P. C. K.); Canon Kingsley's '*Madame How and Lady Why*;' '*Glaucus*,' &c.

I may perhaps be allowed to add that some of the wards in St. Peter's Home are not yet finished, but there are (at this moment when I write) forty-two patients in the Home. The ward for Incurables (containing fifteen beds) is full, 'but,' the Sister adds, 'some of the patients in the other wards are certainly never likely to recover.' The children's ward (St. Christopher) is opened; it has been made as bright and cheerful as possible, one lady kindly furnishing the money for a series of medallions (containing incidents in our Lord's Life, relating more particularly to little children) to be painted on the walls. By-and-by, when the Home is quite finished, I shall hope to be allowed to give a more concise account of its working in these pages; till then, I rest content to leave its various needs to Him Who has given to His followers this strict command, 'Sell all that ye have, and give to the poor.'

FR.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MONTHLY PACKET.'

Dear Madam,

Can you give me space to plead a want of a somewhat rare nature, and yet which may be perhaps easily supplied by some of your readers?

The Work-house Visiting Society, conducted by Miss Twining, the Home for Training Girls, in New Ormond Street, and the Home for Incurable and Infirm Women, are well known, and deservedly so; but it may not be within the knowledge of all, that Miss Twining receives into her own house (20, Queen Square, Bloomsbury,) a select and small number of aged women, making small payments, whose only alternative would be the work-house, as a shelter for their declining years. She also receives several epileptic young ladies, whose friends are unable to provide for them. A more truly loving Christian work could hardly be, as may be easily verified by any one who will take the trouble to call and see what is being done.

The work is so far of a private character, that I am not aware if Miss Twining seeks pecuniary help; but this I do know, that she gladly accepts the services of a few ladies, who go in from time to time, to read, play on the harmonium, or have a friendly chat with the inmates, whose time must necessarily sometimes hang heavily, notwithstanding all the pains taken to provide for their interests.

I remember, some time since, seeing a letter in these pages, signed (I think) 'Gladys,' containing an earnestly expressed wish from a young lady that she could find something useful to do, her parents having objections to her visiting the poor in their own homes. The case is only one of many—and a most difficult question it is—how far it is desirable to allow young girls in the upper and middle classes to come in contact with vice and misery, in our large towns, even for the sake of doing good.

Here, then, is work for such as seek it, and which can only be done by refined and educated ladies—work to which no right-minded parent can object; a healthy employment for one's talents, a safety-valve for energies which are so often mis-directed for want of a proper channel in which to flow.

I was particularly struck with these ideas yesterday, in the course of a visit at the House. A lady, who gives her time and assistance in the manner already described, said to me, 'How glad Miss Twining would be of a few more helpers: the old ladies like to see a fresh face now and then, a little music is such a treat to them.'

I am trespassing too much on your space; let me leave the subject with your readers, only adding that I write this without Miss Twining's knowledge, at the same time feeling perfectly sure that any application or offer of help, to that useful and excellent lady, will meet with a hearty response.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

January 13th, 1870.

M. A. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

A Rustic begs to know where to obtain a Report of the Bishop of London's Fund.

E. P. G.—The fact is true. Some payment is due from a magazine for the matter it contains; and in the case of The Monthly Paper, those who answered the Questions agreed some years back to devote the proceeds to the maintenance of a scholar at Miss Arthur's School.

K. is referred to any advertisement list of Masters's. The books she mentions would all suit a village library as far as we know, but we have not read Vanny Croft. The Baron's Little Daughter was published by Musters.

E. B. C.—Smith's Biblical Dictionary is the standard. This is very large, but there is an abridgement; and the S. P. C. K. has also three useful volumes, entitled Scripture Sites, Scripture Manners and Customs, and Scripture Natural History.

J. C. H. would be glad to be informed to whom Macaulay refers in the following passage, which occurs in his essay on Moore's Life of Byron:—

'Two men have died within our recollection, who, at a time of life at which many people have hardly completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood, the other at Missolonghi.'

Byron, of course, ended his career at Missolonghi; but who died at Longwood?—Does not this refer to Napoleon's early success?—ED.

J. C. H. is glad to be able to inform Ruby that the beautiful and touching poem, 'The Land o' the Leal,' is set to music. It forms one (No. 27, Vol. II.) of a collection of Scottish Songs, arranged by Finlay Dun and John Thomson, and published by Paterson and Sons, Music Sellers, 27, George Street, Edinburgh, at the price of 1s. It is also to be found in No. 51 of Chappell and Co.'s Musical Magazine, along with twenty-three other popular Scottish songs, the whole selection costing also 1s. 'The Land o' the Leal' is set to the same music as Burns's celebrated and popular song, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;' but the two songs are, of course, sung with such an essential difference in expression, that it is hard to believe that the notation is exactly the same. 'The Land o' the Leal' is a very favourite tenor song, and is exquisitely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Volo non Valeo informs Ruby that the only time she has seen 'The Land o' the Leal' to music was in a small book of songs, collected, she thinks, by the Rev. — Bere of Uploman, on the plan of The German Garland of Songs, and published, she believes, by Aylott Brothers.

Lucinda informs Ruby that she has a copy of 'The Land o' the Leal,' published by Lawson, 42, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street. It is a single sheet, price 1s.—music for one verse only—and was bought many years since.

M. B. answers to the same effect.

In answer to Marietta's question, Volo non Valeo begs to tell her that she has always understood that 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' is a corruption of an old proverb, which originally ran, 'Cleanliness is next to goodliness,' (comeliness,) which is certainly the most sensible proverb of the two.

B. M. will find the lines—

'Thou, who art standing on the shore
Of life's dark river,'

in Wordsworth's translation from Michael Angelo.—Quoted as such in Edith Vernon's Life-work.—E. S. G.

M. E. B. will be much obliged if any Correspondent can tell her who is the author of the chorale in which the words—

'And thus to Jesus I will go,
My longing arms extending,'

occur, and what are the remaining lines.

Selbergh asks what is the meaning of the following passage in the History of Normandy and England, (Vol. III., p. 380,) by Sir Francis Palgrave:—

'It was in that Abbey (Westminster) that Charles, altering without assignable cause the colour of his royal robe, appropriated to himself the prophecies which told the misfortune of the White King.'

Who was the prophet?

Mary.—In the Lyra Apostolica the signatures are: α.—J. Bowden, Esq. β.—Rev. R. Hurrell Froude. γ.—Rev. J. Keble. δ.—Rev. J. H. Newman. ε.—Rev. R. Wilberforce.

E. B. would be very much obliged if any of the Correspondents of The Monthly Packet could tell her of any institution where a poor widow could be received on the payment of a small sum per week. She is in delicate health, and unable to do any hard work; but she would be able to make herself useful in needle-work, or in any light employment.

Margaret would be very much obliged if anyone would tell her when the incident recorded in Longfellow's Warden of the Cinque Ports took place, and what was the name of the Warden.—The Warden must have been Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. We do not remember the incident of the salute, or of the French fleets, but it could be no one else.

We are begged to give the present address of The Ladies' Industrial Society, 20, Upper Berkeley Street West, Hyde Park Square. (Removed from Bayswater.)

Received with many thanks, for The Children's Dinner-table, St. Mary's District, Soho, Stamps from Violet; Miss J. Jamcey (two packets); Etta and Cecil; Little Mabel; A Reader; Three Little Readers; A Servant; Miss Minnie Long; A School-room; Georgey and Mabel; Wincham Hall, a Little School-girl; Otterbourne; Johnnie and Katherine; Bertha; Y. E.; M. and B. and I.; B. and E. A.; and several anonymous sums. 12s. 6d., from C. M. C., for the Mission, is also acknowledged with thanks.

Also, a Post-office Order for 9s., from J. C. Alleen, for The Sisterhood at Shoreditch.

The Rev. E. Beck gratefully acknowledges £1 from C., for The Newfoundland Church Ship. A copy of the Journal of the Visitation Tour of the Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland in July and August, 1869, will be sent to C., Post-office, Stourbridge, in the course of the next month, by the Rev. E. J. Beck.

The Hospital for Sick Children gratefully acknowledges a present of pictures from G. E. B.

St. Matthias, Kensington.—Acknowledged, with many thanks:—Sir Archibald Edmonstone, £10; Stamps, Anonymous, 1s.; Stamps, F. J. B., 2s. 6d.

For The Invalid Kitchen, acknowledged with many thanks—Mater, 2s. 6d. Will Ynaf kindly send an Address to which a letter may be sent?

St. Andrew's Waterside Mission.—*We desire to direct attention to the accompanying Advertisement.*

St. Luke's, Mile End.—*The Rev. William Wallace thankfully acknowledges a Bundle of Clothes from A. M. C.*

The St. Peter's Sisters, Kilburn, have during this winter and last carried on a small Needle-work Society at their Mission in the City Road. Work to the value of 1s. each has been given weekly to at least thirty poor women belonging to the three parishes they visit, and the clothing made has been sold at the cost price of materials. As, however, from the present distress existing in that part of London, much of this remains unsold, their funds are beginning to run short; and they venture to ask if any of the readers of The Monthly Packet would enable them by a timely donation to go on giving work during the next two months, and thereby help their poor neighbours without pauperizing them. Subscriptions may be sent to The SISTERS, 854, City Road, E. C.; The Rev. W. B. ALFORD, Holy Trinity Parsonage, Church Street, Hoxton, N. (Treasurer); B. LANCASTER, Esq., Mount Greville, Kilburn, N.W.; Mrs. PEARSON, 13, Beaufort Gardens, S.W., (Secretary.) Any lady requiring ready-made clothing for charitable purposes will be supplied at cost prices.

The Sisters of the Poor request the address of the person who sent them a parcel from Cambridgeshire about December 17th, 1869.

Acknowledged thankfully, from S. F. to M. A., for the Cripple, 5s.

The Rev. William Handcock, 19, Masborough Road, Hammersmith, W., gratefully acknowledges a donation of £50, from a reader of The Monthly Packet, (M. T.) in aid of the New Permanent Church for St. Matthew's Mission, Hammersmith. Any further contributions would be most gratefully received, as £3000 are still required, and all local help exhausted.

Suffragan Bishops.—*We returned this, declined with thanks; but it has come back to us from the Returned Letter Office, marked Not known.*

Magdalen Hall has begun a Monthly M.S. Magazine, for the improvement of her pupils in composition. She would be very glad if any of the readers of The Monthly Packet would write for it. Contributions from girls still in the school-room, or having just left it, will be most welcome. The Magazine will be forwarded in turn to all whose papers are inserted. Address—Magdalen Hall, 4, Eaton Grove, Lee, S.E.

In answer to F. D. E.'s question about the disposing of point-lace, I beg to say that I should advise her to advertise it in a paper called The Exchange and Mart, which is published every Wednesday. She had better send for a copy to any newsagents, and then she will see what the conditions of the advertisements are exactly. The work must be really good, and perfectly clean, and not too highly priced, or it will not sell.—X. Y. Z.

Violet will thank one of the subscribers if they could tell her why the 14th of September and the 18th of December are found in the Table of Days of Fasting in the Prayer Book, and in the Calendar known as Holy Cross Day, and Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. Also, what rules have to be observed, and how do you obtain admission to join the Home belonging to All Saints, Margret Street.—If Violet had taken the trouble to look attentively at her Calendar, she would have seen for herself that September 14th and December 18th are not themselves observed as a fast, (any more than Whit-Sunday,) only the three Ember Days after them. They are chosen in order to bring the four Ember Weeks at the four seasons. The first rule we would give Violet to observe would be to mind her grammar; not to make one an antecedent to they, and then run off to you. We really do not know if she wants rules for Fasting Days, or for All Saints, Margret Street, as she is pleased to spell it. We should advise her to apply there for the rules. But may we request our inquirers not to disgrace our pages by such shocking grammar another time. We leave it as it is, as a wholesome warning to vulgar carelessness; for bad English is vulgar, whoever uses it.

S. Andrew's Waterside Mission, GRAVESEND.

PATRON :

THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

PRESIDENT :

THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

MISSIONARY CURATE :

REV. WILMOT BUXTON, M.A.

(Of Brasenose College, Oxford.)

Donations for the Building Fund may be sent to either of the following members of the Building Committee :

REAR-ADMIRAL INGLEFIELD, C.B.

10, Grove End Road,

London, N.W.

REV. C. E. R. ROBINSON, M.A., Rural Dean,

The Castle,

Gravesend, Kent.

**.* Small Donations are very welcome.*

From THE LITERARY CHURCHMAN, of May 15th, 1869.

Are our readers aware of the work that is here going on among our forests of sea-going vessels, the petty ships that sail under scant superintendence, the freights of emigrants not always under Government care, the crews picked up anywhere or everywhere ?

Very useful assistance to the Mission may be given by sending Books. We are sure that many of our readers will be glad that the lumber of their attics should beguile the weary hours of the sea-voyage ; and if this offering pains them by costing nothing, perhaps they will do what comparatively costs them something towards freeing their own souls from that great national shame and public evil, the godless ungoverned condition of our inferior merchant navy, which, coming forth from a festering mass of corruption at home, pollutes every port where it touches.

The promoters of this Mission have received a very remarkable communication on the subject of the proposed new Chapel.

It will be remembered that the following passages, reprinted from papers in the 'Penny Post,' and 'Monthly Packet,' appeared in the last Report:—

From THE PENNY POST.

Oh, that some pious heart may be stirred to help us! The obvious ways are, sending money in cheques or stamps, or sending books suitable for the lending libraries we put on board. But there are several ways of helping less obvious—such as making known the work of the Society to personal friends, or circulating papers of the Society, which will be supplied on applying by letter to the Hon. Sec. Will any pious mourner purchase our Mission House, now hired, and erect a Memorial Chapel to the memory of some lost friend? It could be done for about £1,000. It stands on the river's brink, and would be a most suitable spot for a memorial. That such a thing is not chimerical is proved by the building of a Memorial School in this parish two years ago. Above all, will some pious heart help us by praying?

We appeal for money, we generally forget to appeal for prayer, yet—

‘ More things are wrought by prayer,
Than this world recks of.’

From THE MONTHLY PACKET.

There is one thing we dream of. May God move some one's heart to do it! The writer of this is the 'Dreamer of Dreams' among the supporters of the Mission, and a good dreamer has his work to do as well as the more prosaic.

He dreams that our Mission House (the lease of which is just expiring, and which we have the power to buy) will be bought and changed into a Memorial Chapel. Some mourning heart, whom God has blessed with money and with the heart of S. Barnabas, should erect a Memorial Chapel to the lost friend. Instead of a costly marble fabric, which has no use, a building should be erected which will embalm the memory of the lost one in the folds of its present usefulness. How beautifully it would stand on the banks of the river—how it would point with its bell-turret to the sky, to

which the sailor like the landsman will soar, when in his own words, 'he has gone aloft!'

How it might add to the beauty of the river, which poets have sung of, and which deserves all that is said of him:—

'As when from parent fountain first discharged,
The silver Thames pursues his new-born course,
His narrow pebbly bed, with rushes marged,
Scarce feels the influence of his humid source;
He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
His ample current proud through meads to guide,
And 'twixt his banks to keep a wide divorce;
While Britain's sons to his expanse confide
Britannia's bulwarks, and her merchants' pride.'

These remarks met the eye of a lady, who has communicated her wish to build such a Chapel to the memory of her father, a distinguished Admiral, now deceased. She says that the words have given expression to a wish she has long felt, and that she is most thankful for the opportunity of carrying out her desire. Such a favour, conferred in such a spirit, will doubtless stimulate many others to copy her example. She gives it on condition that those who are interested in the Mission will raise money to buy the freehold of the Mission House and wharf, and to fit the House for the various works of love carried on there, (for the architect remarked when he saw the present building that more work is being done there than it can hold.)

She wishes to withhold her name, but she has named Rear-Admiral Inglefield, C.B., to act with the Committee on her behalf, and he has generously presented the Communion Plate, as an earnest of his good will in the matter.

She is ready with the £1,000 at once, but the Committee are only ready, at present, with £200 of their share, which will probably amount to about £1,500.

A visit has been paid to the spot by G. E. Street, Esq., A. R. A., who has expressed his opinion that a satisfactory building can be erected, and the Chapel can be placed on the river side, exactly in accordance with the day-dream above quoted. Plans will shortly be furnished, and a statement, with photograph, sent to each subscriber. Meanwhile, Mr. Street's name will be a guarantee for the beauty and solidity of the work, which the promoters humbly trust will be, by the blessing of God, an enduring monument of the

love of the many hundred supporters of this Mission towards the Sailor, and the Fisherman, and the Waterman—a sort of hymn of intercession and praise, sung to sweet music by hundreds of voices, and petrified into stone.

But before this consummation can be reached, a huge amount of hard dry work has to be done to raise £1,500, which simply *cannot* be done in a poor town like Gravesend unless friends from a distance help them. Their Secretary will act with Admiral Inglefield as a Building Committee, and they earnestly trust that those who wish them well through it, will help them at once by promises of assistance, and, if possible, by sending money at once. Address,

REAR-ADMIRAL INGLEFIELD, C.B.

10, GROVE END ROAD,

LONDON, N.W.

REV. C. E. R. ROBINSON, M. A.

THE CASTLE,

GRAVESEND, KENT.

Many who cannot afford to give a guinea at once, can give 7s. a year for three years, and many who cannot give half-a-guinea, can give 3s. 6d. a year for three years.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

AT the end of the twenty-second Canto we left Dante and Virgil proceeding along the further side of the fifth gulf, after witnessing the discomfiture of the two devils who had fallen into the burning lake of pitch. Their intention had been to reach the bridge by which Malacoda had told them they could cross the sixth gulf; but this was frustrated (fortunately for them, as the bridge was a mere ruin) by the malevolent pursuit of Barbariccia's company, which necessitated their speedy descent on the other side of the bank where their enemies could no longer follow them. The fable referred to at the beginning of the Canto is that of the frog who treacherously proposed to carry the mouse over the river with intent to drown him in the middle; but before he had time to put his plan into execution was devoured, together with his burden, by a water-snake. This is not now generally included in the collection attributed to Esop, but has doubtless as good a claim as most others to the title. Perhaps the story may be traced back to the pseud-Homeric *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, which opens with the death of a prince of the mice, who lets himself be carried over the water by a frog; the latter diving at the approach of the water-snake, and leaving his helpless friend to drown. The idea, however, of treachery on the part of the frog is wanting to this account, and may have been added by some subsequent fabulist to point the moral according to his own requirements.

When the poets reach the bottom of the sixth gulf, Dante is not at first aware that the hypocrites' cowls are really made of lead, as is seen by the question he asks in line 99. Those of Frederick II. referred to in line 66, are the leaden coverings in which that emperor is said to have wrapped those guilty of treachery towards him, before burning them alive. Concerning the Joyous Friars of Bologna, we learn from Villani that they were called Knights of Saint Mary. 'They became knights on taking the habit; their robes were white, the mantle sable, and the arms a white field and red cross with two stars. Their office was to defend widows and orphans; they were to act as mediators; and they had

internal regulations like other religious bodies.' Of the two here introduced, one, Loderingo di Liandolo, was the founder of the Order, an adherent of the Ghibelline, as Catalano de' Malavolti was of the Guelfic faction. These two were chosen as arbiters by the Florentines, to mediate between the factions which disquieted their city; but instead of acting with the impartiality with which their Order was credited, they secretly pursued their own advantage, and united in oppressing the Ghibellines, who were compelled to retire from the city. The foremost place among these latter was occupied by the Uberti, the family of Farinata, whose ardent partisanship our readers will remember was depicted in the tenth Canto: and it was their house in the Via del Gardingo, near the old custom-house, which was plundered and destroyed in 1266, with the connivance of the two arbiters.

The introduction of Caiaphas and the other members of the Sanhedrim is singularly unexpected and abrupt, but in itself very effective; the difference of the character of the punishment inflicted, seeming to mark a deeper sin in their hypocrisy than that of the others condemned to this gulf. Dante has adopted this expedient before in the second and third divisions of the seventh circle; and we shall meet with a special instance of it also, hereafter, in the circle of the traitors. The explanations already given will be sufficient to enable our readers to understand the cause of Virgil's disgust at hearing that the bridge, by which he had intended to cross the gulf, before the pursuit of the devils compelled him to descend into it, was nothing but an impassable ruin.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXIII.

SILENT, alone, companionless, one leading
 And one behind, we went as we were able,
 Like minor friars on their road proceeding.
 The present strife had turned to Esop's fable
 My thoughts within me, where he maketh mention
 Of frog and mouse; for 'tis indisputable,
Now and at present have no less dissension
 Than is betwixt the two, if one compareth
 End and beginning well with fixed attention.
 And as one thought another's place oft shareth,
 So then another thence was generated,
 Which on my mind with double terror beareth.
 'These fiends by us,' within me I debated,
 'Are foiled, and that with insults and with losses
 As needs must cause them pain unmitigated.
 If o'er their ill-will anger's shuttle crosses,
 They will pursue, and worse entreated leave us,
 Than hound the hare that in his jaws he tosses.'

Even then I felt my hair with terror grievous
Stand all on end, and looked behind attentive, 20
And then said, 'Master, quick, lest they perceive us,
Hide thee and me; I tremble, such incentive
Have those keen fiends; behind us they are hieing,
Already seen by fancy's glance inventive.'
And he, 'Were I of leaded glass,' replying,
'Thine outward image would not be designed
Sooner upon me, than the imprint is lying
Within. Thy thoughts but now with mine were twined
So like in act and feature and nativity,
That I one counsel made of both combined. 30
If this right bank in gradual declivity
Slope down, then we to the other gulf descended
Shall safe elude their mischievous activity.'
Scarce he the statement of his plan had ended,
When I beheld them in full hope of catching,
Come, not far distant, with their wings extended.
Quickly thereat the Master seized me, matching
That mother's act, who at the sound awaketh
And sees flames round her kindle close; then snatching
Her child, she flees and never rests, but taketh 40
More care of him than of her own condition
In that one shift her only covering maketh.
So from the hard ridge in supine position
O'er the precipitous cliff himself he throweth,
Which circling forms the adjacent gulfs' division.
Nor water e'er through tube so quickly goeth
To turn a land-mill's wheel, when onwards moved
With speed increased towards the spokes it floweth,
As in that border space the Master proved,
Me on his bosom safe enfolded bearing 50
As no companion, but a son beloved.
Scarcely his feet the infernal floor were nearing,
When on the ridge's summit they arrived
Above us; but no cause was there of fearing,
For that high ruling Wisdom, which contrived
That they should hold the fifth gulf in their keeping,
Them of all power to issue thence deprived.
Down there we found a painted nation, creeping
Round and around with slowly labouring paces,
Faint in appearance, and o'ercome with weeping. 60
Mantles they had, with cowls before their faces
Drawn low; which of the selfsame pattern seemed
As that which on her monks Cologna places.

Gilded they were without, and dazzling gleamed;
 Within all leaden, of such weight impeding
 That Frederick's to compare would chaff be deemed.
 O garb for ever wearisome exceeding!
 Then to the left hand yet again we turned
 Along with them, their plaints of sadness heeding;
 But for the load that weary race had earned 70
 So slow they came, that we while onwards pressing
 At every step companions new discerned.
 Then, 'Couldst thou find,' I said, my guide addressing,
 'Some one by actions or by race renowned?
 Move well thine eyes around thee, thus progressing.'
 Then one, the Tuscan dialect who owned,
 Called after us, 'O stay your feet untired
 Ye who so hasten through the air embrowned;
 Perchance of me thy wish may be acquired.'
 Then turned my guide, and 'Stay awhile' exhorted, 80
 'And then move forwards at the pace desired.'
 Then stopping two I saw whose mien reported
 The eager soul that hasted to outstride me,
 Which yet the strait path and their burden thwarted.
 When they at last came up, askance they eyed me
 With sternest look, no word of utterance giving;
 Then turning to each other spake beside me,
 'This one by his throat's action seemeth living;
 If they be dead, whence have they dispensation
 To walk unburdened by the garb of grieving?' 90
 And then to me, 'Tuscan, who to the nation
 Of the sad hypocrites hast thyself addressed,
 Disdain not to declare thy name and station.'
 And I my birth and growth and home confessed
 In the great town on Arno's pleasant river;
 And this the body I had e'er possessed.
 'But who are ye, whose eyes such woe deliver
 As I behold, wherewith your visage reeketh?
 What pain is this, whose spark so fierce doth quiver?'
 'Ah me, the guilt cowls,' one in answer speaketh, 100
 'Are lead, so heavy that their burden smothers
 The wretched balance which beneath them creaketh.
 We were Bologna's children, joyous brothers,
 I Catalan, he Loderingo named,
 Together taken by thy land, as others
 Oft have been singly chosen, and proclaimed
 Sole guardians of the peace; and how we plied
 Our trade around Gardingo yet is famed.'

Then I, 'O friars, your evils—' but replied
No further, for I saw that there existed 110
One stretched on earth, with three stakes, crucified.
He when he saw me all his body twisted,
And puffed his tangled beard apart with sighing;
And Catalan, who my desire assisted,
Was ware, and said, 'That pierced one thou art eying
Gave counsel to the Pharisees, that rightly
One man should suffer, for the people dying.
There, as thou seest, naked and unsightly
Athwart the road he lies, and must have fetched
From all that pass sure proof ere this how lightly 120
Each one doth tread. So his wife's sire is stretched
Likewise, and others of the council yonder,
That for the Jews did scatter seed so wretched.'
Then saw I how o'er him did Virgil ponder
Thus abjectly upon the cross extended,
His sentence of eternal exile under.
Then to the friars he said, 'Be not offended
If we entreat you, so ye may, to rede us
If to the right hand any chasm be rended
Whereby we two departing hence may speed us, 130
So the black angels be no more constrained
To come and from this nether valley lead us.'
'Nearer than thou dost hope,' he then explained,
There lies a rock, which, the great circle leaving,
Spans all the savage gulfs aloft sustained,
Save that it here is riven, no cope upheaving
Of arch; this ruin for your ascent availeth,
Piled from the base, and to the hill-side cleaving.'
My guide with head bent low as one that aileth
Stood, and then said, 'Then he was falsifying 140
Our task, the sinners yonder who impaleth.'
'Much at Bologna,' said the friar replying,
'Of the devil's sins I heard; among them hearing
That he was a liar, and the father of lying.'
Thereat my guide, some mark of anger bearing
Upon his face, with great steps onwards moved;
And I myself from those oppressed ones tearing
Followed the traces of his feet beloved.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FINDING OF THE TRUE CROSS.

(MAY 3RD.)

O THOU True Cross! from whence arose
The seven cries of the Saviour's woes,
His heavy burden I would bear,
His pain and anguish I would share;
Though lagging oft, and far behind,
I seek thee and I surely find.

True Cross! from thee the prayer arose
For all God's most malignant foes;
From thee I also send my cry
For every cruel enemy,
For mocking word and furious blow;
Forgive them, for they do not know.

True Cross! from thee, for thou art high,
I see a distant country lie—
Blue hills enclose the peaceful vales,
And perfect quietude prevails—
And for my pains there is a price,
A promise of that Paradise.

True Cross! thine arms stretch very wide,
Within them all our hearts abide;
Our homely cares for Christ's dear sake
New tenderness and honour take,
And His last blessing lives and moves
About the purest of our loves.

True Cross! and found to be most true
By hearts pierced oftenest through and through,
The blankness of my dumb despair
Hath silenced even the voice of prayer:
Behold my speechless agony;
My God, hast Thou forsaken me?

True Cross! from thee my panting lip
Longs greatly for some honied sip,
But all my drops of comfort are
As bitter gall and vinegar;
And I, though faint, may not refuse
The draught my Master deigned to choose.

True Cross! on which the dying head
 Sank, murmuring, 'It is finished!'
 On thee began my earliest grief;
 On thee I find my last relief;
 On thee my every pain shall end,
 Beside my Saviour and my Friend.

True Cross! to thee I daily cling,
 For on thee hangs my only King;
 Might I but share His throne of scorn,
 And wear with Him one sharpened thorn,
 'Then my glad soul I would restore
 Into God's Hands for evermore.

F. HARRISON.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

MAY-DAY is one of the remarkable specimens of the greater sunniness, if it may be so called, of thought that belongs to the poetry of Mr. Keble's later years. To be sure it is the children's holiday, and he has thrown himself into their childhood; but in his earlier poem—a very early one, we believe—there is only a pensive outlook upon middle life in contrast with the charms of childhood and old age. This is a youthful feeling, that makes the verses thoroughly sympathetic and congenial to the young, though we verily believe that the dust and weariness of middle age are more in anticipation than in reality, and that where health and spirits are fair the sense of fresh youth and enjoyment goes much further on through life than these stanzas would lead one to expect. That is, of course we mean, where the conditions are fulfilled.

'Who but a Christian through all life
 That blessing may prolong,
 Who through the world's sad day of strife
 Still chant his morning song?'

Yet though experience may shew that 'a merry heart goes all the way,' the anticipation of dreariness under the heat and burthen of the day is almost universal in pensive youth; and the true answer to such a dread is here given in full force and beauty.

'O shame upon thee, listless heart,
 So sad a sigh to heave;
 As if the Saviour had no part
 In thoughts that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way
 He had not borne for thee
 Sad languors through the summer day,
 Storms on the wintry sea.

Youth's lightning flash of joy secure
 Pass'd seldom o'er His sprite;
 A well of serious thought and pure,
 Too deep for earthly light.'

This seems to refer to the early tradition that our Blessed Lord was never seen to smile. The gay hope, the vast field of uncertain possibilities, so dear to our youthful imagination, could never be His,

'For He by trial knew
 How cold and bare what mortals dream,
 To realms where all is true.'

Then, if our youthful glee is to be dimmed by sorrow and disappointment, dullness or weariness,

'Grudge not thou the anguish keen
 That makes thee like thy Lord;
 And learn to quit with eye serene
 Thy youth's ideal hoard.'

Even if misfortune and affliction beset us, and our chosen happiness be denied, we need not over lament missing the joy 'that Christ disdained to know.' Life is not over, and joy will come out of sadness, hope brighten on us like the moon in the twilight, and

'Thus souls by nature pitched too high,
 By suffering plunged too low,
 Meet in the Church's middle sky,
 Half-way 'twixt joy and woe;

To practise there the soothing lay
 That sorrow best relieves;
 Thankful for all God takes away,
 Humbled by all He gives.'

Most true is this picture of the truly lowly, to whom his best deeds, and the highest honours they win, are but fresh causes of humility.

And the middle tracks of life were surely still bestrewn with flowers when the bright summons was given—

'Come, ye little revellers gay,
 Learners in the school of May,'

with all its loving description of garland making. Thoroughly the Vicar of Hursley did love the garland day! The Hampshire children are wont to sing, or rather whisper, out a dull little croon consisting of

'April's gone,
 May's come,
 Come and see our garland;'

and this he touched with gold in the lines—

‘ April’s gone, the king of showers,
May is come, the queen of flowers;
Give me something, gentles dear,
For a blessing on the year.

For my garland give, I pray,
Words and smiles of cheerful May;
Birds of spring to you we come,
Let us pick one little crumb.’

I do not know whether the children ever *did* sing these verses, I believe they had some carol found in a book; but they used to range themselves on the green lawn of the Vicarage, and sing together; and even the union workhouse sent its children with their garland, partly made by the old women, and after its public appearance hung up to delight their eyes even in its decline.

For the ‘May Garlands’ of the Lyra, merrily as it begins, soon turns to the theme of decay—

‘ Where are now those forms so fair?
Withered, lifeless, wan, and bare!’

Yes, ‘They are gone, and ye must go;’ but though the flowers are for ever gone, we

‘ hope in joy to be new born,
Lovelier than May’s gleaming morn.’

And the practical lesson is, that as

so with ourselves,
‘ Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers,’

‘ Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare;
How should else earth’s flow’rets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above?’

THE 29TH OF MAY.

ANOTHER of the discarded State holidays is here; and both the commencement and the note upon it carry us back to a disused state of things—when it was needful to explain that the organ is generally silent in Holy Week, and that in *some* it is the custom to put up evergreen boughs. Anything more festal was not then thought of, and these verses endear the Easter yew and box of our childhood.

‘ The while, round altar, niche, and shrine,
The funeral evergreens entwine,
And a dark brilliance cast;

The brighter for their hues of gloom,
 Tokens of Him Who through the tomb
 Into high glory pass'd.'

To these sober tokens of death and victory is compared the return of our Church from her captivity and exile in 1660, when the absence of the martyred king was felt by all true and loyal hearts, who would dwell on his prayers and devotions as in the Eikon Basilike, and long that those intercessions might yet be returned upon their heads.

And again, the saintly Dr. Henry Hammond, whose 'Practical Catechism' King Charles recommended to his daughter in his last interview, who after cherishing the faith and constancy of his countrymen by his books, counsels, and ministrations, through the long years of desolation, was lying on his most painful but most patient death-bed, in the midst of the preparations for the Restoration. He died on the 25th of April, 1660, the day on which the remnant of the Long Parliament re-assembled to decide on bringing back the King. His last sigh for rest was, a few moments before his release, 'Lord, make haste.' His 'serious sweet farewell' to the children of the house at Westwood, where, since his deprivation, he had been cherished, was the injunction 'to be just to the advantages of their education, and maintain inviolate their first baptismal vows.' To their mother, when she asked what more special thing he would recommend unto her for her whole life, his answer was, 'Uniform obedience.' Surely to follow these rules is the way 'after him in time to rise.'

The next verse is a perplexing one. It *may*, perhaps, refer to the Epiphany offering of the king in the Chapel Royal, which under George III., when it would first have grown familiar to Mr. Keble, was a really impressive ceremony, chiefly on account of the reality of the good old King's devotion. This is the only *annual* offering we can think of; but it may also mean more generally the entire acknowledgement that it is through God that kings reign and princes decree justice. The signification of the verse seems to be somewhat in the spirit of St. Peter's words, reminding us that we are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, and that though we are bound to 'submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake,' 'whether it be to the king as supreme,' and therefore all loyalty is required of us, yet our time here is too short for hope or care to be worth spending on self-aggrandisement or political ambition.

ASCENSION DAY.

THE Rogation Days gained a lovely hymn in the Salisbury Hymnal—No. 119 in Hymns Ancient and Modern—a true hymn, simple and deep, on the blessing of the crops.

We have all learnt to look for the soft cloud in the sky almost as we do for our Church decorations, as an appropriate part of the holy-day.

The two poems in *The Christian Year* and *Lyra* both are alike on heavenly contemplation rising and soaring in the track of the ascending Lord. Most heavenly is the vision of His Presence in the first.

‘I mark Him how by seraph hosts adored,
He to earth’s lowest cares is still awake.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space beyond the soar of angels’ wings,
Wait on His word ; and yet He stays His car
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

He listens to the silent tear
For all the anthems of the boundless sky ;
And shall our dreams of music bar our ear
To the soul-piercing Voice for ever nigh ?’

There we are called again to descend to our own tasks of duty upon earth, not ‘standing to gaze too long,’ but bending with our Lord ‘where human sorrow lifts her lowly moan.’ In due time we shall see His glory return, when we shall see Him as He is, and gazing on Him become transformed into His likeness, from glory to glory.

Again, we have the cloud vanishing in the description of the gazing shepherd boy, to whom the poem—making him a type of other ‘pastoral eyes,’—ascribes the wondering thought—

‘What, if in such array
Our Saviour, through the ærial cleft
Rose on Ascension Day ?’

A thought thus following our Lord into Heaven must be precious. (Well might he say so whose thoughts were such as were treasured up in the preceding poem.) It passes on to the future, when the Lord shall in like manner come again ; and then happy will those be whose eyes are looking upwards—watching, neither wandering idly in the ends of the earth, nor closed in pride. Happy will those be on whom the light which shall shine at once from east to west shall break either as worshippers in the House of God, or comforters in the house of mourning.

(To be continued.)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. IV.—THE ATTRACTION OF THE CROSS.

'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.'—*St. John*, xii. 32.*(Tune, St. Matthias.)*

Is there no hope for those who lie
Among the dead about to die?
Writhing upon the great world's plain,
Martyrs of sin, in mortal pain;
The fiery taint upon them all
Of that Old Serpent of the Fall?

Yea, hearken! Israel, lift thine head,
O lie no longer with the dead!
For every care, for every crime,
There yet is hope, there yet is time:
Lift eye and heart: from yonder Tree
Release and Life look down on thee.

O look and listen! see thy Lord,
And hear His calm, absolving word;
O see, the balm of all thy woe,
Those precious drops of healing flow,
O hear, the word that sets thee free,
'Thou art redeemed—I die for thee.'

O see, the boundlessness of grace,
Those Arms of Love o'er-reaching space!
O hear, in final triumph hurled
His 'It is Finished' o'er the world!
In that embrace, in that last breath,
Is seen, is said, the doom of death.

Death doomed, sin purged, the Serpent slain,
O dying soul, thou liv'st again!
Hold fast that life, and evermore
Look and believe, love and adore;
By all this gain and all that loss,
Lose never sight of yonder Cross!

Amen! for whither should I go?
 Whom shall I find on earth below,
 Whom shall I seek in Heav'n above,
 For Hope and Healing, Life and Love,
 Save Him Who hangs on yonder Tree?
 Uplifted Lord! save only Thee?

Amen.

No. V.—THE PERFECT DAY.

‘Until the Day break and the shadows flee away.’—*Canticles*, ii. 17.

(*Tune*, Troyte No. 1.)

DARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,
 The mists are thick that through the valley roll,
 But as I tread I cheer my heart and say,
 When the Day breaks the shadows flee away.

Unholy phantoms from the deep arise,
 And gather through the gloom before mine eyes;
 But all shall vanish at the dawning ray,
 When the Day breaks the shadows flee away.

I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
 Burning and shining must it ever be,
 And I must tend it till the night decay,
 Till the Day break and shadows flee away.

He maketh all things good unto His own,
 For them in every darkness light is sown;
 He will make good the gloom of this my day,
 Till that Day break and shadows flee away.

He will be near me in the awful hour
 When the last Foe shall come in blackest power;
 And He will hear me when at last I pray,
 Let the Day break, the shadows flee away!

In Him, my GOD, my Glory, I will trust:
 Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust!
 Who shall come, will come, and will not delay—
 His Day will break, those shadows flee away!

Amen.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO C.

THE KING-MAKER.

1467-1471.

RICHARD NEVIL, Earl of Warwick, occupied the chief place in the eyes of the nation, from his exceeding bounteousness to the poor, and the splendour of his household, as well as the enormous force that he was able to bring into the field, by the uniting of so many great feudal estates in his person, and by his immense family connection.

Otherwise his personal greatness is not very apparent. He was esteemed a patriot, but he maintained no national right, and seems to have chiefly earned his fame as representing the universal hatred to **Somerset**. His sword was regarded as ensuring success to his cause, but this was more from the overwhelming mass of followers that he could bring into the field, than from any qualities of generalship. In this he seems to have been inferior to his father, Lord Salisbury; and to have been greatly surpassed by the young King Edward IV. He was also viewed as a man of piety, and he certainly had devout observances in his household, and expressed himself piously; but his religion did not withhold him either from oath-breaking or savage revenge. His really great merit seems to have been that he seldom allowed any pillage of the country people, being able to supply his armies from his vast resources; and also, that he preferred attacking the nobles and gentry to harrying their followers, who, of course, depended on them; and thus, until **Towton**, the battles in which he was engaged, though deadly to the nobles, numbered comparatively few dead amongst the commonalty. His wife, **Anne Beauchamp**, was a gracious, pious, and excellent lady, to whom no doubt much of his popularity was due; but a second time were the two great earldoms of Warwick and Salisbury devoid of a male heir. Two daughters only, **Isabel** and **Anne**, had been born to them, and these, the greatest heiresses in England, seem to have been from the first destined to King Edward's two young brothers, **George** and **Richard**, the Dukes of **Clarence** and **Glocester**, so soon as they should be of an age to marry.

The **Woodvilles**, who always wanted to keep all the heiresses for themselves, and were jealous of the Warwick influence, led Edward to shew much displeasure at the proposed marriage between **Clarence** and **Isabel**. During Warwick's visit to **Louis XI.** in 1467, they caused the King to deprive Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of **York**, of the Chancellorship; and when the French ambassadors were sent back insulted by Edward's scanty gifts, the Earl retired in displeasure to

Middleham, while they reported that he had become his master's bitter enemy.

Agents of Margaret of Anjou were continually being arrested; and one poor shoe-maker, in London, was pinched to death with red-hot pincers for refusing to betray those whom he had assisted in her correspondence. Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, made an attempt in Wales, but he was defeated by Lord Herbert, and lost the old Red Rose fastness, Harlech Castle, where a prisoner was taken, who reported that Warwick was regarded in the French court as a Lancastrian. King Edward sent the man to Middleham to be confronted with the Earl; the charge was adjudged frivolous, and a sort of reconciliation ensued; but Edward kept a body-guard of a hundred archers about him. Warwick bided his time, and held under his influence his intended son-in-law, George Duke of Clarence. The Prince was far less clever than either of his brothers, and was weak and unprincipled; but he seems to have really loved Lady Isabel Nevil, who was besides the greatest match in the kingdom, and Edward's interference extremely angered him. 'I'll let Edward know that we are all one man's sons, however near he brings strangers,' grumbled Clarence; and his rage and that of Warwick were inflamed to the greatest degree, by a report that Edward did not merely forbid the marriage out of jealousy, but because, fickle and licentious to the last degree, he himself admired the lady, and had insulted her by his attentions.

Isabel was sent with her mother and sister to Calais, where, shortly after, her father and lover following, she was married at the church of St. Nicholas, by her uncle, the Archbishop, July 1st, 1469.

It was at this very time that a great insurrection broke out in Yorkshire. It does not seem to have been Lancastrian, and the immediate cause was an old due of a portion of corn to the Hospital of St. Leonard's; but therewith came violent complaints of the Woodville nobility; and the whole peasantry of the north took up arms and marched on York, under command of a leader called Robin of Redesdale. Warwick's brother, now created Earl of Northumberland, saved York by defeating them, and putting Robin to death; but otherwise he did not follow up the victory, and the peasants not only remained in arms, but were joined by all Warwick's tenantry.

Edward, roused into full activity, marched against them, and wrote orders with his own hand to Warwick and Clarence to join him, while he advised the Woodvilles to leave the army, hoping thus to content the people. Lords Herbert and Stafford were with him at Nottingham, and were despatched by him to reconnoitre the insurgents, who were near Northampton. The nobles had become terribly insolent and lawless, all the chivalrous courtesies of war had been forgotten, and a sharp dispute broke out between Herbert and Stafford about quarters, the consequence of which was, that Stafford marched off with all his forces, and Herbert being left alone with merely his own seven thousand men, was attacked

by the insurgents at Edgecote, near Banbury, and though he fought bravely, and his brother with a pole-axe twice cut his way through the enemy, both were taken, and immediately beheaded. Then the victors, dispersing, captured Lord Stafford, and pounced upon Grafton Castle, where they seized Lord Rivers and his son John Woodville, and beheaded all, pretending, either truly or falsely, that they had authority from the Earl of Warwick.

He, with his new son-in-law, was already in England, and found the King near Coventry; at first they treated him with respect, but soon he found, to his rage and fury, that he had no choice, but was in fact a captive, and was carried off against his will to Middleham; so that England was in the extraordinary condition of having two kings, both captive in different places, under the charge of one Earl!

This eclipse of the White Rose seemed favourable to the Red, and Sir Humfrey Neville, who, in spite of his name, was an ardent Lancastrian, and had spent the five years, since the Battle of Hexham, in a cavern on the banks of the Derwent, came forth, and collected all the old borderer partizans of King Henry.

Warwick found that while he kept Edward a prisoner, no one would join his standard, and he therefore restored him to royal honours at York, under the surveillance of the Archbishop; he himself marched northward, routed the Lancastrians, and brought the gallant Sir Humfrey a captive to York, where he too was beheaded.

Then all returned to London, and spent Christmas in a grand state of reconciliation. Edward and Clarence embraced under their mother's eye; and the King, before all his council, proposed that his eldest daughter Elizabeth, and he had as yet no son, should be given in marriage to the son of Warwick's brother John, the only male heir of all the Nevils. Moreover, he gratified all the English by a proposal to invade France, after the fashion of the glorious days of old, and alarmed Louis XI. so much that he issued summonses to all his vassals to prepare for the defence of the country.

Warwick and the Nevils felt that Edward was not the puppet they wanted upon the throne; and they had learnt to believe that they themselves were the state and the country. It was a horrible period of mutual distrust, bloodshed, and broken faith, and no one had the slightest confidence in anyone's word.

In the course of this spring, Archbishop Nevil invited the King to meet his brother and the Earl of Warwick at the Moor in Hertfordshire. Edward came; but while he was washing his hands before supper, Sir John Ratcliff whispered to him that a hundred men were lying in ambush to capture him, and throw him into prison. Edward asked no further questions, but slipped out at the door unseen, threw himself on a horse, and galloped alone to Windsor. Then came fresh apologies, explanations, and reconciliations; but in the midst another popular insurrection began in Lincolnshire.

This time it was the insolence of a royal purveyor that lighted the spark; but the whole county was soon in arms under the command of Sir Robert Welles. The King ordered Clarence and Warwick to arm, to put down the revolt; and getting Lord Welles, Sir Robert's father, into his power by a promise of pardon, beheaded him, and then defeated Sir Robert at what was called the Battle of Losecoat Fields, and put him and his adherents to death. Their last confession declared that they had risen out of an understanding with Warwick, intending to set Clarence upon the throne; and Edward believed them, and probably was not wrong in so doing. He marched at once against them, and they finding their forces unequal to his, marched off with all speed westwards. They took Antony Woodville and Lord Audley by the way, and would have beheaded them, but that a gentleman of Dorset enabled them to escape. Edward proclaimed his brother and Warwick traitors, and pursued them; but by the time he reached Exeter, they were embarking at Dartmouth, with Lady Warwick and her two daughters, and sailing for Calais, hitherto their sure refuge, ever since Warwick had wrung the government from poor King Henry.

In sore plight, and with the Duchess of Clarence in severe suffering, they hoped to reach their haven; but behold, the Gascon Vauclerc, who was acting as Warwick's lieutenant, turned his cannon upon them, and would not even allow the ladies to land. He sent a message, however, that this was the fault of the townspeople, and offered two flagons of good wine for the benefit of the Duchess. The fugitives sailed on towards Harfleur, and ere their arrival, their number was augmented by the birth of Clarence's child, whose death was destined to be as wild and mournful as her birth. Vauclerc was rewarded for his refusal by being himself made governor of Calais by Edward, and by a pension from the Duke of Burgundy.

Edward's plans of invasion made Louis XI. by no means unwilling to favour anyone who could cause him disquiet, so orders were sent that the ladies should be entertained with all that Harfleur could supply, and invited the Duke and Earl to meet him at Amboise.

It is plain that Warwick's whole line of action had been dictated by his overweening love of domineering. His estates, joining in one those of Ledespencer, Montagu, and Beauchamp, were the largest ever held by a nobleman; and he was powerful enough to overthrow any sovereign who was not prepared to submit to his influence alone. On account of the influence of the Queen and her relations, he had overthrown Henry VI.; and when he found that Edward IV. had a will of his own, a queen of his own choosing, and a train of kindred despicable in the eyes of one of the proud old nobility, he would not endure it. The King had indeed taken him at unawares; but he believed that the greater part of the nation loved him passionately, and were prepared to do anything to overthrow the Woodvilles, even going so far as to lay hold of a scandalous calumny on the Duchess Cecily of York, which declared Edward IV. to be illegitimate, and thus putting his brother George in his place.

George was only about twenty, and shewed no signs of the fire that made Edward intolerable to Warwick; and besides, his wife was Warwick's daughter, so that the Earl's design was on his behalf. But in this Louis XI. would afford him no assistance. It was utterly unreasonable to set up a third pretender, especially against so valiant a man as Edward. The only chance for Warwick to obtain his revenge on this king was to espouse the cause of Lancaster, and collect under his banner all the scattered partizans of the Red Rose.

So far as his inclinations went anywhere, Louis XI. preferred the House of Lancaster; his mother, the one person whom he had loved, had deplored the fate of her niece, Queen Margaret; and besides, Edward had threatened to invade France. Therefore he made it clear to Warwick that his aid could only be bought on condition of a reconciliation with Queen Margaret, and of his attacking Edward in her cause.

It was a condition hard to endure, but Warwick's enmity to Edward was sufficient to make him consent, and even to obtain consent likewise from his son-in-law of Clarence. Louis then sent for Queen Margaret, who came from Verdun with her son, now a fine young man of eighteen, her father, and brother-in-law of Vaudémont, to his court at Tours.

With all the hopes that now opened before her, Margaret was still hard to deal with. She did not trust this inveterate foe; she could not forget his disinheritance of her son, or his insults to her husband, and she represented to the King that she might lose quite as many partizans in England as she gained by her reconciliation with him.

Warwick, on his side, made his defence that he would never have attempted harm to the Queen had he not been plotted against by her evil counsellors, and that there was no nobleman who would not have acted in the same manner, if, like him, driven to desperation—a lame defence, but he concluded by declaring 'that the King that now is' had kept such evil terms with him, that he was resolved to do everything for his undoing, and he asked the King of France to become surety for him.

Louis told the Queen he was more beholden to the Earl of Warwick than to any man living—whatever he meant by it; and he willingly offered himself as guarantee, proposing further to bind Warwick to the House of Lancaster, by a marriage between his second daughter, Anne, and young Edward, now eighteen, and the most beautiful and accomplished prince in Europe, with the piety of his father, and the spirit of his grandfather.

Margaret was greatly hurt at the thought of such an alliance, saying it was not for her son's honour or advantage, and producing a letter she had received from England, proposing a marriage between her son and Elizabeth, King Edward's daughter. Lord Oxford, who had been forced to make submission to York, was, however, received most graciously, she telling him that his pardon was easy to purchase, as she knew he had suffered much in the King's quarrels. He united his persuasions with

those of Louis, but for full fifteen days Margaret held out against them, and at last only yielded with tears, on finding all her advisers persuaded that such resistance would throw away her last hope.

Accordingly, all going to Angers, the cradle of the house of Plantagenet, Margaret swore to treat the Earl of Warwick as true and faithful, and never to reproach him with what was past. Thereupon Warwick swore to do his best to restore King Henry, with Prince Edward to act as regent; King Louis advanced forty-six thousand crowns, and raised two thousand archers, and the Prince of Wales and the Lady Anne Nevil were solemnly affianced, though they were not to be actually married till Warwick had crossed the sea, and recovered the greater part of the realm. Great rejoicings were made; and the birth of Louis's first and only son gave an opportunity of doing honour to Prince Edward, who stood as the godfather. Edward and the Lady Anne are said to have been much attached to one another, and there was a brief period of exceeding peace and joy under the influence of good old King René.

The only malcontent present was the Duke of Clarence, who was greatly disconcerted at finding that his father-in-law no longer intended to make him king, though being thoroughly false, he contrived to hide his resentment. A lady of his wife's suite, who had been left behind, came over from England with secret messages from Edward IV., on the folly of joining Warwick; and he sent messages in return declaring that he meant to desert Warwick and join his brother again as soon as they were in England!

The most zealous partizan then existing was Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy, who contrived to fill her husband with the same ardour in her brother's cause, so that he put a fleet to sea to prevent Warwick from landing in England, and sent him repeated warnings of the plans contrived against him in France.

But Edward was absorbed in pleasure and amusement, and paid no heed to warnings. He even laughed at the expense to which Duke Charles was going in intercepting Warwick, when he declared he wished nothing so much as to have him in England and to make an end of him; and he reposed the most complete confidence in Warwick's brothers, Montagu and the Archbishop of York, or at least seemed to do so, for Edward could be as false as Clarence, though being stronger, bolder, and more despotic, he seldom deemed it worth his while.

He was, however, completely deceived. Lord Fitzhugh, Warwick's brother-in-law, made a rising in the north for the very purpose of decoying him to a distance, and, together with Montagu and his forces, he marched northwards. The enemy were seven miles off, and Edward was recruiting himself for the battle by lying on his bed at noon-day, at Doncaster, when the serjeant of his minstrels burst in to tell him that all Montagu's men had thrown away the White Rose, and assumed the Ragged Staff of Warwick, and that they would speedily be upon him to make him prisoner. While he was speaking, a priest came in and

confirmed the tidings ; and it also appeared that Montagu and his friends were actually crying ‘ God bless King Henry ! ’

Edward was in a fortified house, only accessible by a single bridge, on which he posted a guard, sending out to make further inquiries. While he still delayed, Antony Woodville burst in with news that while a storm had dispersed the Burgundian fleet, Warwick had crossed the Channel, and that all the country was up in arms. Edward could only mount and ride off, leaving Hastings to gain time for him by a brief resistance and parley.

He rode as fast as he could travel to Lynn, in Norfolk, where he and his friends found two Dutch vessels and an English one just sailing for Holland, and put off without money, and with only the clothes they wore ; but their dangers were not over, for some Easterling pirates bore down on them, so that they had no escape but to run aground near the port of Alemaer. Here the pirates intended to attack them at the full tide ; but, in the meantime, the Sieur de Gruthuse, governor of the province, heard a report that the King of England was in the stranded ship, came out to him, and brought him safely into the Burgundian territories, Edward paying his passage with his gown furred with marten skins !

Meantime, Warwick and Clarence were on their way to London. Queen Elizabeth Woodville betook herself, with her three little girls, to the Sanctuary attached to the Abbey of Westminster ; and on the 6th of October, 1470, King Henry’s peaceful solitude in the Tower was interrupted by the entrance of the Earl, his great enemy, to kneel again in homage before him, and tender to him once more the crown he had snatched away.

These six years had passed gently away to one who had the spirit which could make his stone walls a hermitage. He had the Chapel of St. Peter-in-the-Fetters for his devotion, and was allowed books, birds, and a dog, for his recreation ; and that he did not pine would appear from his having grown to be a stout, instead of a slender, man. Indeed, it was in these verses that he looked back at his past days :—

Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay ;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.

To his keeper he gave these two sentences :—

Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly : this meriteth mercy when causeless is suffered sorrow.

Nought else is war but fury and madness—wherein is not advice, but rashness ; not right, but rage, ruleth and reigneth.

Whether he felt pain or joy when his foe bent the knee, and he found himself led out once more to the dreary experience of rage and rashness raving round him, history records not: only that he was taken at once to the Bishop's palace, and thence, on the 13th of October, walked to St. Paul's with the crown on his head. No attempt was made to molest the fugitives in the Sanctuary at Westminster, where, on the 1st of November, Elizabeth Woodville gave birth to the first prince she had borne, and to whom she gave the name of Edward; but affairs looked gloomy for his inheritance; and the year 1470 went out with Henry on the throne.

In France and in Burgundy there were earnest longings to be on the scene of action. Queen Margaret and her Edward were exhausting King René's resources to raise a force wherewith to maintain their cause; and King Edward and his sister Margaret were besetting the Duke of Burgundy with entreaties that he would bring back the White Rose with a high hand.

Duke Charles was not prepared to bring on himself a war with France on behalf of his brother-in-law, and would give him no open aid, but he made him a present of fifty thousand florins, and obtained ships for him; while Clarence, through the Duchess, sent promises of espousing his brother's cause as soon as he should be in arms again. It was terribly stormy weather that February; Warwick, really anxious for once, for the spirited Queen and her gallant son, to shew to the people, went to Dover to meet them, and still they came not. Margaret was at Harfleur, trying to sail. She had twice embarked, but driven back with ships sorely damaged; Edward was at Walcheren, where his determination, and probably also the superior seamanship of the Dutch sailors, enabled him to embark with his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and two thousand Englishmen, on the 2nd of March. Though the winds were contrary he would not disembark, but tossed up and down for nine days in the harbour, ere he could cross to Cromer, where he sent a boat ashore for some gentlemen of his party; but they advised him not to land there, since the Duke of Norfolk was in prison in London, and the Earl of Oxford was watching the coast.

He sailed again, in the teeth of a fresh tempest, and on the 14th of March was forced, by imminent peril of shipwreck, to run in at Ravenspur, the very place where, seventy-two years before, Henry of Lancaster had landed on the same errand. He resolved to take a leaf out of Henry's book, and causing Lord Hastings and the five hundred men who were with him, to assume the ostrich feather, the badge of the Prince of Wales, he declared himself to be come not to demand the crown, but the duchy of York, to which his claim was undoubted. His brother, Richard of Gloucester, and his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers, also safely landed with their men, and uniting, they all marched together inland. Great bodies of men watched them from a distance, but neither joined nor attacked them as they made for York; and when they reached

the gates of the city, it was intimated to Edward that he would not be admitted if he came as King, but that he could only be welcomed as Duke of York. In fact, the country was lying spent and wearied out with the long civil war, heeding little to whom it submitted, and only regarding with enmity whoever was first in taking up arms to renew its misery. Oaths never cost the Yorkist brothers much, and Edward consented to enter the city with only sixteen men, and there solemnly swore on the Altar at the Cathedral that he gave up all pretensions to the crown.

Then he advanced, passing Pontefract Castle, where Lord Montagu was in command, but never stirred, partly, it would seem, because Edward's motions had been so swift that he could not get his men together for resistance, and partly because of a real affection for the youth for whom he had so long fought, and perhaps a lingering hope that Edward might content himself with his dukedom.

On marched Edward towards the midland counties, the very centre of Warwick's power, and where the great Earl was collecting his forces, but they were evidently tardy of coming in to the muster; and Edward pushed on at his swiftest, and came to Nottingham before Warwick was ready to take the field. There was a challenge sent from the King to the Earl, which Warwick refused to accept, and he likewise rejected the King's offer of pardon and restoration to his favour. To be merely pardoned and endured, on sufferance, would have been too bitter to the proud king-maker; but at this very time Clarence ordered the army he had raised on King Henry's behalf to assume the White Rose, and led them all to rejoin his brother.

Both armies drew towards London, where the possession of England would have to be determined. Archbishop Nevil led King Henry through the streets to St. Paul's, but the populace were more inclined to scorn than to pity his meek helplessness, and merely guarded their gates without espousing his cause.

On Maundy Thursday Edward was admitted, and at once sent King Henry and the Archbishop of York to the Tower, while joyfully taking his queen and infant son from the Sanctuary that had sheltered them for six months.

He left the city again, however, on Easter Eve, taking Henry with him to meet the Nevils, who were fast advancing from the north. Ten miles out, at Barnet, they found themselves in front of the enemy, but it was so nearly dark that they could only lie down under the hedges. The King thought he was in front of Warwick's army, whereas, in fact, he was only opposite to his left wing; and the mistake proved fortunate, for the Earl, being under the same error, caused his heavy cannon to be fired the whole night, thinking they were making havoc in the Yorkist ranks, whereas the balls fell harmless, and the flash shewed the whereabouts of the Nevil followers. Strange Easter night that it was, the first night of fair weather for many weeks, and in it Queen Margaret, her fair son, and Warwick's daughter, were sailing across to England, and coming

ashore at Weymouth, while their champion was lying on his arms upon Barnet Heath.

Easter Day, the 14th of April, dawned in heavy mist; but long before light, by four or five in the morning, the King was in the field arraying his forces. Each army was in three divisions—Edward, his brother Richard, who was only nineteen, and Lord Hastings, being severally opposed to Somerset, Warwick, and Montagu.

Oxford, who was in Montagu's division, gained completely the advantage over Hastings, and pursued him into the town of Barnet; but marching back to the assistance of Warwick, who was hardly bested by the Duke of Gloucester, the radiant star of the De Veres was mistaken for the resplendent sun of King Edward, the succour was received with a discharge of arrows. In that period of double-dyed treacheries, when no man durst trust in friend or brother, the mistake was fatal to Warwick's division; and as Somerset was already giving way before the King, the rout of the Lancastrians was complete, and the slaughter terrific. Warwick and Montagu fell on the field, Exeter was left for dead, Somerset and Oxford escaped to Wales, and full seven thousand were butchered.

Such were the tidings that met Margaret and her son upon the coast. The Queen swooned away on hearing them, and at once took sanctuary in Cerne Abbey; while the Countess of Warwick found a refuge at Beaulieu Abbey. But the Duke of Somerset, making his way to the Queen, encouraged her, by reminding her that in Warwick they had lost one who would only be a friend, if he were allowed to domineer, and that many Lancastrians would fight for her far more willingly when she was no longer encumbered by their personal enemy. There was much truth in this; but Margaret still declared that 'no good would be done in the field this time,' and strongly entreated her friends to allow her to take her son safely back to France, and tarry there for better hope.

Somerset, whose house was always the bane of Lancaster, made strong opposition, and hotly told the Queen that 'all were determined, while their lives lasted, to make war against their enemies;' and Prince Edward, taking fire at the approach of battle, refused to turn his back without striking a blow for his father's liberty and kingdom.

'Well, be it so,' said the Queen; and all dispersed to collect the scattered friends of Lancaster in the western counties, agreeing to meet at Exeter; but keeping their plans such a secret that King Edward could only remain on the watch at Windsor, ready to rush with all his promptitude to intercept them wherever they should make head, and march for London. He found the country unwilling to join him, the little army he had gained Barnet with was all he had to trust to, for he had been a disappointment to his friends, and the nation was sick of the war. On his own alertness all must depend.

Margaret, on the other hand, gathered strength all the way from Exeter into Somersetshire, whither the King now marched, still keep-

ing, however, where he could fall on her when he saw whether she would turn towards London, or into Wales to join the army that Jasper Tudor had there raised.

It was for Wales that the Lancastrians made, but they had to cross the Severn, and Gloucester, which stood between them and the bridge, closed her gates against them. A siege, with the King behind them, would have been too perilous, and they could only march on, pursued by the King, and thus they reached the fair park of Tewkesbury, after thirty-six miles of continuous march, without food, so that though Margaret urged that rest was perilous, the men were too utterly exhausted to go further, and Somerset doggedly declared that there they would abide and take such fortune as Heaven should send.

It was the 3rd of May, Edward was at Cheltenham, his army likewise exhausted by a thirty miles march, without 'horse meat or man's meat,' over the Cotswold Hills, but when he heard that the Lancastrians had stopped, he only gave his men time to eat the food they had carried with them, and led them that night to within three miles of the camp at Tewkesbury.

His battles were always fought in very early morning, and this, his last, was no exception. As soon as it was light he placed the vanguard under his brother of Gloucester, himself took the centre, and gave the rear to Antony Woodville, now Lord Rivers, placing two hundred spearmen to watch the corner of a wood, where he expected the enemy to plant an ambush.

But as in Edward himself was comprised all the military skill that the experience of this weary war had created, no one else had had the sense to think of this wood, and the party were thus at liberty to come suddenly down to his assistance, when the Duke of Somerset, by force of numbers and hard fighting, had absolutely broken Edward's lines, and was pressing Gloucester hard. Small as the body was, this sudden attack so disconcerted Somerset's men that they were driven backwards into the park at Tewkesbury, and into the town, where Somerset found Sir John Wenlock sitting quietly on his horse in the market-place, without having moved to his assistance. Furious at this indifference or treachery, Somerset clove Wenlock's skull with his battle-axe, and thus added to the general confusion. The attendants seeing the day lost, carried the Queen in a swooning state to a small convent, together with her daughter-in-law, and the other ladies.

Slaughter was raging everywhere. As usual the Yorkists gave no quarter, and no one was left alive but Somerset and some other nobles and knights who had rushed into the church. The brave and beautiful Prince Edward of Lancaster was taken alive, indeed, and dragged to King Edward's tent, where the contending cousins, for the first time, looked one another in the face.

'What brings you to England?' demanded Edward of York.

'To seek my father's crown and my own inheritance,' replied Edward of Lancaster, with a gaze as bold and free as his own.

Rage alone was ruling in the King's brutalized mind, and he struck the brave youth on the face with his gauntlet; Clarence, who was present, though he had been trusted with no command, followed up the base blow with a more deadly one with his sword, Gloucester struck too, the attendants closed in, and the last of the lineage of Henry IV. lay dead upon the ground.

Some dispute the crime because contemporary chronicles speak of the Prince as simply slain in the battle; but it is not improbable that in cooler moments Edward was anxious to slur over the obloquy of such shedding of kindred blood, and of a prisoner of war, and that the story may have been suppressed in records of the Yorkist party; while others in the Lancastrian interest enhance the horror, by declaring that his mother had been brought in at the same time, and that the murder took place before her eyes. This, however, is not likely, for other authorities state that Sir William Stanley rudely informed her the next day of this crowning horror. Another account leaves the whole burthen of the crime on Edward and his attendants, exonerating Clarence and Gloucester.

Edward was lashed up to a state of fury. There was something of the tiger in his nature. When gorging himself with pleasure, it was almost impossible to rouse him, and he could be almost weakly good-natured; but when once provoked, his swiftness was portentous, and his thirst for blood and revenge deadly. After the slaughter of his rival, he headed the troop of maddened warriors who were trying to break into Tewkesbury Church, where Somerset and others had taken refuge. Lancastrians had never broken sanctuary, and for six months Edward's own wife, children, and best friends, had owed their safety to this religious awe; but it was not till a brave priest, standing in the doorway with the Host in his hands, refused to move till the King should promise not to break in upon the holy ground, that Edward swore to respect the lives of all within. On the third day, however, a party of armed men burst in, dragged out Somerset, the Prior of the Knights of St. John, six knights, and seven squires, and brought them before the Dukes of Norfolk and Gloucester, by whose command they were all beheaded.

Meantime, Thomas Nevil, a son of Lord Falconberg, who had commanded a part of the navy under his cousin Warwick, made a gallant attempt with his ships in the Thames to carry off King Henry before the savage victor could return to take revenge. He fought hard in the suburbs, did much harm for two days, and was only beaten off, and forced to re-embark, by the report that Edward was near at hand.

Poor King Henry! His son slain, his wife a captive, it would have been a sore addition to his miseries to have been snatched from his quiet chamber in the Tower to become the toy of a rude pirate adventurer! Patience, his armour and his conquest, had done her perfect work in him; and on the day after Edward had marched triumphantly into London,

with Margaret of Anjou a captive in his train—on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1471—the fair meek face of Henry of Windsor, in the calm of death, was gazed on by the citizens in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, after fifty years of life, and forty-five years of reign, the difference being subtracted not, as usual, at the beginning but at the end of his life.

How he died is unknown. Yorkists said it was of grief, but his patience and resignation forbade this belief, and it was almost certain that the attempt of Nevil having made it evident that as long as he lived there would be insurrections on his behalf, the rival King caused him to be put to death. When Richard of Gloucester had drawn on himself universal hatred, he came to be popularly regarded as the family executioner, and was supposed to have gone in person to stab King Henry; but it is hardly credible that a youth of nineteen would have brought himself thus to murder an unoffending old captive, without necessity; unless, indeed, any awe of Henry's anointed majesty, and exceeding holiness, made it difficult to find any person willing to act as murderer, in which case he might have undertaken the deed.

‘ Henry, thou of holy birth,
Thou to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity and name and grave!
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek and pure and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resigned;
Blessing, as he kissed the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.’

In such a spirit, no doubt, Henry died, whether it were in peace or by the dagger. His queen, her brave spirit broken at last, became a prisoner in the Tower on the day his remains were carried from it, not to Windsor, but to Chertsey, where his tomb was regarded as that of a martyr, and miracles were said to be wrought at it.

So closed the line of Lancaster—a gifted race, but ruined by their usurpation, and fatally damaged by the haughtiness and unpopularity of the Beauforts, who had linked their fortunes with them, and whose semi-princely state was intolerable to the old feudal nobility.

That nobility, often patriotic, always turbulent, had in the long minority of Henry VI., and the licence of the foreign wars, risen to an overweening strength; and their pride was increased by the fact that few of the higher rank were unconnected with the royal blood, so wide had the ramifications of the house of Plantagenet become. There was little or no distinction between a prince and a peer, and apparently the Beauforts, uncertain of their real position, gave offence by assumptions of superiority.

The power of the nobles came to a head in the Earl of Warwick, who collecting in one the inheritances of three great families, was the most

mighty man as to position that England has ever nourished. To use that power to direct the king seems to have been the purpose of his life. When one king was influenced against this exclusive direction, he set up a rival; when that rival proved too spirited to submit to his dictation, he first tried to raise his own son-in-law, then turned back to the house he had dethroned. His course never seems to have been patriotic; it was for his own supremacy that he fought, and the sides taken in the combat were rather determined by Nevil connections or enmities than by principle. No one cared for the legitimist claims of York, except as a handle against Margaret; and all the real principle and loyalty evinced in the conflict was on the Lancastrian side. It was a war of mere party among the nobles, not of the people, who simply acquiesced—and its ultimate effect was the utter exhaustion of the nobility—and thus the gradual emancipation of the class immediately below them from the pressure of the feudal system.

(To be continued.)

SPECTROSCOPIC TEACHINGS.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE

DELIVERED AT CHELMSFORD, ON FEBRUARY 16TH, 1870;

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S., AUTHOR OF 'SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM,' &c. !

THERE are few scientific inventions or discoveries which have not been more or less clearly anticipated by thoughtful men in former ages. The powers of the telescope, for example, were clearly described by Friar Bacon, long before Galileo first made use of them. Lord Bacon, in that strange work, the *Silva Silvarum*, spoke by anticipation of the days when people would pass to and fro many times more swiftly than in his age, and when it would even be possible for men to rise above the earth's surface and voyage in the upper regions of air. The processes of photography, and the wonders of the electric telegraph, seem also clearly foreshadowed in the 'Century of Inventions,' by the Marquis of Worcester. Although the actual use of all these inventions may have been a new thing, yet the ideas themselves had been so plainly presented in old times, that men of science were almost prepared to recognize as true, even in our day, the saying of Solomon, that 'there is nothing new under the sun.'

It is the distinguishing characteristic of the instrument of research I am now to treat of, that no man, however daring his conceptions, had ever ventured to describe by anticipation its wondrous powers. That the range of man's vision might be so extended as to bring objects under his study which are not perceptible to ordinary eyesight, was a daring thought. That men should be able so to bend the powers of nature to their purposes, as to pass from place to place with a rapidity wholly

beyond their own unaided powers, and to send messages in an instant over hundreds or thousands of miles, these were conceptions which must have seemed as day-dreams to those who could not see them realized. But no man, not even the most profound and thoughtful, ever ventured to conceive that it would be given to science to analyze the substance of sun and stars, of the far-distant nebulae, of erratic comets, nay even of those falling stars which shine but for a few moments in our skies.

A method of research so powerful and so far-reaching is well worthy even of that thoughtful and attentive consideration which will be necessary before we can proceed to dwell upon the results—the most interesting yet revealed to astronomers—which have followed its application to celestial objects.

I may institute a sort of general comparison between the work of the spectroscope and that of the telescope, on this wise:—We may regard infinite space as resembling in a sense a wide ocean, and the light proceeding from the various celestial objects, as waves traversing that ocean and beating on the shores of an isle—our earth—which lies upon its bosom. Now we can conceive that the inhabitants of such an isle might be rendered cognizant of the existence of other lands across that ocean by noticing the currents which reached their shores in various directions. And if by any contrivance they could render the waves which poured in upon their coasts more obvious to their senses, a contrivance of that sort might be compared to a telescope. For instance, we know that the tidal wave, which sweeps in scarcely perceptible undulations over the broad expanse of the Atlantic, rises in the narrow channels round our shores into well-marked waves; and we can readily conceive that artificial devices of a similar sort might be employed to increase yet further the sway of those waves. What the telescope does is of this character. It gathers together light-waves which would else proceed in divergent paths, and by accumulating their action renders them sensible as they beat upon that narrow beach, the eye of the astronomer. But now let us conceive the water of our imaginary ocean subjected to a wholly different process; let us conceive that instead of intensifying its action, an attempt were made to determine its nature and qualities, to sift it, in fact, so as to render sensible the peculiarities characterizing the different currents which reach us from different directions—then that process would correspond to the method of research called spectroscopic analysis. While the telescope, in fact, may be called the *light-gatherer*, the spectroscope may be termed not inaptly the *light-sifter*.

We must turn to the days of Newton to reach the beginning of that long and arduous series of researches of which the new mode of analysis has been the reward. It is worthy of notice, in passing, that those researches have been carried out in the face of what seemed the most obvious evidence of their inutility. From a mere love of science, and without knowing whither their researches might conduct them—whether

to results merely curious and inviting but new speculation, or to that rich reward of fruition which the man of science recognizes in the final solution of long-vexed problems—physicists have persevered in their investigations, adding one discovery to another, until finally the key to the whole was placed as by a lucky accident in their hands.

Sir Isaac Newton, while pursuing his inquiries into the laws of optics, was led to inquire whether light is homogeneous, or is made up of rays differing in character. He allowed the sun's light, received through a small circular hole into a darkened chamber, to fall upon a prism of glass. It follows from the laws of optics, that the pencil of light thus falling would be merely bent by the action of the prism, and emerge—a circular pencil as before—if light were homogeneous. But if the rays forming solar light be different in character, some would be more bent than others, and so in place of a circular pencil of white light, there would emerge a fan-shaped pencil of coloured light. This, as everyone knows, was what Newton found actually to be the case. He found that the solar light is made up of light-rays of all the colours of the rainbow, that the violet rays are more bent by the prism's influence than the indigo, these than the blue, and so on; so that when a screen was placed to receive the image, instead of a circular white spot, a streak of light was seen, red at the lowest point, (supposing the prism so placed as to bend the light upwards,) and changing through all the tints of the rainbow to violet at the highest.

Now, if we consider what really happens when light is analyzed, as in Newton's experiment, we shall understand what has been the special point which his successors have aimed at.

The deepest red rays, in Newton's experiment, form on the screen a circular or oval image, so do rays of the next tint of red, and so do rays of each separate tint (not merely of the seven so-called prismatic hues) up to those of the deepest violet. All these circular or oval images necessarily overlap, and so the *spectrum* (as the image is called) passes by insensible gradations from red to violet.

But it occurred to Wollaston that *all* the tints may not exist in the spectrum; that by taking, instead of a circle, a *line* of light, and forming a spectrum which should exhibit a series of coloured images of this line, instead of a series of coloured images of a circle, there would no longer be any overlapping, (or not so much,) and *thus some of the images might be found wanting*.

He found this to be actually the case. Looking through a prism at a distant narrow chink through which the sun's light was passing, he saw a spectrum across which were several dark lines—*gaps in the solar colour-scale*.

But, although Wollaston was the actual discoverer of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, these have been named after Fraünhofer, a German optician of our own day, who was the first to pay close attention to the phenomenon. By narrowing yet more the aperture

through which the light was admitted, and by increasing the dispersive power of his prismatic apparatus, he was able to detect upwards of six hundred lines in the solar spectrum. He also employed a telescope to examine the dispersed light, in place of viewing it as Wollaston had done, with the unaided eye.

More recently the numbers of the dark lines—Fraunhofer's lines, as they are called—has been so increased, that they are now counted by thousands. Nor, indeed, does any limit seem to exist to our power of detecting new lines, or resolving single lines into several, except the limit due to the costliness of the instruments by which increased dispersive power is to be obtained.

Such then is the solar spectrum—a rainbow-tinted streak of light crossed by a multitude of dark lines. Every one of these lines, we shall see as we proceed, teaches its own distinctive lesson.

It was obviously desirable that light of other sorts should be submitted to prismatic analysis, in order that physicists might ascertain whether the peculiarities seen in the solar spectrum characterized light of all sorts, or belonged only to solar light.

First, the light from various incandescent substances was examined, with this result, that light from such sources was found to give, like solar light, a rainbow-tinted spectrum; but this spectrum is not crossed by dark lines like the solar spectrum.

Next, the light from glowing vapours was analyzed. A most interesting result rewarded the inquiry. It was found that the spectrum of a glowing gas neither resembles the solar spectrum nor that from an incandescent solid or fluid; but consists of certain bright lines only. Thus the vapour of sodium gives a spectrum consisting simply of a double yellow (or rather orange-yellow) line. Burning hydrogen gives a spectrum in which there are three bright lines—one in the red, one in the green, and one in the indigo, part of the spectrum. And so with other glowing vapours, each has its characteristic spectrum.

Then the light of the electric discharge was analyzed. At first the results were rather perplexing. It was found that the spectrum consisted of bright lines; but some observers recognized lines which were not seen in the spectra obtained by others, under seemingly similar conditions. When the flash passed between electrodes formed of particular metals, certain characteristic lines were always seen; but sometimes other lines were visible at the same time. At length it was found that the nature of the vapour through which the discharge took place affected the resulting spectrum; or rather, two spectra were visible at once, one belonging to the metals in the electrodes *between* which, the other to the vapour or vapours *through* which, the electric flash passed. The metallic spectra were those corresponding to the various metals when in the *vaporous* state.

Then the spectra of several stars were examined, and it was found that, though of course much fainter, they in general respects resemble the

solar spectrum, consisting of a rainbow-tinted streak crossed by a number of dark lines.

Lastly, it was found that when the light from an incandescent source passes through vapour, dark lines cross the rainbow-tinted streak which forms, as I have said, the spectrum of an incandescent body.

Here were many facts of sufficient interest to attract attention ; but seemingly so disconnected, that all attempts to combine them into one consistent theory appeared hopeless. Yet one discovery was to interpret them all, and to change a series of barren results into the most fruitful mode of scientific research yet revealed to man.

In 1859, the German physicist, Kirchhoff, was testing a result which Fraunhofer had announced many years before. Fraunhofer had said that the position of a certain double dark line in the solar spectrum corresponded exactly with the position of the double bright line which forms the spectrum of burning sodium. Kirchhoff found that this assertion is correct. He brought the solar spectrum and the spectrum of burning sodium into view together, and there were the double dark line and the double bright line, exactly opposite each other.

But now the idea occurred to Kirchhoff that he might compare the intensity of the sodium lines and the solar spectrum by superposing one spectrum on the other. He expected, of course, to find that the light from the sodium lines would in a sense fill up the double gap in the solar spectrum, and he hoped by reducing the brilliancy of the latter, to make these particular dark lines absolutely vanish. He therefore placed the sodium flame directly in the path of the solar rays which fell on the slit of his spectroscope. To his great surprise, now that he had the sodium light actually supplementing the sun-light, and tending, as one would imagine, to diminish the distinctness of the two dark lines, these actually stood out more intensely black than usual. So far from having the power of lighting up the dark lines, where Kirchhoff knew its light was falling, the sodium flame had actually cut off even that portion of the solar light which reached these so-called dark lines, and left them more black than the other dark lines.

To test the matter more thoroughly, to see whether indeed the sodium flame had the power of intercepting light in this way, Kirchhoff employed the electric light instead of the sun's. Since the electric light comes from an incandescent solid, its spectrum is perfectly continuous. If when this light shone through the sodium flame the spectrum remained continuous, or bright lines appeared where the sodium flame alone would give bright lines, Kirchhoff would have judged that he had been deceived in the former experiment. But no ; *there* across the rainbow-tinted spectrum of the electric light, stood out the particular double dark line of the solar spectrum which coincides in position with the double bright line of sodium. Though the electric light alone would have illuminated those dark gaps like the remainder of the spectrum, and though the glowing sodium vapour alone would have illumined the

very same lines, *the combination of the two sources of light produced darkness.*

Kirchhoff at once seized on the interpretation of his discovery; and no nobler generalization has ever rewarded the labours of the physicist. Every vapour, he asserted, has the power of absorbing light of that particular kind which it is capable of emitting; so that precisely as the existence of certain bright lines in a spectrum indicates that such and such glowing vapours are the source of light, so the existence of corresponding dark lines across a rainbow-tinted spectrum, indicates that those same vapours absorb light proceeding from an incandescent source.

The interest and importance of this generalization are well illustrated by considering the meaning of the very observation which led to it. The existence of a double dark line in the solar spectrum, corresponding exactly in position with the double bright line of glowing sodium, proved that the element sodium—the basis of our familiar salt and soda—exists in the sun which shines upon us from beyond ninety millions of miles!

But Kirchhoff did not stop here. He saw at once that he had a means of analyzing the solar constitution; he proceeded to compare the bright lines in the spectra of different elements with the dark solar lines; and he found that a number of the so-called terrestrial elements exist in the atmosphere of the sun.

The spectrum of iron consists of an almost countless number of bright lines. When Kirchhoff compared these with the dark lines in the solar spectrum, he found that every bright line has its dark counterpart. No doubt can exist, therefore, that iron exists in the sun.

In a similar manner Kirchhoff proved that magnesium, barium, zinc, calcium, nickel, copper, and chromium, exist in the sun. Gold is probably present, though the characteristic lines are not all nor distinctly visible. The lines belonging to silver, mercury, lead, tin, and other metals, have not yet been recognized in the solar spectrum. We are not, however, to conclude that these metals do not exist in the substance of the sun. The negative evidence of the spectroscope, in such a case, is not decisive, as its positive teachings are. The probability, indeed, seems to be in favour of the existence of all those substances in the sun, which we have been in the habit of terming the terrestrial elements; the very fact that we have proved some to be present, leading to the inference that in general respects the sun is constituted as the earth is. The various elements may exist in different proportions in the sun, as undoubtedly they exist in a different condition; but the same materials doubtless constitute both orbs.

And here I may note, in passing, an interesting general conclusion which may be deduced not unreasonably from this result. We cannot suppose that the tiny globe on which we live is the only member of the planetary scheme which is constructed of the same materials as the great centre of the system. In Mercury and Mars and Venus, and passing

beyond the mysterious zone of Asteroids, in giant Jupiter, ringed Saturn, and the distant Uranus and Neptune, there must exist the same general resemblance to the globe which rules over all these orbs. And thus a new argument is afforded for the belief that those other worlds, like our own earth, are intended to be the abodes not only of life, but of creatures possessing intelligence, and so able to apply the various elements to the useful purposes they subserve to ourselves.

We have seen how Kirchhoff at once applied the new mode of research to the examination of the solar structure. But it is obvious that there are no limits to the application of spectroscopic analysis. As certainly as the chemist can avail himself of its teachings in the quiet of his laboratory and in the analysis of substances which are, so to speak, in his hands, the astronomer can analyze by its means the stars which shine from beyond distances so vast that the sun's enormous distance sinks by comparison into utter insignificance.

There were certain practical difficulties in the application of the spectroscope to the analysis of stellar light, into which I need not here enter. Rutherford of America, Fr. Secchi of Rome, and our Astronomer Royal, were not successful in their attempts to obtain trustworthy results. But at length the problem was mastered by the persevering efforts of Professor Miller and Mr. Huggins, who together examined the spectra of a large number of the fixed stars.

Sirius, the brightest fixed star in the heavens, was found to exhibit a spectrum of singular complexity and interest. As this star does not rise to any great height above the horizon in our latitudes, its spectrum could not be examined very satisfactorily. Its light, passing through the denser atmospheric strata, was unsteady and flickering, and the delicate work of comparing the dark lines in its spectrum with the bright lines of various metallic and other spectra was thus rendered exceedingly difficult. Yet the two physicists were able to establish the existence of sodium, iron, magnesium, and hydrogen, in this distant sun.

Aldebaran, the bright star in the head of the Bull, was subjected to a most careful examination. The spectrum of this star is crossed by a multitude of dark lines, the places of more than eighty of which were carefully measured by the two observers. They were able to place beyond a doubt the existence of sodium, iron, magnesium, calcium, mercury, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and hydrogen, in this red orb, while other elements as yet undetermined obviously exist in its substance.

The bright star Betelgeux, in the shoulder of Orion, was subjected to equally careful analysis. The spectrum of this star is remarkable on account of the absence of hydrogen, or at least of the two well-marked lines corresponding to this gas. It may be that the absence of these lines is simply due to the fact that the hydrogen existing in the vaporous envelope of this star gives out as much light as it absorbs or more. In the case of our own sun, for instance, the dark lines of hydrogen are occasionally found reversed, bright lines taking their place, when the

spectrum of particular parts of the sun's surface are examined. It may be that a similar state of things prevails ordinarily in the case of Betelgeux and those other stars in whose spectra the hydrogen lines are not seen. Professor Miller and Mr. Huggins found that sodium, iron, calcium, magnesium, thallium, and bismuth, exist in the substance of Betelgeux.

About fifty stars were examined, with more or less attentive scrutiny. In all cases the spectra were crossed by a multitude of dark lines, and in nearly all the existence of several well-known terrestrial elements was placed beyond a doubt.

And here again we may pause to consider the interesting lesson which is taught us by these researches. We have seen that the constitution of our sun resembles, in general respects, that of his attendant planets. We may conclude that the same law holds in the case of the fixed stars, which are, we know, suns like our own. Since then the orbs which circle around Sirius and Betelgeux, and Aldebaran doubtless contain the familiar terrestrial elements—magnesium and sodium and iron—what conclusion can we form but that these elements exist out yonder in space for much the same purposes as on our own earth—to subserve, that is, the wants of intelligent as well as non-intelligent beings? It would be rash, indeed, to say that since iron exists in such and such a world dependent on Aldebaran, therefore in that world there must be at this moment creatures capable of applying that metal to arts or sciences or manufactures; because we know that for ages iron remained buried in the depths of earth with none to make use of it. But it seems by no means unreasonable to conclude that the stores of iron in that distant world were intended to be used by intelligent creatures, either in past ages, or now, or at some future epoch.

By a singularly fortunate chance, Mr. Huggins was able to apply the new mode of analysis to a fixed star of an altogether exceptional character. In May, 1867, a new star suddenly blazed out in the constellation called the Northern Crown. I say a new star blazed out, but it would be more correct to say that a telescopic star suddenly acquired extraordinary brilliancy—since the place where the bright star appeared had been occupied by a ninth-magnitude star, and this star still occupies its former place, though its suddenly-acquired splendour has long since passed away.

When Mr. Huggins applied his spectroscope to the examination of this interesting object, he found that the spectrum presented an appearance quite distinct from that of any stellar spectrum he had before examined. There was, as usual, the rainbow-tinted streak crossed by dark lines; but in addition to this spectrum, there was a spectrum of bright lines, superposed, so to speak, upon the continuous spectrum. Two of these bright lines corresponded in position with the hydrogen lines. It was evident, therefore, that there had been a sudden outburst of hydrogen flames around that distant orb.

It has been common to speak of the blazing forth of this star as indicating the occurrence of some terrible catastrophe—as though a sun had suddenly increased in splendour a hundredfold or more, and so the orbs circling around him had either been destroyed or converted into lifeless wastes, as would undoubtedly happen to this earth if our sun were to blaze forth with a correspondingly increased splendour. But I think there is little ground for this belief. It seems to me far more probable, that the star round which this great conflagration took place is in reality much nearer, and therefore much smaller, than has been supposed; that it is not in truth a sun, but belongs to that class of small stars seen in the Milky Way and the Magellanic Clouds—stars which bear about the same relation to such suns as Arcturus and Vega as the Asteroids bear to the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

And now let us consider the results of the new analysis as applied to the examination of the mysterious objects called *nebulae*. These objects had long been recognized as being for the most part galaxies of stars—of suns that is, like our own—which lie at enormous distances beyond the bounds of the sidereal system; and it seemed as though the spectroscopist were now about to push the powers of the new analysis to their utmost, by extending thus greatly the range of distance over which it was to operate.

The first observation made on the *nebulae* served to shew, however, that there is a distinctive difference between some at least of these objects and stars or star-groups. In place of a continuous spectrum, Mr. Huggins found that the first nebula he examined gave a spectrum of bright lines. At first he could detect only one line, but afterwards he found there were three. One of these corresponded to the green line of hydrogen; another indicated the existence of nitrogen in the substance of the nebula; while he was unable to identify the third line with a line belonging to any known spectrum.

It followed from this observation that certain *nebulae* are gaseous, a view which had been strenuously upheld by Sir William Herschel three quarters of a century ago.

Other *nebulae* give spectra resembling those of the fixed stars. These therefore may be clusters of stars, though whether they be in reality external galaxies resembling the sidereal system, is a question open to very grave doubt.

More mysterious in many respects even than the *nebulae*, comets have been studied by astronomers with but little success, nay, rather with ever-increasing perplexity. Hitherto it has not been possible to apply spectroscopic analysis to their study under favourable conditions, because the comets which have appeared of late years have not been very brilliant. Only one, indeed, has had a tail, or been visible to the naked eye. Still, results have been obtained which are full of interest in themselves, and still more in the promise they afford respecting the fruits of spectroscopic research applied to comets as brilliant as Halley's or Donati's.

In all cases the nucleus of a comet has been found to be gaseous and self-luminous, while the outer part or coma seems to shine by reflecting the solar light. As respects the former point there can be no question, because the spectrum of the nucleus consists of bands of light; but since the spectrum of the coma is continuous, it remains not quite clear whether the light of the coma comes from incandescent particles or is simply reflected solar light. The last comet examined with the spectro-scope gave a result which is singularly interesting. Mr. Huggins found that the spectrum of the nucleus shews so close a resemblance to the spectrum of carbon, as to leave no doubt that the substance of the comet contains this peculiar element. It is difficult to understand whence the heat comes by which such a substance as carbon is vaporized in the comet's nucleus; but no doubt can exist that the light of the nucleus really does come from the glowing vapour of carbon. Perhaps electrical discharges, excited in some unknown way by the solar action, may take place between discrete particles of carbon, and so the spectrum of glowing carbon-vapour be exhibited. But in the present state of our knowledge it is idle and perhaps unwise to speculate on questions which will probably soon be solved by observation.

The light of meteors cannot readily be submitted to spectroscopic analysis, because these objects flash so swiftly athwart the heavens. But by an ingenious contrivance, devised by Professor Alexander Herschel and carried into practice by Mr. Browning, F.R.A.S., the optician, it has been found possible to examine meteoric spectra during those nights when these objects appear in showers. It has been found that while the light of many meteors comes from incandescent substances, others are in the state of vapour. Some especially of those which fell during the night of August 10th, 1867, were found by Professor Herschel to exhibit the bright line of sodium so distinctly, that he compared the condition of these objects to the flame of a Bunsen's lamp newly trimmed and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt.

Recently the spectroscope has been applied successfully to resolve certain questions of solar physics which had long perplexed astronomers; and one such question still remains for solution, which physicists hope to see answered during the total eclipse of December next.

The coloured prominences seen round the sun during a total eclipse are phenomena, into whose nature it had seemed almost hopeless to inquire before the invention of the spectroscope. Seen only at intervals of several years, and then only for a few brief minutes, these objects promised to baffle all research. Few men can hope to witness more than three or four total eclipses in the course of their lives, and few, indeed, have seen so many. Thus no astronomer could hope to devote more than about twenty minutes of his life to the study of these strange protuberances; and who could hope in so short a time to give a satisfactory answer to all the perplexing questions suggested by the aspect of these objects? Accordingly, we find that while some

astronomers thought the prominences are mountains, others held that they are flames, while others again were in favour of the theory that they are clouds.

It is the peculiarity of the spectroscope that it resolves in a moment questions to which other modes of research might be applied for years ineffectually. During the great eclipse of August, 1868, the powers of the new instrument were applied for the first time to the problem presented by the prominences, and in a moment, the mere apparition of a few bright lines as the prominence-spectrum shewed that these objects are enormous masses of glowing vapour.

I pass over * the interesting series of researches by which Lockyer and Janssen independently found that the prominence-spectra can be examined when the sun is not eclipsed; and Huggins shewed that the prominences themselves can be rendered visible by aid of the spectroscope. It remains only that I should consider the perplexing evidence obtained respecting the corona (or crown of glory surrounding the eclipsed sun) during the total eclipse of last August, and the probability that during the eclipse visible in southern Europe towards the close of the present year, the difficult problem presented by the corona may be satisfactorily solved.

It had been noticed during the eclipse of August, 1868, that the spectrum of the corona seemed to be continuous; but some doubt existed whether the absence of dark lines might not be due to the circumstance, that in order to render the spectrum of so faint a light visible at all, it was necessary to use a wider slit than that used (as before described) when the Fraunhofer lines are to be shewn. During the eclipse of August 7th, 1869, it seems to have been placed beyond a doubt, however, that the spectrum of the corona is continuous—in other words, that it resembles the spectrum of an incandescent body! Some observers detected three *bright* lines superposed on this continuous spectrum; and these bright lines would indicate, according to what has already been shewn, that the source of light to which they are due is a glowing gas!

Now can we believe that the solar corona consists of incandescent solid or fluid substances mixed up with certain glowing gases? Whether we regard the corona as in reality a solar appendage, or as merely an optical appearance, we seem alike forced to abandon an hypothesis so bizarre and fanciful.

Now Mr. Lockyer by comparing his own observations of the prominence-spectra with researches carried on by Dr. Frankland, the eminent physicist, has come to the conclusion that the true solar atmosphere cannot extend very far, relatively, from the solar photosphere itself. The gases which produce the bright lines in the prominence-spectra certainly do not exist, he says, at the enormous pressure due to an atmosphere corresponding in

* At the lecture the subjects here touched on were dealt with at length, and illustrated with illuminated photographs; but the readers of this magazine have already had an account of these matters in my paper on the sun—*Monthly Packet*, January last.

height to the extent indicated by the corona. Indeed, independently of all such observations, we must obviously dismiss the thought that the corona is a solar atmosphere, since its extent is such that were it an atmosphere round the sun, and subjected therefore to the sun's tremendous attractive energies, it would be absolutely liquified if not solidified by the enormous resulting pressure.

But can we accept the theory that the corona is not a solar appendage at all—that it is due, as Mr. Lockyer says, to the glare of our own atmosphere? Here I must admit I am wholly at issue with Mr. Lockyer. To establish the theory that the corona is due to atmospheric glare, we must shew how that glare is occasioned. If the air which lies where we see glare is really illuminated, that theory is in some sense justified. But during a total eclipse, the air which lies in the direction of the eclipsed sun, or within many degrees of that direction, is in absolute darkness. The shadow of the moon is in some eclipses two or three hundred miles or more in diameter, so that the air all round the observer is in shadow. What we ought to see then, if only the sun, the moon, and our own air, were in question, is a black space all round the sun, and only at a distance of several degrees from his orb the faint beginning of atmospheric glare. There should be, in fact, a *negative* corona around the sun, and one far wider in extent than that positive crown of glory which surrounds his eclipsed globe.

And if we consider the matter rightly, we shall see that the very blackness of the moon's disc, on the heart of the corona, is a proof that the light comes from beyond our satellite. If the air were illuminated as supposed, why should the illumination just stop short of the disc of an object which lies far beyond our atmosphere?

For these reasons, and others on which I need not now enter, I believe (in common with many other students of astronomy) that the corona is a solar appendage,—or rather, I hold that there can be no doubt whatever on the point.

At the same time I fully agree with Mr. Lockyer in believing that the corona is not a solar atmosphere. On this point also there can be no reasonable doubt.

What then is the corona?

It may seem rash to venture a theory where the evidence we have is as yet incomplete, and still more so, when there is a prospect of a speedy answer to our inquiries. Still I believe that the very difficulties I have dwelt upon serve to render the task of theorizing more easy. For certain hypotheses, which might otherwise attract our attention, are put out of the field altogether.

I think there is good reason for believing that the corona is simply a region filled with meteoric particles, each travelling on its own orbit, and therefore necessarily with enormous velocity around the sun. We know quite certainly that there exist vast numbers not merely of meteors but of meteor-systems, circling around the central luminary of our system.

It has been shewn by the researches of Leverrier that the united mass of these bodies, within the orbit of Mercury, is such as appreciably to affect the motions of that planet. It has further been shewn by Mr. Baxendell, the eminent meteorologist, that certain weather-changes exhibit in the clearest manner the fact that a system of bodies must exist where Leverrier places his zone of small planets or cosmical particles. Such a system, placed in the full blaze of the sun's light, could not fail to become visible during a total eclipse; and the corona presents precisely such an appearance as we might look for in a system of the sort.

It remains, however, that the spectroscopic analysis of the corona's light should be explained. A system of bodies reflecting solar light would exhibit a spectrum like the sun's. We have seen that the coronal spectrum differs from the sun's at once in having no dark lines and in shewing certain bright lines.

I believe the explanation of the coronal spectrum is to be found in the position of the bright lines. These lines are the same as those which appear in the spectrum of the Aurora Borealis. Now we know that this phenomenon is associated with the earth's magnetic action; and it has been suggested, with much appearance of reason, that the auroral light indicates the occurrence of electrical discharges in the upper regions of the air. This being so, we are led to recognize that portion of the coronal light to which the bright lines are due, as arising from the passage of electrical discharges between the components of the meteoric ring forming the corona. To the same cause we may attribute the continuity of the coronal spectrum, since the electric discharge would in all probability exhibit (but less brightly) other coloured lines, filling up the gaps in the spectrum due to the reflection of the solar light from the meteoric particles.

It is most probable, however, that the observations to be made with the spectroscope during the eclipse of December next will place us in a better position for theorizing on the physical condition of the corona.

In conclusion, let me remark that I have scarcely touched on a tithe of the observations of interest which have been made by means of the most powerful instrument of scientific research yet placed in man's hands. Spectroscopic analysis is indeed only in its youth; but already it has done so much, that not one lecture, but a course of lectures, would be needed to do it justice. I shall, however, have attained the end I have chiefly had in view, if any of my hearers should be invited to study for themselves, closely and consecutively, the wondrous teachings of the spectroscope as used by our leading physicists.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE ;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER V.

WORKING FOR BREAD.

'Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weant 'a nowt when 'e's dead ;
Mun be a guvness or summat, an' addle her bread.'

Tennyson.

'TELL, little one,' said Mr. Rugg, the doctor, as he found Geraldine on the landing-place outside her mother's room, and spoke to her in a voice that to her reluctant ears, as well as to those of Sister Constance who followed him, sounded all the more vulgar because it was low, wheedling, and confidential ; 'you are always about the house, you know everything—what accident has your mamma met with ?'

Cherry's face grew set.

'She has, then,' said the doctor, looking at Sister Constance. 'I thought so. Now, be a good child, and tell us all about it.'

'I cannot,' she said.

'Come, don't be silly and sulk. No one will punish you ; we know it was an accident ; out with it.'

'My dear,' said Sister Constance, 'this is a pity. Much may depend on your speaking.'

Cherry began to cry very piteously, though still silently.

'Yes, yes, we see you are sorry,' said Mr. Rugg, 'but there's nothing for it now but to let us hear the truth.'

She shook her head violently, and brow and neck turned crimson.

Mr. Rugg grew angered, and tried a sharper tone. 'Miss Geraldine, this is regular naughtiness. Let me hear directly.'

The flush became purple, and something like 'I won't' came from behind the handkerchief.

'Leave her to me, if you please,' said Sister Constance gently ; 'I think she will tell me what is right to be told.'

'As you please, Lady Somerville,' said Mr. Rugg, who, since he had discovered her title, was always barbarously misusing it ; 'but the thing must be told. It is doing Mrs. Underwood a serious injury to let childish naughtiness conceal the truth.'

Constance put her arm round the little girl, a tiny weight for thirteen years old, and took her into the room where she had last seen her father. She was sobbing violently, not without passion, and the more distressingly because she carefully stifled every sound, and the poor

little frame seemed as if it would be rent to pieces. 'Cherry, dear child, don't,' said Constance, sitting down and gathering her into her arms; 'do try and calm yourself, and think—'

'He—he—I won't tell him!' sobbed the child. 'He's a bad man—he tells stories. He said he would not hurt me—when he knew he should most terribly. Papa said it was very wrong. Papa was quite angry—he called it deceiving, he did! I won't tell him!'

'My dear child, is there anything to tell? Don't think about him, think about what is good for your mother.'

'She told me not,' sobbed Cherry, but not with the anger there had been before. 'No, no, don't ask me, she told me not.'

'Your mother? My dear little girl, whatever it is, you ought to say it. Your dear mother seems to be too ill and confused to recollect everything herself, and if it is not known whether she has been hurt, how can anything be done for her?'

Cherry sat upon her friend's lap, and with a very heaving chest said, 'If Felix says I ought—then I will. Papa said we should mind Felix—like him.'

'I will call Felix,' said Sister Constance.

Mr. Rugg looked very impatient of the delay; but Felix, who had just come in to dinner, was summoned. He came at once, and was soon standing by Geraldine's chair.

'Yes, Geraldine, I think you ought to tell,' he said, as the loyal little thing gazed up at her new monarch. 'What did happen?'

'It was on the day after New Year's Day,' said Geraldine, now speaking very fast. 'You were all at church, and she came out of—this room with Bernard in her arms—and called to me that I might come and sit with—him, because she was going down to the kitchen to make some beef-tea. And just then she put her foot into a loop of whip-cord, and fell. She could not save herself at all, because of Bernard; but she went backwards—against the steps.'

'Did she seem hurt at the time?'

'I did not think so. She pulled herself up by the baluster before I could get up to help her, and she never let Bernard go all the time—he did not even scream. She only said, "Now mind, Cherry, do not say one word of this to Papa or anybody else," and she told me she wasn't hurt. Oh! was she really?' as the Sister left the room.

'I wonder whose the string was,' said Felix vindictively.

'Oh, never mind! He'll be so sorry! Oh! I hope she won't be very much vexed at my telling!'

'She will not mind now,' said Felix; 'it was only not to frighten Papa.'

And Felix had his little sister in that one position where she felt a sort of comfort—like a baby in his arms to be rocked—when Sister Constance returned with the doctor. He spoke without either the anger or the persuasive tone now, and Cherry could bear it better,

though she slipped off her brother's lap instantly, and stood up in dignity.

'So your mamma told you to conceal this mishap. That is some excuse. Now, tell me, how far did she fall?'

'Not more than four steps, I am sure—I think three.'

'And backwards?'

'Yes.'

'Do you think she struck her head?'

'Yes, the back of it.'

'Ah! And she spoke and moved at once, not like one stunned?'

'Oh no, not at all. She got up and made the beef-tea.'

'The 2nd of January! That must have been about the time you began to observe that change of manner—the irritability your sister remarked,' said the doctor, turning to Felix.

He nodded, angry as he had been with Alda for remarking it.

All that the doctor further said was, that he must have another examination now that he knew a little more about the case; and he went away with Sister Constance, saying to her, 'Mrs. Underwood is a lady of wonderful fortitude and resolution, and really they are the worst kind of patients.'

It was now more than a fortnight since that 6th of January which saw the birth of the twins and the death of their father, and Mrs. Underwood still lay quiet and almost torpid in her bed, seldom speaking, hardly ever originating anything, and apparently taking no interest whatsoever in anything outside her room; and yet there was no symptom unfavourable to her recovery to be detected. Within the last day or two they had tried to rouse her; papers had been brought to her to sign, and she did so obediently, but she did not follow the subject: she did not refuse, but did not second, any proposal for her beginning to sit up; and this was the more remarkable, as being a woman of much health and energy in her quiet way, she had always recovered rapidly, and filled her place in the family alarmingly soon. The nurse had begun to suspect that besides the torpor of mind there was some weakness of limb; and with the new lights acquired, Mr. Rugg had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that there was a slight concussion of the spine, causing excitement at first, and now more serious consequences; and though he did not apprehend present danger, he thought complete recovery very doubtful.

'So they are almost worse than orphans,' said Sister Constance, when the Curate went down from reading to the invalid, and she could tell him the verdict.

'Do they know?'

'The fact? There is no need to lay the future on the shoulders of the present.'

'A very dark present. I feel as if a great bright sun, warming and invigorating, had gone out of my life. Yet I knew him but two years.'

'I can understand it, though I knew him but two days.'

'I hope he may have been the making of me,' sighed Mr. Audley. 'He ought to be.'

'I think he has been,' said she, smiling. 'There is some difference between you and the boyish young deacon that came here two years ago.'

'Who thought life without shooting barely endurable by the help of croquet! I trust so! He was very patient and tolerant—made holidays for me that first summer which it cuts me to recollect.'

'To live and share in a great sorrow does make a great step in life,' said Constance, thoughtfully looking at the much graver and more earnest brow of her husband's young cousin; 'and you were a comfort to them all as no one else could be.'

'Must you go?' he said. 'I wanted to consult you. I am thinking of giving up my present lodgings to this Mowbray Smith, who is coming as curate, and coming here.'

'Here! My dear Charles!'

'I thought I had heard legends of twelve foot square!'

'Not with thirteen children. Besides, we were seasoned!'

'Stay; you don't understand. There are three rooms on this floor. Poor Mrs. Underwood will hardly want to occupy these two just yet. I take them, and put in some furniture—live to myself, but let them board and lodge me. They may as well have what is to be made by it as anyone else.'

'But can they? And, forgive me, Charles, are you prepared for the cookery here? Really, some of those children have appetites so small, that I can't bear to see them at dinner.'

'That's the very point. They all say the invaluable Sibby is as good a nurse as she is bad as a cook. Now, if they have no help, Wilmet *must* stay at home to look after her mother and the twins; and that is not fit for such a young girl. Now my coming might enable them to get someone who knows the use of meat and fires, and would send up-stairs the only woman who would undertake such a charge as that must be.'

'I don't like to say a word against it. It seems excellent for them.'

'I would not live with them, but I should be there to help. I could keep Felix up in his Latin, and—'

'Only one suggestion more, Charles. If you do not stay here long?'

'Well—if not, every week I am here is so much tided over; and just at this time the charge must be heaviest. Those boys may be disposed of after a time.'

'I wish we could keep those two little girls at St. Faith's, but there is no place yet for children of their class. I am wanted there this day week, and I cannot say but that I shall be glad to leave you here. Only, I recollect your mother's feelings.'

'Mothers must draw in the horns of their feelings when their sons

are ordained,' he said, laughing. 'I shall consult that notable person, Wilmet.'

Wilmet started and blushed with pleasure. It would be so much less dreary; and, poor girl! she was feeling as if she were half rent asunder at the thought of Alda's going. So good for Felix, too. Only she must ask Mamma. And she did ask Mamma, and, to her great pleasure, Mrs. Underwood listened, and said, 'It is very kind.'

'And shall it be, Mamma?'

'I shall like for you to have someone in the house. Yes, my dear, I think—' then she paused. 'My dear, you and Sibby and Sister Constance had better talk it over. I do not seem able to consider it. But Sister Constance will tell you. My dear Wilmet, I am afraid you must have a great deal laid on you.'

'Oh, never mind, Mamma; I like doing things. Besides, you are so much better.'

'I'll try to help you more,' added Mrs. Underwood wistfully. 'Which room did you say?'

And she listened, and even made a few suggestions as Wilmet explained how she thought of making a sitting-room up-stairs, and giving the two down-stair front ones to Mr. Audley, using the back room for the boys and children; she was altogether so much more open to comprehension, and ready to speak, that Wilmet was full of hope and assurance that she was really mending.

When Sister Constance came in, the readiness to converse continued. She consulted her friend on the scheme, and its expedience for Mr. Audley, saying that she feared he would be uncomfortable, but she could not reject so great a help for her children. She had even thought of the advantage of keeping Sibby up-stairs to attend on the babies and herself—work not fit to rest entirely on Wilmet, though the good girl had fully counted on giving up her work at school.

It was evident that the examination by the doctor and Wilmet's consultation had thoroughly roused her, and she was as clear-headed as ever. Indeed, it seemed to Sister Constance that she was a little excited, and in that mood in which the most silent and reserved people suddenly become the most unreserved.

She asked at last what Mr. Rugg thought of her, and Sister Constance in reply asked whether she remembered her accident. She thought a little. 'Why—yes—I believe I did slip on the stairs; but it did not hurt me, and I forgot it. Does he think anything of it?'

'I think he fears you gave yourself a shock.'

'Not unlikely,' she said in an indifferent tone, and did not speak again for some minutes; then said, 'Yes, I see! I am thankful it did not tell on me sooner,' and her look brought the tears into Constance's eyes.

'It told more than you did,' said Constance, endeavouring at a smile.

'Not on the babies,' she said; 'and he never knew it, so there is no harm done! Thank God!'

She lay a little longer, and Constance thought her going into her usual state of torpor; but she roused herself to say, 'Would you kindly look into that desk? You will find a green book.'

'Yes.'

'Please tear out the leaves, and burn it for me. I would not have one of the children see it on any account.'

Constance began to obey, and saw that it was a diary. 'Are you sure it ought to be done?' she asked. 'Might it not be better to wait till you are better?'

'I cannot tell that I shall be much less helpless. I know how things like this go,' she said.

Constance was still reluctant, and Mrs. Underwood added, 'I will tell you. It is nothing good, I assure you. When we drove from the door at Vale Leston, the home of all our lives, *he* turned to me and said, "Now, Mary, that page is shut for ever. Let us never speak a word to make the children or ourselves feel turned out of paradise." And I never did; but oh! I wrote it. There are pages on pages of repinings there—I could not let them see it!'

'Nay, but you were resigned.'

'Resigned! What of that? I held my tongue! It was all I could do! I never knew things could be worse till I saw it was killing him, and then all I could do was still to keep silence.'

There was an agony in her voice that Constance had never heard there before.

'Silence was, no doubt—as things were—an exceeding kindness to him,' said Constance, 'and one that must have cost you much.'

'Once—once, so tenderly, with tears in his eyes, he did beg me as a favour not to complain, or talk of Fulbert Underwood! I did not; but I never *could* be the companion I was before to him. He was always happy, he did believe me so; but I could often only smile. If I talked, it could only have been of his health and our cares.'

'You kept him happy by taking the weight so entirely to yourself.'

'Perhaps; if he had only known how miserable it made me, we might have moved to a healthier place; but after that one time, I never could vex him or trust myself. To hear him console me, and grieve for me, was worst of all.'

Constance began to see how the whole woman, brought up to affluence, had been suddenly crushed by the change; and almost the more so for her husband's high and cheerful resolution, which had forced back her feelings into herself. Her powers had barely sufficed for the cares of her household and her numerous family, and her endurance had consisted in 'suffering, and being still.' No murmur had escaped, but only by force of silence. She had not weakened his energies by word or look of repining; but while his physical life was

worn out by toil and hardship, her mental life had almost been extinguished in care, drudgery, and self-control; and all his sweetness, tenderness, and cheerfulness, had not been able to do more than just to enable her to hold out, without manifesting her suffering. Enid had been a very suitable name for her; though without a Geraint in any respect to blame for what she underwent, she had borne all in the same silent and almost hopeless spirit, and with the same unfailing calm temper: but outside her own house, she had never loved nor taken real interest in anything since the day she drove from the door of Vale Leston; she had merely forced herself to seem to do so, rather than disappoint her eager husband and children.

And now, how much of her torpor had been collapse, how much the effect of the accident, could not be guessed. She herself was greatly roused for the present, dwelt on the necessity of trying to get up the next day, and was altogether in a state excitable enough to make the Sister anxious.

Other troubles too there were that evening, which made all feel that even though Mr. Audley was to live to himself, his presence in the house would be no small comfort.

Fulbert, never the most manageable of the party, had procured a piece of wood from the good-natured carpenter, and was making a sparrow-trap on an improved plan, when Wilmet, impatient to have the room clear for Mr. Audley to come for the final decision—as he was to do in the evening—anxious to clear away the intolerable litter, and with more anxiety for Fulbert's holiday task than for the sparrows, ordered him to bed—ten minutes too early, and in too peremptory a tone.

Fulbert did not stir.

'Fulbert, I say, clear up that litter, and go to bed.'

'Don't you hear, Fulbert?' said Felix, looking up from his book.

Fulbert gave a pull to the newspaper that was spread under his works on the table, and sent all his chips and saw-dust on the ground.

'O Fulbert! how naughty!' broke out Alda.

'Fulbert, are you going to mind?' asked Wilmet. 'Please remember.'

'I shall go in proper time,' growled Fulbert.

'That is not the way to speak to your sister,' interposed Felix, with authority.

Fulbert eyed him defiantly all over.

Felix rose up from his chair, full of wrath and indignation. There was quite difference enough in their size and strength to give him the complete mastery, for Fulbert was only ten years old; but Wilmet, dreading nothing so much as a scuffle and outcry, sprang up, imploring, 'O Felix! remember, Mamma is wide awake to-night. Let him alone—pray, let him alone.'

Felix was thoroughly angry, and kept his hands off with exceeding difficulty. 'Little sneak,' he said; 'he chooses to take advantage.'

‘He always was a sneak; his nose is the shape of it,’ said Edgar.

As Felix and Wilmet had the sense to let this amiable observation drop, Edgar contented himself with making some physiognomical outlines of sneaks’ noses on a slate; and silence prevailed till the church clock struck the half-hour, when Clement got up, and taking the slate, where he had been solacing himself with imitating Edgar’s caricatures, he was about to make it an impromptu dust-pan, and went down on his knees to sweep up Fulbert’s malicious litter, but was rewarded with a vicious kick on the cheek. It was under the table, out of sight; and Clement, like a true son of his mother, made no sign, but went off to bed like a Spartan.

‘Fulbert,’ said Lance, rising to follow his example, ‘it is time now.’

He still sat on; and Felix, in intolerable wrath and vexation, found himself making such deep bites into a pencil, that he threw it from him with shame, just as Mr. Audley’s bell sounded, and he ran down to let him in.

‘Now, Ful,’ said Wilmet coaxingly, ‘please go—or Mr. Audley will see.’

‘Let him.’

Mr. Audley was there in a moment; and the next, Alda, in all the ruffle of offended dignity, was telling him that Fulbert was in one of his tempers, and would attend to nobody. Fulbert’s back looked it. It evidently intended to remain in that obstinate curve till midnight.

‘I am sorry,’ said Mr. Audley. ‘I thought no one would have added to the distress of this house! What is it, Fulbert?’ he added, laying his hand on his shoulder, and signing to Alda to hold her peace.

‘They bother,’ said Fulbert, in the sulky tone; but still, as he regarded the new comer as less of an enemy than the rest—‘I’d have gone at half-past eight if they would let a fellow alone.’

‘Then the fellow had better give them no right to bother,’ said Mr. Audley. ‘Come, Fulbert, no ship can sail unless the crew obey. No mutiny. Here’s your captain ready to shake hands, and wish you good-night.’

Fulbert could not face Mr. Audley’s determined look, but he was not conquered. He took up his tools and his trap, gave a final puff to spread his saw-dust further, and marched off without a single good-night.

‘He has the worst temper of us all,’ cried Alda.

‘You should be very cautious of provoking him,’ said Mr. Audley.

‘I am afraid it was my fault,’ sighed Wilmet.

‘Nonsense,’ said Felix; ‘he is an obstinate little dog. I wish I was licking him. I hope he is not pitching into Clem!’

‘Clem is the biggest,’ said Alda.

‘Yes, but he is much the meekest,’ added Wilmet.

‘Tina’s meek sauce is aggravation itself,’ observed Edgar. ‘I should hope he was catching it!’

‘He is certainly not slow to put in his oar,’ said Mr. Audley; ‘did you hear of his performance in the vestry the other day?’

‘No. I hope he did not make an unusual ass of himself,’ said Felix.

‘He and Mowbray Smith had last Tuesday’s Evensong nearly to themselves, when Master Clem not only assisted Smith in putting on his hood, but expressed his doubts as to the correctness of it, (never, of course, having seen any bachelor’s but Oxford or Cambridge,) and further gave him some good advice as to his manner of intoning.’

‘I hope he won’t go on in that way at St. Matthew’s!’ exclaimed Wilmet.

‘It is lucky he is going so soon,’ said Mr. Audley. ‘I doubt if Mowbray Smith will ever get over it!’

‘Regular snob that he is,’ said Edgar; ‘just one of my Lady’s sort! What did he do? Go crying to her?’

‘O Edgar!’ remonstrated Wilmet.

‘Well, Mettie, if even our spiritual pastors will be snobs, one must have the relief of expressing one’s opinion now and then.’

‘I should say it was better to keep any such fact out of one’s mind as much as might be,’ said Mr. Audley, feeling himself unable to deny what had been so broadly expressed.

‘And we, at any rate, had better drop talking of snobs,’ said Felix.

‘Hollo, Felix! I am sure you for one would not be a snob if you had turned chimney-sweeper, and let Tom Underwood nail me to his office; he’ll never make one of me!’

‘I trust so,’ said Felix; ‘but it is not the way to keep from it to throw about the word at other folks.’

‘What’s that?’ cried Alda. ‘Really, that boy must be falling upon some of them.’

It was Lance, in great deshabelle, who, opening a crack of the door, called cautiously, ‘Wilmet, please come here.’

Wilmet hastily obeyed, saying anxiously as the door was shut, ‘Never mind, dear Lance, he’s in a horrid mood; but do bear it, and not make Felix more in a rage.’

‘Bosh about Ful,’ said Lance unceremoniously. ‘It is Cherry; she is crying so up-stairs, and Clem and I can’t get a word out of her.’

Cherry, though older than the boys, had to precede them in vanishing for the night, as her undressing was a long operation dependent upon Sibby. Wilmet ran up in haste, and did indeed find poor little Geraldine with her face smothered under the clothes in an agony of weeping, very serious for so frail a little creature.

‘Cherry! Cherry dear, don’t! Are you feeling solitary? Are you missing *him*? Oh, don’t! Yes, dear, ’tis so sad; but we all do love you so.’

Wilmet would have kissed and fondled her, but the child almost thrust her away.

‘Not that. Oh, not that! I wish it was.’

‘My dear Cherry, you can’t have been naughty!’

‘Yes, yes! indeed I have. And now—’

‘I can’t think—O Cherry, if you would only tell me what you mean!’ cried Wilmet, aghast.

And with agonized sobs Cherry whispered, ‘Mr. Rugg—O Mettie—such things as I said about him to Sister Constance—I made sure I had forgiven—long ago—and now—now, after *that*.’

If Wilmet had not known how deeply both Geraldine and her father had resented what Mr. Rugg had meant as a little friendly gloss to save terror before a painful operation, she would have been utterly at a loss. And now, she found herself incapable by any argument or caress of soothing her sister’s sense of heinous offence; for that rite, of which she had partaken with her father, had required charity with all men, and now she found she had been deceitful—she hated Mr. Rugg all the time. Oh, what should she do! how could she be so wicked!

Wilmet tried to tell her that she had not known how it was at the time, but this seemed no comfort; and it was plain that that day’s solemnity had lessened the inequality between the two girls so much, that for Wilmet to console her as a child was vain; and indeed, her invalid state and constant companionship with her father had rendered her religious feelings much more excitable, and more developed, than were as yet Wilmet’s; and meantime, this piteous sobbing and weeping was doing great bodily harm.

Wilmet at last, hearing a door open as if the nurse were taking Sister Constance’s place, ran down to take counsel with that kind friend on the way. She whispered her trouble on the stairs, and the Sister was soon kneeling over the little bed; but her comfort was not persuading the child to think less of the fault, but promising that she should tell all to Mr. Audley to-morrow.

Nay, seeing that even this was too long hence for the ‘weary soul, and burdened sore,’ to look forward to—indeed, that the preparation for the interview would be sleep-destroying—she said, ‘Then you shall see him at once, my dear.’

Wilmet opened her eyes in dismay. That little attic, bare of all but beds, was her thought; but Sister Constance, ever an effective woman, had the little black frock, the shoes and stockings, on in no time, and throwing a shawl over all, actually gathered the small light frame up into her arms, and carried her down to the fire in the room now vacated by the nurses and babies. And there she fetched Mr. Audley to her. ‘It will not do,’ she whispered on the way to Wilmet, ‘to treat her as a child *now*.’

‘He always made so much of her,’ sighed Wilmet.

‘Yes; and now she is a Communicant.’

They left her to Mr. Audley, and presently, when the door opened again, it was he who was carrying her up-stairs again; and when Sister Constance had taken possession of her, she whispered, ‘Yes, thank you.’

He says I may come on Sunday, and I think it is forgiven. I shall say a prayer about charity always now!' And with a deep sigh, the worn-out little penitent lay down to her sleep.

'O Mr. Audley, it is plain we cannot do without you,' sighed Wilmet, as he came down, not without tears in his eyes.

And then came the conference upon ways and means, rooms and attendance. Mr. Audley had parted with his horse and groom in the autumn, observing that they ate their heads off; and the terms he now proposed for lodging, board, and attendance, were what Felix and Wilmet would have known to be wondrously liberal but for their inexperience, especially as he meant to send in some, at least, of the furniture. He was to have his meals, at his own times, in his sitting-room; and Sister Constance had a person in her eye at Dearport, who was likely to do well in the kitchen, and not quarrel with Sibby.

Wilmet had made up her mind that she must remain at home all day, and had even told Miss Pearson so; but that good lady had refused to accept her resignation, and had come to Mr. Bevan about it; and now both the Sister and the Curate united in telling her that she ought not, as long as it was possible, to give up this means of improving herself, as well as lessening the family burthen. To give up her education now would be to sink into a housewifely drudge, who would hardly be able to maintain herself when the younger ones would be getting out into the world; and as Geraldine must stay at home to be a companion to her mother, there was no need for her being also always in attendance, while Sibby was equal to the charge. Indeed, Mrs. Underwood herself had said something that shewed her to contemplate Wilmet's remaining at school.

'You must,' said Felix decidedly. 'Why, you might as well turn nursery-girl at once.'

'I should like it,' said Wilmet. 'I shall be miserable at school—always thinking something is going wrong. And Cherry can never bear with the babies! Oh! please don't tell me I must.'

'I tell you to begin,' said Sister Constance. 'You can always give it up if you feel that the need lies at home; but I think the few hours change every day—for duty's sake, mind—will give you vigour not to be worn down by the home cares.'

'But Cherry will have them always! She who cares for books and drawing so much more than I!'

'Yes; but if you go on learning you can teach her,' said Sister Constance.

'Oh!' cried Wilmet; 'Cherry knows more than I do.'

'Little Cherry is the cleverest of us all,' added Felix.

'Still,' said the Sister, 'the mere going over your work with you will give her change and interest. I do feel strongly convinced, dear Wilmet, that to shut yourself up with her, without gathering anything from elsewhere, would be very bad for both.'

'We must see how Mamma is, and how Cherry gets on,' was all that Wilmet would say; but the arrangement was made, and was to take effect in ten days time, when Mr. Mowbray Smith was coming to be second curate, and Sister Constance must change places with the three absent children, and Alda would be gone to her adopted home.

Then Mr. Audley took leave; and as Felix went to the front door with him, he said, 'Forgive me, Felix; but I am a younger brother myself, and I do hope you do not mean to assert your authority by licking.'

Felix coloured a little; and though he spoke respectfully, it was with some little annoyance. 'There is nothing else that does with Fulbert.'

'Stay, Felix; I am not questioning that he may be the sort of boy for whom flogging may be good from someone.'

'He is!' said Felix. 'He never will behave himself till he has felt his master! It has been so at school; and once, even my father made himself quite ill for a week with having to flog Fulbert for disobedience. It settled him; but he is not like the others—Clem and Lance are never any trouble; but—I know it will come to it sooner or later; Ful will never mind me or Wilmet till I have done it once.'

'And when his strength is equal to yours?'

'Then I hope he will have more sense.'

'Yes, Felix; but what if by forcing him into dogged submission by your bodily strength you have lost his confidence, and have no moral power over him? Things that can be borne from a father come very differently from a brother.'

Felix was quite crimson now. 'But what shall I do, Mr. Audley, when he defies Wilmet, and teazes Cherry and the little ones?'

'Try all you can with his better sense, but don't anger him by tones of authority. What you think needful rule may seem to him domineering. And if necessary, call me. My blows will not leave the after rankling that your's will, even if they are necessary.'

Felix sighed. He was not desirous of beating his brother in the main; but being unhappily master of the house, he was unwilling not to be so entirely. He wished Mr. Audley good-night, not in his most perfectly cordial tone.

However, the next morning he had brought himself to thank Mr. Audley.

'Thank you, Felix,' said the Curate; 'it is a great relief to me; I was afraid you thought you were going to bring a meddling fellow in upon you.'

Felix coloured, and with an effort—for which Mr. Audley liked him the better—said, 'I know I shall always deserve what advice you give me, and I hope another time I may take it better than the last.'

Soon after, one train carried away four of the young Underwoods to begin life elsewhere. The Thomas Underwoods had desired that Alda and Edgar should meet them at the station, and at Felix's entreaty had

also undertaken to convoy Clement, who, thanks to Mr. Audley, was to be a chorister, and live in the clergy-house at St. Matthew's, Whittingtonia. It would have been Fulbert, only unluckily he had no ear, and so he was left at home, while Lady Price, Mrs. Thomas Underwood, and all the ladies they could enlist in their service, canvassed desperately, and made the cards of 'Fulbert James and Lancelot Oswald, sons of the Rev. Edward Fulbert Underwood, THIRTEEN children,' a weariness to every friend of a subscriber to clergy-orphan schools. Robina was not quite old enough to stand for the like election; but Sister Constance had negotiated with a lady who had devoted herself to educating children of better birth than means, and the little girl was to be dropped at the nearest station to her school at Catsacre. It had all been settled in a wonderfully short time, by Sister Constance and Mr. Audley, with full though helpless acquiescence from Mrs. Underwood. They felt it well to lessen the crowd of children in the house, and the responsibilities of the elder ones, and acted at once.

As to Alda, she was too miserable at home not to be ready to follow Edgar, though she had at first implored to stay and help Wilmet till their mother was about again; but the Thomas Underwoods were unwilling to consent to this—and after all, Alda was more apt to cry than to be of much real use. Sister Constance saw that she was only another weight on her sister's hands, and that terrible as the wrench would be between the twins, Wilmet would be freer when it was once over. Poor Wilmet! she had felt as if she could hardly have lived over these weeks save for fondling the younger twins, and waiting on her mother. She was almost passive, and ran up and down-stairs, or prepared the wardrobes of the departing children, just as she was bidden, all in one quiet maze of grief. The tears seemed to be always in her eyes, very often dropping, and yet they never hindered her, and she never uttered a word of deprecation or complaint; only she could not eat, and a kiss would bring down a whole shower; and at night, the two sisters would hold each other tight, and cry and kiss themselves to sleep.

Then came the last day—the last for all four. Robina, who had only just come back from St. Faith's, was grave, puzzled, and awe-struck, clinging chiefly to Lancelot, and exchanging confidences in corners with him, in which they were probably much less childish than they shewed themselves to the outer world. Clement was very grave and unhappy; but seemed to be most distressed at parting with Harry Lamb, a favourite school-fellow of his own quiet stamp, with whom he spent all available time. Alda and Wilmet were hand in hand at every possible moment, and if possible cheek to cheek—each felt as if herself was cut in two.

Then Edgar, who had only come home for that farewell Sunday, had another of his paroxysms of sorrow at the changes at home, which he contrived to forget when at Centry. All that was becoming in a manner usual to the others was a shock to him, and he was so very miserable the whole day, that he treated every attempt of the others to cheer him as a

mere token of their hardness of heart. He went in to see his mother, and was so overcome at finding her no better, that he rushed away, and threw himself on a sofa as if he was going to faint; and when at church he saw his father's place filled up, he fell into such a fit of sobbing, that half-a-dozen smelling-bottles were handed across the seats.

However, he had recovered himself on Monday morning, and made it his particular request that nobody would come bothering to the station, to make them look like Fulbert's canvassing-card of the thirteen children—and as the mention of it always affronted Fulbert deeply, it was plain that *he* would be no good company. However, Felix had been allowed an hour from his business for that very purpose, and he simply said, 'Nonsense, Edgar, I shall take Robin down.' Wilmet submitted, though with a great pang. She had no assurance that she should not break down, and a crying match at the station—oh no! It might make Bobbie roar all the way.

So Alda clung round her neck and Geraldine's in their own little parlour, and wished her mother good-bye, scarcely knowing whether it were with a full understanding how many were parted from the wing that now seemed unable to shelter them; and then Wilmet went up and quietly lay down by her mother on her bed, feeling as if there was nothing she cared for in all life, and as if youth, hope, and happiness, were gone away from her for ever, and she were as much widowed as her mother. She was even past crying—she could do nothing but lie still. But then her mother's hand came out and stroked her; and presently one of the babies cried, and Wilmet was walking up and down the room with it, and all activity with her outward senses though her heart felt dead. Meantime the luggage went in the omnibus, the four children walked up together only escorted by Felix, and were passed on their way by the prancing and thundering carriage from Centry.

But the sense of usefulness that came gave strength and energy to Felix and Wilmet Underwood as the first excitement passed away, and they better understood their tasks.

Of the absent ones they heard good accounts. Alda was altogether one with her cousin's family, and seemed to be completely on an equality with Marilda; and Edgar had been sent by Thomas Underwood to acquire modern languages under the care of an Englishman who took private pupils at Louvaine, whence Edgar despatched most amusing letters and clever sketches. Clement was in great favour, both musically and morally, at St. Matthew's; and little Robina was reported to have bewailed her home with floods of nightly tears, but to have soon settled down into the bonnie little pet of the elder girls.

Except for the separation, the cloud had hardly fallen on these, but their departure made a great hole in the hitherto unbroken family; and while Felix and Wilmet, by the loss of their contemporaries, seemed placed at a point far away from the others, Geraldine was conscious of much loneliness. The twins had always consorted together, and regarded

her as a mere child, and her chief companions had been her father and Edgar, so that she seemed left at an equal distance both from the elder and younger party.

Then the world around her was so busy, and she could do so little. She slept in a little inner room beyond the large nursery, where Wilmet kept guard over Angela and Bernard; and long before six o'clock, she always heard the call pass between the eldest brother and sister; and knew that as soon as he was dressed, Felix—it must out—was cleaning the family boots, including those of the lodger, who probably supposed that nature did it, and never knew how much his young landlord had done before joining him in his early walk to St. Oswald's.

Meantime Wilmet conducted the toilette of the two little children, and gave the assistance that Cherry needed, as well as discharging some of the lighter tasks of the housemaid; leaving the heavier ones to Sibby and Martha, a stout, willing, strong young woman, whom Sister Constance had happily found for them, and who was disqualified, by a loutish manner and horrible squint, from the places to which her capabilities might have raised her.

Then Wilmet helped her sister down-stairs, and a visit was paid to the mother and the twins, who were Sibby's charge for the night. Mrs. Underwood was still in the same state. It was indeed possible to rouse her, but at the expense of much suffering and excitement; and in general, she was merely tender, placid, and content, mechanically busied about her babies, and responding to what was said, but entirely incapable of any exertion of body, and as inactive in mind as in limb. Wilmet attended to her while Sibby went to her breakfast, returning with that of her mistress, in time to send Wilmet down to preside at the family meal, a genuine Irish dish of stir-about—for which all had inherited a taste from their father's Irish mother. Only Cherry was too delicate for such food, and was rather ashamed of her cup of tea and slice of bread.

However, this was one of the few times when she could hope she was useful; for when Felix was gone to the printing-office, the boys to the grammar-school, and Wilmet, first to the kitchen, and then to Miss Pearson's, she remained with bowl and cloth to wash up in her own peculiarly slow and dainty way, never breaking but always dreaming, while Angela carried them one by one, first to her, then to the kitchen.

‘Now Cherry.’

Mr. Audley's door opened, he would step forward and take the well-worn books in one hand, and hold the doors open with the other as Cherry tardily hopped in, and perched herself by the table. Her Confirmation studies had been left in his charge; and then followed a little Greek, some Latin, a page or two of French, the revision of an exercise, and some help in Euclid and fractions—all studies begun with her father, and both congenial and useful to her, as the occupation that (next to drawing) best prevented her from feeling the dreary loneliness of her

days; for though he could seldom give her more than an hour, the preparation—after he had helped her up-stairs—occupied her during the whole period of tranquillity while the younger children slept. Angela appeared first, and did some small lessons, cat-and-dog readings, and easy hymns, then was generally content to sit on the floor in Mamma's room, admiring or amusing the twins. Then Cherry, according to her sense of duty, drew or worked. There was a horrible never-ending still-beginning basket of mending in the family, which Wilmet replenished every Saturday; and though Mrs. Underwood's instinct for piecing and darning had revived as soon as she was taken out of bed, her work now always needed a certain revision to secure the boys from the catastrophe of which Wilmet often dreamt—appearing in public in ragged shirt-sleeves! Geraldine knew that every stitch she left undone would have to be put in by her sister in late evening or early morning, and therefore often wrenched herself from the pencil and paints that best beguiled her thoughts from the heart-ache for her father, and the craving for Edgar, or the mere craving for light, air, liberty, and usefulness. Her only excuse to her own conscience for allowing herself her chief pleasure, was that it was her way of helping an old woman who kept a stall of small-wares on market days, and could sometimes dispose of little pictures on domestic and Scriptural subjects, if highly coloured, glazed with gum, and bound with bright paper—pickings and stealings, as Felix called them, gleaned from advertisements and packing-boxes at Mr. Froggatt's; but these did not allow much scope for the dreams of her fancy.

Nor had she much choice when Bernard once awoke and came down, in all the unreasoning tyranny of two years old, when it was an even chance whether he would peaceably look at the old scrap-book, play with Angela, or visit Mamma; or be uproarious, and either coalesce with Angela in daring mischief, fight a battle-royal with her, or be violent with and jealous of the twins. The urchin had found out that when once Cherry's crutch was out of her reach she could not get at him; and he had ridden off upon it so often, before committing any of his worst misdemeanours, that Cherry always lay down on it to secure it. After all, he was a fine affectionate impetuous little fellow, but with a very high, proud, unmanageable will; and she was very fond and proud of him, but never more so than when he slept till dinner-time.

That was the hour which brought Felix home to help Sibby to carry his mother into the sitting-room, pay a little court to the babies, and enliven Cherry with any chance scrap of news or occupation. Best of all were the proofs of that unfinished comment on the Epistle to Philippi, which was being printed by subscription of the congregation, and the clergy of the diocese. It always did Mrs. Underwood good to have these read aloud to her by her little daughter, and could sometimes find a clue to the understanding of sentences that had puzzled even Mr. Audley.

The two school-boys never appeared till dinner was imminent; and then—one unuttered wish of poor Cherry was that Mr. Audley could

have dined with them; but he kept to his own hours, and they were late.

Whereby dinners on five days of the week were apt to be something on this fashion. Bell-ringing—Felix helping Geraldine to her seat, Angela trotting after; a large dish of broth, with meat and rice, and another of mashed potato; no sign of the boys; Angela lisping Grace; Sibby waiting with a tray.

Felix filled a soup-plate for his mother, and a bason for Bernard. 'We must begin, I suppose,' and he helped his sisters and himself.

'Here, Angel, push over your plate; I'll cut that.—How did you get on to-day?'

'Very well; the only mistake I made I found out before Smith saw it. I know all the stationery and steel pens apart now, and haven't made a mistake for a week. Yesterday Bartlett junior came in; he stood like a post before Mr. Froggatt till he caught sight of me, and then he shouted out, 'O Blunderbore, you know! What is it that Collis wants?'

'And did you?'

'When he said it was a horrid sum-book all little a's and b's.—What have you been doing, Cherry?'

'I have begun an abstract of the first Punic—'

The door flew open with a bounce, and two hot, wild-locked boys, dust everywhere except in their merry blue eyes, burst in, and tumbled on their chairs. 'I say—isn't it a horrid sell? we ain't to have a holiday for Squire's wedding.—Come, Fee, give us some grub.'

'You have not said Grace,' said Cherry.

Lance, abashed, stood up and bowed; Fulbert looked grim, and mumbled something.

'You have not washed your hands,' added Felix.

'Bosh! What's the good?' said Fulbert.

'They'll be as jolly dirty again directly,' said Lance.

'But you would be more decent company in the meantime,' said Felix.

At that moment there was a splash in his plate, a skip-jack made of the breast-bone of a chicken had alighted there with a leap.

'There's Felix's master come after him,' cried Fulbert; and Lance went off into choking laughter.

'Boys, how can you?' broke out Cherry.

'Look at Blunderbore fishing out his master!' was Fulbert's answer.

'The frog is in the bog,
And Felix is squeamish,'

chanted Lance.

'Bad rhyme, Lance,' said Felix, who could bear these things much better from the younger than the elder. Indeed, he scarcely durst notice them in Fulbert, lest he should be betrayed into violence by letting out his temper.

'I say!' cried Lance, struck by a new idea, 'what prime stuff it is for

making a fort!' and he began to scrape the more solid parts of his plateful to one side.

'Oh, I say, isn't it?' echoed Fulbert; 'but I've eaten up the best part of my castle;' and he grasped at the ladle.

'No, I thank you,' said Felix, putting it on the other side. 'While I am here, you don't play tricks with that.'

Fulbert swallowed a spoonful in a passion, but a bright thought struck Lance, who always cared much more for fun than for food. '*I say*, we'll empty it all into one, and eat it down.'

'You horrid boys!' plaintively exclaimed Cherry, almost crying—for this return to savage life was perfect misery to her. 'I can't bear it.'

'I will not have Cherry tormented,' said Felix, beginning to be very irate.

'We ain't doing anything to Cherry,' said Lance, amazed.

'Don't you know it spoils Cherry's appetite to see you so disgusting?'

'Then she'll have the more next time,' said Fulbert. 'Get along, Captain—you've splashed my face!'

'Hurrah! the red-hot shot! The rice is the cannon-balls! Where's some bread?'

'O Lance!' entreated Cherry; 'no waste—think of Wilmet and the bills.'

'We'll eat it every bit up,' asseverated Lance; but Fulbert growled, 'If you bother any more, I shall crumble the whole lot out at window.'

'It is wicked to waste bread,' lisped Angela, and Martha at that moment appeared to fetch the tureen for the kitchen dinner.

'Can't you eat any more, Cherry?' asked Felix gloomily.

'Not a bit, thank you,' she said.

'We've not done!' shouted the boys, seizing on her scarcely tasted and half-cold plate.

'You must finish after. Come, Cherry!' Then, as they left the room, and she laid her head on his shoulder—'Little ruffians!' he said under his breath.

'Oh, never mind, Felix. I don't—at least I ought not to mind—they don't mean it.'

'Lance does not, but I think Fulbert does. He'll make me thrash him within two inches of his life, before he has done. And then there's no one to take me in hand for it. It is horridly bad for them, too, to live just like young bears.'

But he smoothed his brow as he came into the room where his mother was, and amused her till his time was up.

Mr. Froggatt had explained to his father long ago, that Felix's work would not be that of a clerk in a great publishing house, but veritably that belonging to the country book-seller and printer, and that he must go through all the details, so as to be thoroughly conversant with them. The morning's work was at the printing-house, the afternoon's at the shop. The mechanical drudgery and intense accuracy needed in the

first were wearisome enough ; and moreover, he had to make his way with a crusty old foreman who was incredulous of any young gentleman's capabilities, and hard of being convinced that he would or could be useful ; but old Smith's contempt was far less disagreeable to him than the subdued dislike he met with from Redstone, the assistant in the shop, a sharp half-educated young man, who had aspired to the very post of confidence for which Felix was training—and being far less aware of his own utter unfitness for it than was Mr. Froggatt, regarded him as an interloper ; and though he durst not treat him with incivility, was anxious to expose any deficiency or failure on his part. Having a good deal of quickness and dexterity, he could act as a reporter, draw up articles of a certain description for the newspaper, and had, since the death of Mr. Froggatt's eldest son, been absolutely necessary to him in carrying on the business ; and now, it was a matter of delicate discretion on the master's part to avoid hurting the feelings of the assistant, whom a little more would have made his tyrant, and a dread of the appearance of favouritism made it needful to keep Felix thoroughly in a subordinate post, till real superiority of mind and education should assert itself over elder years, and mere familiarity with detail. This reserved ill-will of Redstone's had much increased the natural discomfort of appearing behind the counter to former acquaintance, and had rendered the learning the duties there doubly troublesome and confusing ; though, in recalling the day's doings, there was some amusement in contrasting the behaviour of different people, some—of whom Mr. Ryder was the type—speaking to him freely in his own person, others leaving him as an unrecognized shop-boy ; and a third favouring him with a horrid little furtive nod, which he liked least of all. But though awkward and embarrassed at first, use soon hardened him, and made the customers indifferent, so that by the spring he had begun to be useful, and to feel no particular excitement about it.

The worst of his business was that it kept him so late, that he had but a very short evening, and no time for exercise. He was on his feet most of the day, but indoors, and his recreation chiefly consisted in choir-practice twice a week. Not that he missed more positive amusement ; the cares of life and Edgar's departure seemed to have taken the boyish element of frolic out of him ; and left him gravely cheerful indeed, but with no greater desire of entertainment than could find vent in home conversation, or playing with the little ones.

Wilmet and the two boys were at liberty full two hours before him. The latter generally stayed out as long as light and hunger permitted. Mr. Audley continually stumbled on them playing at marbles, racing headlong in teams of pack-thread harness with their fellows, upsetting the nerves of quiet folk—staring contentedly at such shows as required no outlay, or discontentedly at the outside of those that demanded the pennies they never had. They were thorough little street-boys ; and all that he could do for them was to enforce their coming in at reasonable

hours, and, much to their sister's relief, cause their daily lessons to be prepared in his room. Otherwise their places in their classes would have been much less creditable.

Wilmet's return was always Geraldine's great relief, for the afternoon of trying to amuse her mother, and keep the peace between the children, was almost more than she was equal to; though, on fine days, Sibby always took out the two elder babies, with an alternate twin, for an hour's air, and Mr. Audley daily visited the invalid. Mr. Bevan did so twice a week, with a gentle sympathizing tone and manner that was more beneficial than Lady Price's occasional endeavours to make her 'rouse herself.' Miss Pearson and a few humbler friends now and then looked in, but Mrs. Underwood had been little known. With so large a family, and such straitened means, the part of the active clergyman's wife was impossible to her; she had shrunk from society, and most people knew nothing more of her, than that the faded lady-like figure they used to see among her little flock at church, was Mrs. Underwood.

Wilmet's coming home was always a comfort; and though to her it was running from toil to care, the change was life to her. To have been either only the teacher, or only the housewife, might have weighed over heavily on her; but the two tasks together seemed to lighten each other. She had a real taste and talent for teaching, and she and her little class were devoted to one another, while the elder girls loved her much better since Alda had been away. The being with them, and sharing their recreation in the middle of the day, was no doubt the best thing to hinder her from becoming worn by the depressing atmosphere around her mother. She always brought home spirits and vigour for whatever lay before her, brightening her mother's face, dispelling squabbles between Angela and Bernard, and taking a load of care from Geraldine.

There was sure to be some anecdote to enliven the home-keepers, or some question to ask Cherry, whose grammar and arithmetic stood on firmer foundations than any at Miss Pearson's, and who was always pleased to help Wilmet. The evening hours were the happiest of the day, only they always ended too soon for Cherry, who was ordered up by Sibby as soon as her mother was put to bed; and had, in consequence, a weary length of wakeful solitude and darkness—only enlivened by the reflection from the gas below—while Felix and Wilmet sat down-stairs, she with her mending, and he either reading, or talking to her.

On Saturday, which she always spent at home, and in very active employment in the capacities of nurse, housemaid, or even a slight taste of the cook and laundress, the evening topic was always the accounts—the two young heads anxiously casting the balance—proud and pleased if there were even a shilling below the mark, but serious and sad under such a communication as, 'There's mutton gone up another half-penny;' or, 'Wilmet, I really am afraid those boots of mine cannot be mended again;' or again, 'See what Lance has managed to do to this jacket. If one only could send boys to school in sacking!'

'Are not there a few pence to spare for the chair for Cherry? she will certainly get ill, if she never goes out now spring is coming on.'

'Indeed, Felix, I don't know how! If there is a penny over, it is wanted towards shoes for Bernard; and Cherry begs me, with tears in her eyes, not to let her be an expense!'

Poor Geraldine! the costing anything, and the sense of uselessness, were becoming, by the help of her nightly wakefulness, a most terrible oppression on her spirits. Her father was right. His room had been a hot-bed to a naturally sensitive and precocious character, and the change that had come over her as time carried her farther and farther away from him, affected her more and more.

Her brother and sister, busy all day, and scarcely ever at home, hardly knew what was becoming a sore perplexity to Mr. Audley.

A young tutor, not yet twenty-six, could not exactly tell what to do with a girl not fourteen, who fell into floods of tears on the smallest excuse.

'No, no, Cherry—that is not the nominative.'

The voice faltered, struggled to go on, and melted away behind the handkerchief. Then—'O Mr. Audley, I am so sorry—'

'That's exactly what I don't want you to be, Cherry.'

'Oh, but it was so careless,' and there was another flood.

Or, 'Don't you see, Cherry, you should not have put the negative sign to that equation. My dear Cherry, what have I said?'

'Oh, oh—nothing. Only I did think—'

'We shall have you a perfect Niobe, if you go on at this rate, Cherry. Really, we must not have these lessons if they excite you so much.'

'Oh! that would be the worst punishment of all!' and the weeping became so piteously violent, that the Curate looked on in distressed helplessness.

'I know it is very tiresome of me; I would help it, if I could—indeed I would.' And she cried the more because she *had* cried.

Or—as he came in from the town, he would hear ominous sounds, that his kind heart would not let him neglect, and would find Cherry sitting on the landing-place in a paroxysm of weeping. She always crept out of her mother's room on these occasions, for the sight of tears distressed and excited Mrs. Underwood; and the poor child, quite unable, in her hysterical condition, to drag herself alone up that steep stair, had no alternative but to sit, on what Mr. Audley called her stool of repentance, outside the door, till she had sobbed herself into exhaustion and calm—or till either Sibby scolded her, or he heard her confession.

She had been 'so cross' to Bernard, or to Angel—or, once or twice, even to Mamma. She had made an impatient answer when interrupted in her lessons, or in a dream over a drawing; she had been reluctant to exert herself when wanted. She had scolded fretfully—or snatched things away angrily, when the little ones were troublesome; and every offence of this sort was bewailed with an anguish of tears, that, by weakening

her spirits and temper, really rendered the recurrence more frequent. 'The one thing they trust to me, I fail in!'

He was very kind to her. He did not yield to the mannish loathing for girlish tears that began to seize on him, after the first two or three occasions. He thought and studied—tried comfort, and fancied it relaxed her—tried rebuke, and that made it worse; tried the shewing her François de Sales' admirable counsel to Philothée, to be '*doux envers soi*,' and saw she appreciated and admired it; but she was not an atom more *douce envers soi* when she had next spoken peevishly.

At last he fairly set off by the train, to lay the case before Sister Constance.

'What is to be done, when a child never does anything but cry?'

Sister Constance listened to the symptoms, and promptly answered, 'Give her a glass of port-wine every day, before you let her out of your room.'

'If I can!'

'Tell her they are *my* orders. Does she eat?'

'I imagine not. I heard Felix reproaching her with a ghou's dinner of a grain of rice.'

'Does she sleep?'

'She has told me a great deal of midnight meditation on her own deficiencies.'

'She must be taken out of doors somehow or other! It is of no use to reason with her; the tears are not temper, or anything else! Poor Charlie! it is an odd capacity for you to come out in, but I suppose no one else can attend to her.'

'No, poor child, she is rather worse than motherless! Well—I will find some excuse for taking her out for a drive now and then; I don't know how to speak to the others about having the chair for her, for they are barely scraping on.'

'Poor children! Well, this year is probably the worst. Either they will get their heads above water, or there will be a crisis. But they *do* scrape?'

'Yes. At Lady-day there was great jubilation, for the rent was paid, the taxes were ready, there was not a debt; and there was seven-pence over, with which Felix wanted to give Cherry a drive; but Wilmet, who is horribly prudent, insisted that it must go to mend Fulbert's broken window.'

'Well—poor Wilmet! one can't blame her. How does she treat Cherry's tears?'

'I don't think she has much pity for them. Felix does much better with Cherry, he rocks her and pets her; but, indeed, she hardly ever breaks down when he is there; but even his Sundays are a good deal taken up—and I always hunt him out for a walk on the Sunday afternoons.'

'Is he still in the choir and teaching at the Sunday school?'

‘Yes—though it is not Mowbray Smith’s fault.’

‘What, is your colleague what you apprehended?’

‘My Lady could not have found a curate more to her mind, or more imbued with her dislike to all that bears the name of Underwood. I own it is hard to have one’s predecessor flung constantly in one’s teeth, and by the very people who were the greatest thorns to dear Underwood himself. Then Clem, who is a born prig, though a very good boy, gave some of his little interfering bits of advice before he went away, and it has all been set down to Felix’s account! One Sunday Smith made a complaint of Felix having the biggest boys in the school. It was the consequence of his having taken them whenever his father could not, till it came to his having them entirely. He always took great pains with them, and there was a fellow-feeling between him and them that could hardly be with an older person. I said all this—too strongly, most likely—and the Rector put in a mild word, as to his goodness in coming at all. Smith thought there was nothing wonderful in liking what ministered to his conceit; and at last it came out that a baker’s boy had met Felix and Smith consecutively in the street, and only touched his hat to one, and that the wrong one.’

‘I should have been only thankful that he touched his hat to anybody.’

‘That is the very remark by which I put my foot in it; but my Lady was horrified, and the consequence was, that it fell to me to advise Felix to resign the class. I never hated a piece of work so much in my life, for he had worked the lads well, and we both knew that there would be an end of them. Moreover, Felix has some of the true Briton about him, and he stood out—would give up the class if the Rector ordered him, but would relinquish Sunday-school altogether in that case; and the two girls were furious; but after one Sunday, he came to me, said that he found hostility poisoned his teaching, gave up, and accepted the younger ones.’

‘Of course the boys deserted.’

‘Which has not softened Smith, though it has made him tolerate Felix in the choir. His voice is of very little use at present; but he is such an influence, that we should be glad of him if he could not sing a note, and he clings to it with all his heart. I believe music is about the only pleasure he has, and it excites his mother too much to have any at home. We have little Lance in the choir now, with a voice like a thrush in a dewy morning.’

Mr. Audley acted on the port wine prescription, to the horror and dismay of Cherry, who only submitted with any shadow of philosophy on being told that the more she cried the more necessary she rendered it; but on the Saturday, Sister Constance suddenly knocked at Mr. Audley’s door. She had been talking the matter over with the Superior; and the result was, that she had set off on a mission to see for herself, and if she thought it expedient, to bring Geraldine back with her. She had chosen Saturday as the time for seeing Wilmet, and was prepared to overlook

that the stairs were a *Lodore* of soap, this being Sibby's cleaning day, while Wilmet kept guard over the mother and the twins.

Geraldine was in the sitting-room, writing a Latin exercise, with a great pucker in her forehead whenever Angela looked up from her wooden bricks to speak to her. And though the sharp little pinched face was all one beam of joy as the visitor came in, Sister Constance saw at once that the child's health had deteriorated in these last months. She sat down, and with Angela on her lap, questioned anxiously. Cherry had no complaints—she always was like this in the spring. How was her foot? —As usual, a falter. Was it *really*? Well, yes, she thought so. And then, as the motherly eyes looked into hers, there came a burst of the ready tears; and 'Oh, *please* don't talk about it—*please* don't ask.'

'I know what you are afraid of,' said Sister Constance, remembering her horror of the Bexley medical attendant, 'but is it right to conceal this, my dear child?'

'I don't think I do,' said Cherry pitifully. 'You know Sibby *does* it every night, and it only aches a little more now. And if they did find it out, then they would have *him*, and there would be a doctor's bill, and oh! that would be dreadful!'

Sister Constance saw that the question of right or wrong would be infinitely too much for Geraldine, and drew off her mind from it to tell of the good accounts of Robina from Catsacre, and Clement from Whittingtonia; but when presently Wilmet was so far free as to come in with *only* the boy-baby in her arms, and take the guest up to take off her bonnet, it was the time for entering on the subject.

'Cherry? do you think her looking ill? She always is poorly in the spring, you know.'

'I do not like what I hear of her appetite, or her sleep, or her spirits.'

'Oh! but Cherry is always fanciful, you know. Please, please don't put things in her head.'

'What kind of things do you mean?'

'Fancying herself worse, I mean, or wanting things. You know (again) we must be so careful, and Mamma and the babies—'

'My dear, I know you have many to care for, and it is hard to strike the balance; but somehow your voice sounds to me as if Geraldine were the one you most willingly set aside.'

Wilmet did not like this, and said, a little bit hastily, 'I am sure Geraldine has everything we can give her. If she complains, it is very wrong of her.'

'She has not said one word of complaint. Her grief and fear is only of being a burden on you. What brought me here was, that Mr. Audley was anxious about her.'

Wilmet was silent, a little abashed.

'Did you know that her ankle is painful again?'

'Sister Constance,' said Wilmet, 'I don't think you or Mr. Audley

know how soon Cherry fancies all sorts of things. She does get into whiny states, and is regularly tiresome; and the more you notice her, the worse she is. I know Mamma thought so.'

'My dear, a mother can venture on wholesome neglect when a sister's neglect is not wholesome. I am not accusing you of neglect, mind; only you want experience and sympathy to judge of a thing with a frame like Cherry's. Now, I will tell you what I want to do. I am come to take her back with me, and get her treated by our kind doctor for a month or so, and the sea air and rest will send her back, most likely, in a much more cheery state.'

'Indeed!' cried Wilmet, startled; 'it is very good, but how could we do without her? Mamma and the children! If she could only wait till the holidays.'

'Let her only hear you say that, Wilmet, and it will do her more good than anything.'

'What—that she is of use? Poor little thing, she tries to be; but if Marilda could have had her way, and taken her instead of Alda, it would have been much better for her and all. Ah! there's Felix. May I call him in?'

Felix, dashing up to wash his hands, smoothe his hair, and dress himself for the reading-room work instead of the printing-office, had much rather these operations had been performed before he was called to the consultation in the nursery; but he agreed instantly and solicitously, knowing much better than Wilmet what the dinners were to Cherry, and talking of her much more tenderly.

'Yes, poor little dear, she always breaks down more or less in the spring; but I thought she would mend when we could get her out more,' he said. 'Do you think her really so unwell, Sister Constance?'

'Oh, no, no!' cried Wilmet, fearfully.

'Not very unwell, but only so that I long to put her under our good doctor, who comes to anyone in our house, and who is such a fatherly old gentleman, that she would not go through the misery the thought of Mr. Rugg seems to cause her.'

'Dr. Lee?' asked Felix. 'Tom Underwood sent him to see my father once. I remember my father liked him, but called it waste for himself, only longed for his opinion on Cherry. Thank you, I am sure it is the greatest kindness.'

'But, Felix, how can she before the holidays?' cried Wilmet.

'Well, Mamma does not want her before dinner; and as to the kids, why can't you take Angel to school with you? Oh, yes, Miss Pearson will let you. Then Mr. Audley, or Mr. Bevan, is always up in the afternoon, and you come home by four.'

'Perhaps I could earlier on days when the girls go out walking,' said Wilmet. 'If it is to do Cherry good, I don't like to prevent it.'

Wilmet had evidently got all her household into their niches, and the disarrangement puzzled her. A wonderful girl she was to contrive as

she did, and carry out her rule; but Sister Constance feared that a little dryness might be growing on her in consequence, and that like many maidens of fifteen or sixteen, while she was devoted to the little, she was impatient of the intermediate.

So when they went down, and Cherry heard of the scheme, and implored against it in nervous fear of leaving home and dread of new faces, Wilmet having made up her practical mind that the going was necessary, only made light of that value at home which was Cherry's one comfort, and which made herself feel it so hard to part with her, that this very want of tact was all unselfishness.

Felix was much more comfortable to her when he made playful faces at the bear-garden that the dining-room would become without her, and shewed plainly that he at least would miss her dreadfully. Still she nourished a hope that Mamma would say she should not go; but Mamma always submitted to the decrees of authority, and Wilmet and Felix were her authorities now. Sister Constance felt none of her misgiving whether Wilmet were hardening, when she heard the sweet discretion and cheerful tenderness with which she propounded the arrangement to the sick mother, without giving her the worry of decision, yet still deferentially enough to keep her in her place as the head of the family.

Yet it was with unnecessarily bracing severity that Wilmet observed to Geraldine, 'Now don't you go crying, and asking questions, and worrying Mamma.'

'I suppose no person can be everything at once, far less a girl of fifteen,' thought Sister Constance, as she drove up to the station in the omnibus with Cherry, too miserable and bewildered to cry now; not that she was afraid of either the Sister or the Sisterhood, but only because she had never left home in her life, and felt exactly like a callow nestling shoved out on the ground with a broken wing.

In two months more the omnibus was setting her down again, much nearer plumpness, with a brighter face and stronger spirits. She had been very full of enjoyment at St. Faith's. She had the visitor's room, with delightful sacred prints and photographs, and a window looking out on the sea—a sight enough to fascinate her for hours. She had been out every fine day on the shore; she had sat in the pleasant community-room with the kind Sisters, who talked to her as a woman, not a baby; she had plenty of books; one of the Sisters had given her daily drawing lessons, and another had read Tasso with her; she had been to the lovely oratory constantly, and to the beautiful church on Sunday, and had helped to make the wreaths for the great May holidays; she had made many new friends, and among them the doctor, who, if he had hurt her, had never deceived her, and had really made her more comfortable than she had ever been for the last five years, putting her in the way of such self-management as might very possibly avert some of that dreadful liability to be cross.

But with all this, and all her gratitude, Geraldine's longing had been

for home. She was very happy, and it was doing her a great deal of good; but Mamma, and Felix, and Wilmet, and Sibby, and the babies, were tugging at her heart, and would not let it go out from them. She was always dreaming that Felix's heels were coming through his stockings, that Mamma was calling and nobody coming, or that Bernard was cutting off the heads of the twins with the blunt scissors. And when Dr. Lee's course of treatment was over, and Felix had a holiday to come and fetch her home, it is not easy to say which was happiest. For she was so glad to be at home amid the dear faces, troubling and troublous as they often were, and so comfortable in the old wheel-ruts of care and toil, that it really seemed as if a new epoch of joy had begun. Felix openly professed how sorely he had missed her, and she clung to his arm with exulting mutual delight; but it was almost more triumphant pleasure to be embraced by Wilmet with the words: 'Dear dear Cherry, there you are at last. You can't think how we have all wanted you! I never knew how useful you are.'

'I suppose,' said Felix quaintly, 'the world would rather miss its axis, and yet that does not move.'

'Yes, it does,' said Cherry, 'it wabbles. I suppose Wilmet says rotates, just about as much as I am going to do now I have got back into my own dear sphere again.'

(*To be continued.*)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

PART II.—CHAPTER XV.

LORD PENDYNE sat for some time immersed in deep thought after Robin had left him; then he rose to return to the Countess, and give her an account of the interview. The letter crumpled up in his hand reminded him that it was still unread, but he felt persuaded of its inability to inform him of what he so much desired to know. No record remained; strange indeed that those trinkets *could* remain, and shew themselves again after eighteen years interment; but no hand survived to write, no tongue to tell. He was not curious, his own thoughts would be far more interesting.

So mused the Earl as he opened the old letter and smoothed it out upon the table before him. Placing a marble presse-papier at either end, he supported his aching head upon his hands as he began the troublesome task of making out its contents. But it did not long seem to be troublesome. Soon he pushed aside the weights, and turned over to the signature, back again, once, twice—then he threw up both his hands, and finally burying his face upon them, he fell upon his knees,

and so remained until approaching footsteps warned him that he might be interrupted.

One of the men having entered as he regained his seat—'The carriage directly,' said the Earl, and hastened up the stairs to his wife, pausing for an instant at the door, to regain his calmness before he entered.

Lady Pendyne was better. He said a few cheerful words to her, intending to avoid the subject of his interview ; but she eagerly inquired, and he felt ashamed of having for a moment forgotten that her interest was at least equal to his own.

He thought it best to leave her for a brief interval in the same puzzle by which she had been distracted ever since the discovery in the studio ; only he cleared the young artist from any acquaintance with the nature of the articles which had been for so long a period in his charge.

'Think it over for yourself, love, and be sure you think well of our good young friend for the future. He has been grieving over our sorrow, and over your illness, with the most true sympathy.'

He quitted the apartment in haste. 'Stay, Clement.' But Clement was gone, impatient even during that brief interval.

'Send Bird up to her Ladyship,' said he to the first person he met, 'and tell Lady Adela I am out.'

'To Mr. Gray's,' as he stepped into the carriage ; and trembling with agitation he drew down the blinds, lest the state of his feelings should be visible to the passers-by.

He ought not to have gone alone, but he could not wait ; he could not, while so much excited, relate the story to his delicate wife, or shew her the letter. Yet no one should do so but himself, a shock might never be recovered. He could not think, he felt almost wild ; but as the carriage stopped he struggled to regain his calmness.

His own man Robert stood at the door of the carriage. 'Robert !'

'I beg your pardon, my Lord. Your Lordship is not well. Her Ladyship would be uneasy.'

'I am quite well, very well ; do not wait, I may be some time.'

His face was flushed, his limbs were unsteady, he found that he could not part with Robert's arm until he was at the door of the studio.

'You had better wait, perhaps,' he then said.

In answer to his knock a voice said 'Come in,' and opening the door the Earl tottered into a chair.

The young painter went up to him immediately.

'I am ill again, Mr. Gray,' said the Earl, taking Robin's hand in both his own. 'Come and nurse me once more ; I cannot do without you.'

He looked tenderly into the artist's face ; but Robin's first idea, at the sight of that flushed countenance, was that he was wandering.

'Come and nurse me,' repeated Lord Pendyne, still in a most tender and affecting manner ; 'come home to my wife and me, and never leave us any more.'

He gently smoothed away the glossy hair from Robin's brow, disclosing on one side a bright blue vein of a very peculiar shape.

What reply could the young painter make to such strange wandering words?

'Say that you loved me, as I loved you, while you watched all those long hours beside my bed,' the Earl went on, still looking into his face. 'It was my whim, my fancy you will say, but tell me that as you nursed me day and night like a true Christian and for the love of Christ, that you had some love for *me*.'

He bowed his head upon Robin's arm, and awaited his reply in silence.

'Indeed, my Lord,' exclaimed the youth, and it could be seen that his heart was in his words, 'so warm have been my feelings since that happy time, that I have greatly reproached myself as half a traitor towards those kind early friends to whom I owe, under Providence, my whole position.'

A close hold upon Robin's arm was the reply.

'And your sister,' then continued Lord Pendyne, 'what can she care for us? Will she ever love us as we shall claim to be and as we must be loved? My wife may look upon her now,' added he, 'and not weep; and yet my own tears will fall.'

He pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, while Robin sat down beside him.

'My Lord,' he said, 'you *are* ill, I perceive; and I will come and nurse you, and with love, believe me. Were it not for the great difference of position, which I would never for one instant forget, I would say, with the faithful devoted affection of a son.'

'Come then, my son, my dear dear son,' cried the Earl; 'too long separated from me, and from your broken-hearted mother.'

He took out the yellow letter, and put it into Robin's hand.

And these were its contents. In a very tremulous hand, but legible.

My honoured Lord,

Your miserable wicked servant writes you this—she whom you have long thought dead, swallowed up with her precious charges in the fatal explosion which overwhelmed your house. She lives, Annette lives for utter wretchedness and remorse; and also, my honoured Lord—how can I write it—your children, your precious little ones, live too. Reproach me not, my Lord, I am too wretched already. Hate me you must, and those sweet little ones who love me now must learn to hate me soon.

And my Lady. Ah, the joy will kill her, if the grief should not have done it long ago. I dare not write to her. I dare not write to you, my Lord, and yet I must, for neither dare I die and leave the work undone.

Lord Pendyne, I am dying. Soon it will all be over. Come to the Gipsy camp at Westerleigh at once, and claim your children from me. Ah, how will you find them? I fear to say, but I have taught them prayers, they do not thief or lie, and they can read their Bible.

If you are too late, my sister, Mrs. Sutton, Ray's Cottage, Lewisham, will have the charge of your Lordship's family. How will you hear that they have lived to call me mother! So can I never tell them of my sin.

And my sister will have the packet of the little clothes and the lockets. Still

you will see the bright blue curious vein upon the forehead of your son, and that across the eyelid. And the little marks of the leeches upon Lady Emmeline's throat, and the long lashes like my Lady's. These will be the proofs if they are needed, and when you have your children safe at home, then pity your miserable servant for the wretched life she led until the end.

'Fast bound in misery and iron.'

I have heard that said in church. It has rung in my ears day and night since I left your roof.

For I have never been able to get away. I dared not leave the children lest they should be hid, and they were threatened once when we were missed. And in truth I have been afraid to go. For some time you were to be abroad, and the longer I waited the worse it seemed to have to tell.

So much more to write, and I am weary and faint now. Many days already saying this.

When the explosion destroyed your house, I and my charges were getting far away. For it was no accident, and the man you used to call the Brigand did it.

I did not believe his threats, yet I could not stay in the house. I dreaded your driving me from you if it were known—the punishment which might follow even to transportation: but I could not stay, nor should my charges. Well that we did not. So far, my Lord, I saved them.

More about that Brigand. He was insane, or he soon became so after. You were right in thinking you had seen the man in England. He was a Gipsy, and told fortunes. He told mine. I was to be rich and great, of course. When we met again he too was to be rich and great, with possessions of which he was then unjustly deprived.

I do not know whether his reason was impaired then—mine, I think, must have been. When I saw him at Lisbon he seemed quite wild; and his mother, who had come over with him, said that it was all my doing.

He was full of his fancied wrongs, but a new turn had been given them. Your Castle, my Lord, he said, stood upon his ground. You were the hated enemy, and that night you were to be destroyed.

I did not believe in his power. At least, I knew that you and my Lady were far away and safe. So should all have been, if I had dared to tell. I thought the harm would be to himself, and that I should be free. The foreign servants had their wives and children to see them that evening. It was a fête. I sent the second nurse and Rosetta down-stairs to see the dancing; then I stole out with your little ones; we were seized upon at once, and before the crash sounded in my ears we were dragged off, and for England.

Oh, those days and nights in that wretched boat!

And why did I not dare to cry out? Why did I wish to be hid then and for ever? Because I had been a fool, a wicked fool, and that wild dangerous man was my husband!

'Bauneton Church. Ann Smith to James Sharp.'

Amongst the Gipsies we have lived ever since, and some of them have been good to us. He got worse, and had to be taken to the Union. Then he died.

His mother is here. She did love her son, but there is no love in her now. She would keep back this letter if she knew of it. She is in constant dread, because of the part she took with her son at Lisbon. But he made her do it. You will not have her punished, my Lord. It was my fault. In truth they did not want the children. They would have left them behind, miles out, in the dark, alone; but I would not, and so we brought them off. Then we all knew they must be hid. But indeed I have been kind to them always. Do not be angry that they love me.

If I see you suddenly, my honoured Lord, I know that it will kill me. And there are yet things that I would say. Send a letter to Annette, Post Office, Westerleigh, and then I shall know that you are here, and be prepared.

Surely you will not delay. My head swims, I cannot see what I have written.

I am at your mercy, my honoured Lord. Tell my Lady. . . . But I cannot see, cannot.

I am, my honoured Lord,

Your wicked, miserable, but repentant humble servant,

ANNETTE.

As Robin finished reading, the Earl drew him nearer, nearer to himself, and throwing his arm round him he laid his head upon his shoulder. 'Come home, my Bertram,' exclaimed he, well-nigh exhausted with his feelings; 'come home with me, and claim the love of your mother and your sister.'

At the close of this earnest appeal, the young artist felt as if it must be his own senses that were failing him; and he looked from the letter to the Earl, and from the Earl to the letter. Yes, it was the same which he had brought from London. *It* had got into the dream, if nothing else were real. Should he run away into reality, or stay where he was, and dream such wondrous, gorgeous, dreams for life? 'My Bertram,' *The Earl* 'Bertram, his *dear dear son*.' 'Are you sure there can be no mistake of hers whom I have thought my mother?'

'She was your nurse, our head-nurse. I want no proofs beyond what I have seen, my heart has told me all; your sister's face had assured us long ago that she was ours. *She is*. There can be no mistake, my Bertram. Annette wrote that letter—you are the children to whom she alludes. Is it not so?'

'She called herself Annette. I saw the letter written. We are the children whom she brought up as her own,' said the young man, holding fast his father's hand; 'and we always called her "Mother." Poor thing, she suffered very much.'

'No doubt. I forgive her, I quite forgive her,' said the Earl, growing calmer by degrees. 'And we will have our proofs for all the world, should they require them. I will go to Portugal at once.'

He rose as he spoke, though he was scarcely bound for Portugal that day. 'I must not take you home ere I acquaint your mother,' said he, 'and it shall be done at once. She does not know as yet.'

'I will wait; any time,' replied the young painter, 'so that it does not come upon her too quickly.'

'I will go.' Lord Pendyne raised himself, and fell into his chair again immediately.

'I have a servant here,' he said.

'You have a *son*,' rejoined the happy youth, in a most tender manner; and throwing his strong arm around the Earl, he led or rather supported him to the carriage.

The men advanced and fell back, the Earl was comfortably placed by his newly-found son, and his hand resting upon the door, his father leaned forward and kissed it, before they parted.

The youth turned and went up the stair-case with a strange feeling. With a full heart he paused, as he re-entered the studio. He was not Robin Gray, the young painter—that person had ceased to be. He was Bertram, Lord Treneer, heir of a father's and of a mother's love.

CHAPTER XVI.

LADY PENDYNE rested upon her couch, and Adela sat beside her with a heightened colour. She was half fearful of the effect of so much happiness upon the weakened frame of her mother, who lay there pale and powerless in the agitation of her new joy.

It was, indeed, an accession of countless priceless wealth, and the mother's love shed a sweet silver light over her marble features.

And there was no mingling of uncertainty, as though two strangers were to be received all untried into her heart. With a very few words the whole story was before her, and the Countess then knew that she was already loving her son and daughter with fond maternal affection, no barriers to be broken down, only a clear light web across. And now that web had floated away for ever. The youth was returning to the house where he had already resided, serving his father, unknown, for love. Emmeline was but coming home after a long long visit. Home, home for life: they must never part again.

There were too many sounds without for them to recognize the gentle footsteps, until the door opened, and the family was at once complete. The Earl was leaning upon his son, with Emmeline close beside him, so close, perhaps her father's arm was winding round her waist.

Lady Pendyne made an attempt to rise, but Adela restrained her with a gentle hand. One instant, and her young daughter glided to her side and hid her face in her bosom. Her son flung himself down beside his sister, and with her disengaged arm around his neck, his mother bent her head over his brow and kissed him.

Not in a dream this time:

And not like that one kiss of eighteen years before, never repeated for all this joyless time, faded at once out of his baby memory, but pictured sweetly in the fair dreamings which had formed such a puzzle in his gipsy life.

It was a re-commencement, not an end. They may dream now of the present and of the future, and fold the sad past only to be unwound when they give thanks, or to give thanks as they unwind.

Adela drew her father gently into a seat beside them. His great excitement, and the flush upon his countenance, had passed away. He could be quite tranquil now, for he had brought his children home. No one spoke, and no one knew for how long the silence lasted.

The first word was from Emmeline. 'It seemed so hopeless,' she said, 'the longing for my mother's love.'

‘My Emmeline, my own darling,’ murmured the Countess, her cheek still resting against the forehead of her son. ‘Ada,’ she continued, ‘kiss your sister. You must love each other very much, my children.’

‘I love you now, my sister,’ said Adela, willingly obedient to her mother’s request. ‘And I have kissed you very often in the picture-hall at Pendyne.’

(Concluded.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUMINATION.

(IN SIX PARTS.)

PART IV.—FRENCH ILLUMINATION.

THE first monasteries of France were founded by St. Martin of Tours in the middle of the fourth century, at Poitiers and Marmoutier. The ancient chronicles of the last named abbey record that the entire work of the younger brethren consisted in the copying of books; so that in France as in other countries we may trace the rise of literature and art to the superior cultivation of the monastic orders.

The oldest French illuminated books are of the Merovingian period; though these cannot strictly be called illuminated, as the ornament merely consists of black, red, and yellow lines and patterns. In the seventh century the marks of Byzantine influence are visible in the introduction of classical patterns, and ornamentation peculiarly Eastern, such as the horse-shoe arch surmounted on columns.

It is not until the end of the eighth century that there is any marked improvement in the arrangement of colours. Blue is then first seen; and about the same time the working of Lombardic element becomes traceable in the drawing of men and animals. The large initial letters are often filled with historical groups, and floriated in a manner suggestive of leaves and flowers.

About the sixth century the writing of books began to be substituted for manual labour in the monasteries. Each monastery had a library, to the care of which one of the monks was devoted, and which consisted chiefly of the Greek and Latin Fathers, whose writings it was a special care of the Church to hand down to posterity entire. ‘Happy exercise,’ said Cassiodorus to his monks, ‘happy work, in which we discover the secret of preaching with our hands, of speaking with our fingers, of declaring salvation to men in silence, and of contending with pen and ink against the crafty wiles of the Evil One.’ During the seventh century there seems to have been much intercourse between the monks of France and Great Britain. Many Irish monks travelled over France as missionaries, and some of our own Bishops were educated in the far-

famed monastic schools of France. St. Wilfred, Archbishop of York, spent his early life in the school of the Church of Lyon, and Benedict Biscop lived for two years at Lerins, and carried out much of the Gallican system in his monasteries at home. This intercourse accounts for the numerous MSS. of the seventh century in France, ornamented with Celtic letters and patterns. The civil wars of Charles Martel and the invasion of the Saracens in the eighth century caused terrible devastation among the monasteries, and it was only with the reign of Charlemagne that art began to revive. Foremost in the work of restoration was Alcuin the English monk, the friend of Charlemagne, and tutor of our own King Alfred; and to his care in organizing the scriptoria was owing in a measure the supremacy of the French schools of Illumination. He devoted the latter part of his life to multiplying and correcting the copies of Holy Scripture, and was the founder of the great scriptorium of St. Martin at Tours. Around this celebrated scriptorium grew up others of almost equal note: St. Martial at Limoges, St. Germain and St. Denis at Paris, and many more, which produced, from the time of Charlemagne on to the end of the fourteenth century, the loveliest works of illuminated art which have ever been seen in any time or place. We seem to catch a glimpse of the care with which these schools were cherished and watched, in some of the letters of Alcuin to Charlemagne, in one of which he says, 'If it shall please your wisdom, I will send some of our boys, who may copy from thence (England) whatever is necessary, and carry back into France the flowers of Britain, that the garden may not be shut up in York, but the fruits of it may be placed in the paradise of Tours.' Charlemagne's first care was to take means for purifying the orthography, which had become very defective, and to this end every Bishop was compelled to keep a secretary. From this he proceeded to reform the style of writing, substituting the Roman characters for the Merovingian letters. This revival of Roman writing probably originated in France, and from thence passed on to Italy, since at this time the Lombardic characters were used. This reform was accomplished so effectually, that before the end of the century the monastery of Fontenelle became famous for its beautiful writing. But when the great Emperor had passed away, the Church was left comparatively unprotected, and the monasteries became the prey of the Saracens. The schools of Paris, Rheims, and Lyon, however maintained their great reputation throughout the Carolingian period. The initial letters of illuminated books were at this time almost universally painted in the style called the Anglo-Celtic, which chiefly consisted of woven interlacing patterns, mingled with grotesque heads. One of the finest of these Carolingian MSS. is an Evangelistarium, written in 781 A.D., on purple vellum with white borders, on which patterns are drawn in gold: it is said to have taken eight years to complete. Purple vellum seems to have been much used at this period, with gold letters and ornaments, and the chronicler of St. Gall speaks of writing in gold as

commonly practised. The 'Codex Aureus' of the British Museum is thought by Dr. Waagen to have been written for Charlemagne: it is purple and gold, with small quantities of brilliant scarlet. Illuminated and richly-bound books were often presented by kings to the monasteries. Charlemagne gave such an ornamented copy of the Gospels to the monastery of Aniane, which was either written or emended by Alcuin. The monastery of St. Gall seems to have been less affected than any other by the troubles of these times: it was governed by a succession of learned abbots, of one of whom, Syntrame, it is said that there are few places of note in that part of the continent in which are not some MSS. by his hand. The monastery of Cluni seems to have been the chief shelter of illuminated art during the troubles of the tenth century; and the skill of the monks in beautiful writing was specially recorded. The Abbey of Fleuri was also famous in this century, and many English monks studied there: it was said that each student of the school was obliged to add to the library two MSS.; one of some ancient work, the other of a modern one. The Abbey of Jumièges was celebrated in the succeeding century for miniature painting: the students in it were not, as in many other monasteries, restricted to the copying of the sacred books, but were occupied extensively in reproducing the works of the ancients. In this abbey is a splendid Anglican Missal with miniatures and gold initial letters, which was a present from Robert, Bishop of London, about 1050, who had formerly been Abbot of Jumièges.

But the most brilliant age of mediæval art began with the twelfth century. Towards the end of the eleventh century the colours in MSS. had been growing richer and deeper; blue, until then so rarely used, began to fall into its place in the chord of colour, and its tone changes from a dull hue to the rich purple-blue, in which the illuminators of the middle ages attained such perfection. The various elements of Byzantine, English, and Arabian Art, were amalgamated by the genius of the French illuminators, and developed into the system which was at once the most brilliant in colour, graceful in form, and in all points the most perfect school of such decorative art in Europe.

Initial letters are one of the most important and characteristic parts of Illumination in its best periods, and indeed were generally the centre and starting-point of ornament; the tail of the letter being constantly continued down the page, and forming the border, and the interior of the capital being used to enclose the miniature. Different provinces seem to have developed peculiar styles of drawing. Thus the school of St. Martial at Limoges produced a peculiar kind of initial which was an adaptation of the Anglo-Saxon style, combined with human figures. The initials called Phyllomorphical are also very beautiful. They are composed of foliage mingled with heads. The ground of these is black, and the patterns filled in with delicate colours and exquisitely defined with pen and ink.

Since the reign of Charlemagne there had been no period in which France was so fortunate in the government of kings who protected and cultivated art, as during the reign of Louis le Gros, Louis le Jeune, and Philippe Auguste. Every episcopal and monastic school, and every religious house, had its library, and the accumulation of MSS. must have been very great. Many beautiful illuminated works issued from Clairvaux and Cluni, and to such an extent did the brethren of Cluni carry their illumination, that they were reproached for the quantities of gold which they ground to powder for purposes of painting. St. Louis, perhaps more than any other king of France, contributed to the development of art, and especially to the increase of beautiful illuminated books. He was the founder of the first public library on record, which he established at Sainte Chapelle. A sultan of Egypt had collected a great number of volumes by the ancient philosophers, and caused them to be transcribed and translated for the benefit of his subjects. It is said that this example produced such an effect upon St. Louis, that he established a system for copying the books of Holy Scripture and the writings of the Fathers which were collected in his library at Ste. Chapelle. It was only among the monastic houses and cathedral schools that libraries were found to any extent. A few, indeed, of the wealthy laity accumulated books of romances, for which there was a great demand; but the decoration of these works was for the most part second-rate. The liberality of the Dominicans of Toulouse at this period is recorded, in throwing open their fine library for the benefit of other ecclesiastics.

The Hour-books of this period, which were probably possessed by everyone who could afford the purchase, varied as much in quality and quantity of ornament as the rank and wealth of the possessors. The richest remaining examples are those which have belonged to royal persons and nobles. In these and in the Missal-books are found the loveliest specimens of Illuminated Art, on which no one can look thoughtfully without perceiving that they were painted by men who brought to their work power of thought as well as high artistic faculties. One of the loveliest of these works existing is an Hour-book of St. Louis, now in the possession of Mr. Ruskin, and of which he said that he considered the acquisition of it to be one of the fortunate events of his life. Besides the miniature-pictures of comparatively large size, all along the borders and mingling with the foilage, are tiny figures and groups explanatory of sacred history, each face and form of which tells its tale by gesture and expression quite wonderful in such minute work. Perfect in colour and holy in thought, every page of such work is a precious inheritance. In the thirteenth century the custom was revived of erasing the writings of MSS. in order to use the parchment, and in this way no doubt numbers of works perished: the erased books were generally classics. These kind of MS. were called 'Palimpsest' and are very frequently found in the early times of Illumination. In this century the paintings of MSS. became so numerous and rich, that it was said,

‘Hodie scriptores non sunt scriptores sed pictores.’ Two MSS. of the San Greal contained, the one a hundred and twenty-five miniatures, and the other a hundred and twenty-seven, besides other ornament. This elaborate system of decoration considerably raised the price of books. Each of the miniatures in the San Greal cost two florins. Twenty-four livres was the ordinary price for a Bible, and two hundred florins for an ornamented Missal. It is computed that the average price of a folio volume at this time was probably equivalent to four or five hundred francs of modern money. In consequence of this great demand for ornamental work, the Dominicans found it necessary to forbid the copyists of their order to supply the demand for ornamented books, and ordered them to turn their attention to the formation of legible characters. The first printed books contained better and more legible characters than had been used for many years, the reason of which was that the engravers copied them from the early MSS., and not from those of their own day.

We have glanced briefly over the gradual development of the greatest European school of Illumination. To trace its decline would be of little interest, and the causes which led to it have been already seen in the sketch of the Italian schools, and may easily be observed by anyone who attentively studies the MSS. of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We will leave the French illuminators in their thirteenth century glory, yielding to them the same meed of reverence and admiration, as we accord to the builders of Amiens, Chartres, and Rouen.

(To be continued.)

SIX MIRRORS.

EVERY attempt to persuade people that clothing in any view except that of health and comfort is of no importance, has proved a failure, for this plain reason—that it is not true.

We tell the little child,

‘Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed us still;’

and the little child naturally wishes to approach as nearly as it may to the gaiety and attractiveness of these creatures; then we exhort it,

‘Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents’ shame, provoke our pride?’

and the child knows perfectly well that whatever may have been the origin of clothing, it is now a necessity of which we have no occasion to be ashamed, and that nakedness and rags are disgraceful: and equally

fruitless are similar attempts to suppress the vanity of dress in children of a larger growth. Wherever there is a perception of beauty in form or colour, there must naturally be an inclination to produce that beauty in the things which are nearest to our persons; to this there are exceptions, though rare ones.

Every traveller forms his first estimate of a people from their costume; while we read the tasteful ingenuity of the Mexicans in their feathered robes, the graceful fancy of the South Sea maidens in their wreaths and garlands, the neatness and thrift of the English peasant in her modest apparel, the wealth and rank of the princess in the form of her jewels, and the destitution of the pauper in her patch-work rags,—it is absurd to contend that it is a matter of indifference how women dress themselves, a thing unworthy of their consideration. But there is higher ground, for in Holy Scripture the subject is given a place, whether for approval or rebuke, which stamps it at once as one demanding thought and care. From the golden ornaments hung by Abraham's steward on the slender arm of the bride Rebecca, to the exhortation to Judah, 'Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth;' from the coat of many colours which fatally marked the father's partial love, to the clothing of silk and purple, the fine linen and scarlet, with which the virtuous woman provides her household; we find everywhere a significance attached to dress; the 'Wherewithal shall I be clothed?' would not be a parallel to the necessities of food, if it were a matter of indifference; nor would anxiety on the subject be silenced by an appeal to the beauty of the lilies, if the wish to be fresh and fair in appearance were a sinful one: and then the withering scorn with which absurdities in female attire are condemned, proves as fully that it is a subject of importance.

It is the Lord's own word, recorded by His prophet, 'Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks, making a tinkling with their feet, therefore the Lord will smite. . . . In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their networks, their round tires like the moon, the changeable suits of apparel, the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the fine linen, the hoods, and the veils, And there shall be burning instead of beauty.' (Isaiah, iii.) This passage, fully read and considered, proves that there is nothing so trifling as to escape the observation of God; and nothing that He regards can be beneath His servants' care in the question of right and wrong. There is an Apostolic rule upon the subject; there is a mode of dressing which befits 'women professing godliness,' and there is one which does not. Let it be fully granted that dress is a subject worthy of consideration in many points of view, and is a fit field for the exercise of taste; and then let us acknowledge that its importance has a boundary which many women are prone to overpass; that it habitually fills a place in female thought and female conversation and female interest, and occupies an amount of female time, far beyond that to which it has any reasonable

claim; it is worthy of some attention, but not of that degree which it ordinarily receives; and if even the most innocent of all tastes, the love of scenery or of flowers, may be exaggerated into a fault, how much more liable to such exaggeration is that which comes so very close to self that it is difficult to distinguish it from personal vanity; but in the present day it is generally acknowledged that the love of dress has in all classes become a passion, sweeping away the barriers of Christian feeling, reason, and prudence; a subject of ridicule to the satirist, of rebuke to the moralist, of grief to the pastor, and of wonder and astonishment to all.

To adopt a religious costume is no remedy for the disease; except when worn as a convenient garb for special work, such a distinction savours of pride to begin with, and frequently ends in as much personal vanity as a more common dress; but there are certain principles binding upon every woman, which if duly considered must influence those women who not merely profess and call themselves Christians as inhabitants of a Christian country, but who remember that having been baptized into Christ, they are called in and by Him 'with an holy calling,' part of which is to 'renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world;' and it is for the help of those who, notwithstanding appearances, really desire to walk as 'women professing godliness,' that these suggestions are offered.

There are Six Mirrors in which every woman may contemplate her own dress, and ask her own heart whether it is becoming her Christian profession; these are Modesty, Honesty, Becomingness, Time, Truth, and Charity.

I. 'Let women adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety.' Sufficient covering is obviously the first requisite of modest apparel; and to any woman 'professing godliness' it would seem to be an unnecessary warning, but that the eye so readily forms itself to what it frequently sees that gradually people acquiesce in a fashion which seen for the first time would scandalize; and fashionable mothers are content to exhibit their daughters in public places with an absence of covering which would horrify them if they met a peasant girl on the road in an equally unclothed state. It is this insensible influence of fashion or habit, that has led some good people to stereotype their costume, permitting no variation, so as to guard against evil innovations; but this has its error on the opposite side, for that can scarcely be called modest apparel which by its peculiarity draws every eye to the wearer; and in this respect the extremes meet of a full and early adoption or exaggeration of a prevailing fashion on the one side, and a decided contradiction of it on the other; such a medium as is not conspicuous is rather to be chosen than such a peculiarity as must attract each idle gaze. 'Shamefacedness and sobriety;' surely the comparison of these words with the reflection in the looking-glass would lead to many an addition to, and many a rejection from, a modern toilette. The

'natural instinct of modest youth would suffice to regulate this matter if it were not coerced by the fear of 'not looking like other people;' but it seems almost an offence to our maidens to enlarge upon this theme; let them just remember the two words, 'shamefacedness and sobriety,' and that they were spoken by a higher authority than the fashion of this world which passeth away.

II. Honesty. The passion for dress is the frequent cause of a breach of the Eighth Commandment among the lower classes; but unhappily the evil extends beyond the instances of open transgression. To the fine lady as well as to her maid the inquiry is necessary, Can I afford it? Can I honestly pay for it without delay, and without injustice to other claims? Long bills, even as the result of carelessness, where there is the full intention to pay, are a source of dishonesty, causing tradespeople to overcharge in order to remunerate themselves for possible loss, and leading the purchaser into the temptation of using for her own purposes the money of which she has received the value in material or work. 'Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it; say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee;'^{*} let this mirror answer truly whether there may be to the lovers of female attire the awful rebuke of the Apostle, 'Behold, the hire of the labourers, . . . which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and their cries have entered into the ears of the Lord.'[†] Are there any milliners, dress-makers, work-women, waiting for their wages? in short, is the dress you wear honestly your own? To spend as our own the money we owe to another, is not more honest than to take the same sum out of the tradesman's purse; he encourages the one, and would probably wink at the other, for the sake of extending his trade; but that does not justify the transaction on our part.

Then, supposing the dress paid for, is it lawfully your own at too much cost to the husband or father at whose expense it is purchased? do you ever shrink from his investigation of your mercer's and milliner's and jeweller's accounts? do you wish him to be ignorant of the items? if so, you are misusing his money. There is no degree of wealth that rises above the possibility of extravagance amounting to dishonesty in personal expenditure; there are many ways in which a vain woman can dissolve pearls; and expenditure, whether small or large, must fail of honesty if it is not proportioned to the property out of which it is to come; if the lady of £500 a year imitates the dress of the possessor of ten times as much, and if she of £5000 must follow the fashion of her millionaire neighbour, each is wronging somebody of their just rights, quite independent of the claims of generosity and almsgiving; and this is one of the sins and follies of the day; each one straining, if not breaking, the boundary of her income, in order to assume the same appearance as another whose income amply authorizes it.

^{*} Proverbs, iii. 27, 28.

[†] St. James, v. 4.

III. Is it Becoming? is the next question the mirror is to answer; and very right it is that in colour and form the dress should be suitable to the complexion and figure, and pleasant to the eye of taste; in short, 'becoming' to the wearer; for the style which is prettiest for one may be disfiguring to another. Let this be arranged as carefully as you arrange the flowers in a parterre; no more, if no less; but let the mirror exhibit a further view.—Is it becoming to my age, my station, my circumstances? It really is hard to call on young people to honour the hoary head when there are no hoary heads to honour; and the disrespect and irreverence for years, of which all complain, may in a great degree be traced to the assumption of youth in the aged: it is impossible for a girl to venerate the old age of one decorated with the flowers and feathers and streamers that might adorn her grand-daughter, only multiplied, the better to conceal the ravages of time; this ghastly caricature of youth ought to have been banished from civilized society by Dickens's Mrs. Skewton, and something better than a sense of the ridiculous ought to influence any woman of sense or judgement; even a heathen could congratulate his mother—'You never stained your face with walnut juice or rouge; you never delighted in dresses indelicately low; your single ornament was a loveliness which no age could destroy; your special glory was a conspicuous chastity;' and the praise of this heathen lady is, 'She was never ashamed of her children as though their presence betrayed her own advancing age; gems and pearls had little charm for her.'* How can the aged woman teach the younger to 'be sober and discreet,'† while her own costume is such as to excite contempt and ridicule? how can she enforce the veneration due to age, who visibly regards age as a disgrace to be concealed at any cost? There is no need that her costume should fail of refinement or elegance; but let an old woman dress like one, and the exterior of a true gentlewoman is never more marked than in observing this rule. Among women professing godliness it is hoped there would be no need of the warning, were it not that custom has gone so far in an opposite direction that it is troublesome to obtain suitable apparel in fashionable shops; but for the sake of others it is worth time and trouble to stem the tide of folly that makes old age absurd by trying to obliterate the acknowledgement that such a period exists. And at every time of life the difference of station should be recognized, though without making ostentatious contrasts. If fortune places ladies of rank on a level, it would be silly to renew in their case the sumptuary laws; but there are marked distinctions of class and position; the lady's-maid appears in the finery of the lady, and the farmer's daughter copies her; and many a dark dark history has its origin in that fatal imitation; and be it remembered that the church, as the place where rich and poor meet together, is the place where this insensible influence is most exercised.—Is it becoming to my place

* Seneca—Farrar.

† Titus, ii.

in life, even though I can honestly obtain it? A child—it happened fifty years ago—was asked, ‘What do you mean by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?’ ‘Miss Caroline, Sir,’ was the reply. Miss Caroline was the Squire’s daughter: but do not the daughters of our country parsons sometimes afford the same impersonation to the catechumen? Surely it is one of the most obvious duties of the females of a clergyman’s family to set an example of the ‘modest apparel’ which befits all women professing godliness.—And place, too, requires to be considered in what is becoming; if vanity is to walk our streets, and promenade in our gardens, oh! keep her from entering the porch of the church! let all *there* be done *decently* and in order; and there, above all other places, let women regard the Apostolic precept concerning shamefacedness and sobriety. Surely it cannot be right to wear at church such fantastic dresses as might be tolerated at a flower show; taking the lowest ground, it is unseemly, and forms a contrast painfully glaring, bringing a discordant element into solemn associations; but in women professing godliness the offence lies deeper. Never ought they to wear an outward appearance with which the visible expression of devotion is incongruous; the contrast between devotional gestures and the costume of those who use them is sometimes so glaring as to produce a sense of suspicion of the one and ridicule of the other; feelings as unfit for the place as is the absurd garb which excites them. We do not ask for anything gloomy or ascetic in the appearance as suitable for Christian worship; but really where the aisle is blocked up by the trailing draperies of prostrate humiliation, and the most sacred place obscured by the fantastic decorations of the worshippers, there is a distinct breach of the Third Commandment. Perhaps the wearers of these absurdities are so accustomed to the sight of things still more grotesque and fantastic, as to be insensible to the effect it produces on others, and therefore to the evil of such display; it is for this reason we put it so plainly before them; no woman professing godliness would come to a place of worship dressed as if she walked out of a milliner’s show-room, if she knew what it is to unaccustomed eyes—how irresistibly it attracts the attention, and forces ideas which ought never to cross the threshold of the church. It is a mistake to suppose that shabby or ugly dress is most suitable for visiting the poor; they always like a lady to look like one, and sometimes their dress may convey pleasure, as any pretty thing may do; this is often the case in the workhouse, where a fresh colour breaks the monotony of which the eye is sickened; but for every reason it is obvious that for such places the gorgeous apparel, the costly array, or the grotesque fancy, in which some indulge, is not suitable; and the question remains with each, Which shall my habitual dress suit—the district or the croquet-ground? or is there not a happy medium, decent and pleasant to the sight, which would not be out of place in either?

IV. Time is another mirror in which a Christian woman ought to

study the question of dress; and the expenditure of time is often in inverse ratio to the power of spending money; for if I must make the same appearance as my neighbour at half the cost, it must be by devoting my time and toil to the work of producing it. It would be well to measure by the watch the proportion of time devoted to the arrangement of the hair to that devoted to the arrangement of the thoughts; nay more,—the proportion of time given to decoration with that spent in private devotion. How quickly half an hour disappears in the one case; how slowly in the other!

V. Truth is the fifth mirror. The woman professing godliness must avoid all false pretences; all false ways concerning her age, her station, her fortune, she must utterly abhor. There are convenient and cheap imitations of costly things, which are perfectly harmless unless she who uses them tries to pass them off for what they are not; but she must never, for use or ornament, wear anything that makes her fear detection. It is one of her refined social duties, (none the less a duty because it is refined and of small dimensions,) not to offend the eye of taste, and to let herself be as pleasing as nature permits in the sight of those who care to observe her; but she must scrupulously avoid everything that falsifies the reality.

VI. That part of Charity called almsgiving is a mirror which each must keep in her own chamber and study for herself alone; being a free offering, ('freely ye have received, freely give,') there are no rules laid down; each one must be convinced in her own mind that she gives according to her ability, and that not grudgingly, or of necessity. Now there are no circumstances in which self-denial may not be exercised with this object; in every class of society—from the lady who resigns her diamonds to endow a bishopric, down to the girl who gives up the superfluous knot of ribbon to spend the sixpence on a loaf for her hungry neighbour—every woman has the choice set before her, what will she do with her own? And as these free-will offerings ought, so far as may be, to be done in secret, it is not desirable that a shabby or neglected appearance should proclaim her almsdeeds; and from the housewife who toils to make 'the auld claithe look amaisht as weel's the new,' up to the lady who limits and regulates her orders on her tradespeople, every woman can consider the poor and exercise female ingenuity in 'devising liberal things.' This mirror is for personal use, and is not to be turned into a tribunal, for one cannot judge justly the circumstances of another. There may be times and places, too, where the demands for almsgiving are not urgent; and there may be times when the circumstances of our Church or country are such as to make every act of self-indulgence a sin against Charity.

Modest, Honest, Consistent, Truthful, Redeemers of the Time, Charitable—would our fair daughters and our matrons be less lovely if their whole appearance bore these characteristics? would they not thus adorn themselves?

With the figure which these Six Mirrors present, let us carefully compare the Apostolic rule.

1 St. Timothy, ii. 9, 10.—‘Likewise that women also in modest guise, with shamefastness and sobermindedness, do adorn themselves; not with braided hair, and gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) through good works.’ This is the translation of Bishop Ellicott, who observes upon the words:—
 “‘Likewise;” in public prayers the women were not mere supernumeraries, they also had their duties as well as the men; these were sobriety of deportment and simplicity of dress *at all times, especially at public prayers*. “Seemly guise” is not simply dress, but deportment as exhibited externally, whether in look, manner, or dress,—external appearance. “Shamefastness and discretion;” the inward feelings which accompany the outward bearing and deportment. “Not with plaitings,” &c.;* special adornments both personal and put on the person, inconsistent with Christian simplicity.’

The Apostolic rule of St. Peter is very similar—‘Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.’ A few words may be selected from the exquisite commentary of Archbishop Leighton on the passage. ‘To a sincere and humble Christian very little either of dispute or discourse concerning this will be needful. A tender conscience, and a heart purified from vanity and weaned from the world, will be sure to regulate this after the safest manner; and will be wary, first, of lightness and fantastic garb in apparel, which is the very bush and sign hanging out that tells a vain mind lodges within; and second, of excessive costliness, which both argues and feeds the pride of the heart, and defrauds, if not others of their dues, yet the poor of thy charity, which in the sight of God is a debt due too. As conscientious Christians will not exceed in the thing itself, so, in as far as they use lawful ornament and comeliness, they will do it without bestowing much’ either of diligence or delight on the subject. Finally, the Apostle doth indeed expressly check and forbid vanity and excess in apparel, and excessive delight in lawful decoration, but his prime end is to recommend this other ornament, the hidden man of the heart; so here the Apostle pulls off from Christian women their vain outside ornaments; but is not this a wrong to spoil all their dressing and fineness? no, he doth only send them to a better wardrobe, where there is much profit in the change—meekness and quietness of spirit.’

* Or, in an old English translation, ‘*writhings* of the hair,’ anticipating the fashions of 1869.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XIII.

NORTH TIROL—THE INNTHAL.

 (LEFT INN-BANK.)

EXCURSIONS ROUND INNSBRUCK—MÜHLAU, NEW CHURCH, BARONIN STERNBACH—JUDGEMENT OF FRAU HÜTT—BÜCHSENHAUSEN—WEIERBURG—MARIÄ-BRÜNN—HOTTINGEN, MONUMENTS IN THE FRIEDHOF—SCHLOSS LICHTENTHURN—THE HÖTTINGERBILD, THE STUDENT'S MADONNA, STALACTITES—EXCURSION TO ZIRL—GROSSEN HERR-GOTT STRASSE—KRANEBITTEN—THE SCHWEFELLOCH—THE HUNDSKAPELLE—THE ZIRLER-CHRISTEN—GROSS-SOLSTEIN—THE MARTINSWAND, DANGER OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, COLLIN'S BALLAD, WHO LED THE KAISER ASTRAY? HIS IMPORTANCE IN EUROPE, EFFORTS TO RESCUE HIM, THE BLESSED SACRAMENT VISITS HIM, UNKNOWN DELIVERER—MARTINSBÜHL—TRADITIONS OF KAISER MAX—ZIRL—FRAGENSTEIN, ITS HIDDEN TREASURE—LEITEN—REIT—SEEFELD—THE HEILIGE BLUTSKAPELLE—THE SEE-KAPELLE—SCHARNITZ—ISARTHAL—PORTA KLAUDIA—DIRSTENÖHL—THE BEGGAR-WOMAN'S PRAYER, VISION OF THE PEASANT OF DORF.

‘I taught the heart of the boy to revel
In tales of old greatness that never tire.’

Aubrey de Vere.

THOSE who wish to visit the sanctuaries of Tirol without any great measure of ‘roughing,’ will doubtless find Innsbruck the most convenient base of operations for many excursions of various lengths to places which the pedestrian would take on his onward routes. Those on the north and east, which have been already described in Chapters VII. and IX., may also be treated thus. It remains to mention those to be found on the west, north-west, and south. A fine avenue of poplars running between the right bank of the Inn and the railway leads to Mühlau, where the river is crossed by a suspension bridge. There are baths in Mühlau which are much visited by the Innsbruckers, and many visitors prefer staying there to Innsbruck itself. A pretty little new Gothic church adorns the height; the altar is bright with marbles of the country, and has a very creditable altar-piece by a Tirolean artist. Mühlau was celebrated in the *Befreiungskämpfe* through the courage of Baronin Sternbach, its chief resident; everywhere where the patriots gathered she might be found in their midst, fully armed and on her bold charger, inspiring all with courage. Arrested in her château at Mühlau during the Bavarian occupation, no threats or insult could wring from her any admission prejudicial to the interests of her country, or compromising to her son; she was sent to

Munich and kept a close prisoner there, as also were Graf Sarnthein and Baron Schneeberg, till the Peace of Vienna.

From either Mühlau or Innsbruck may be made the excursion to Frau Hütt, a curious natural formation which by a freak of nature presents somewhat the appearance of a gigantic petrification of a woman with a child in her arms. Of it one of the most celebrated of Tirolean traditions is told. In the time of Noe, says the legend, there was a queen of the giants living in these mountains, and her name was Frau Hütt. Nork makes out a seemingly rather far-fetched derivation for it out of the wife *der Behütete*, (*i.e.* the be-hatted, or covered, one,) otherwise Odin, with the sky for his head-covering. However that may be, the legend says Frau Hütt had a son, a young giant, who wanted to cut down a pine tree to make a stalking-horse, but as the pine grew on the borders of a morass, he fell with his burden into the swamp. Covered over head and ears with mud, he came home to his mother crying, who ordered the nurse to wipe off the mud with fine crumb of white bread. This filled up the measure of Frau Hütt's life-long extravagance. As the servant approached, to put the holy gift of God to this profane use, a fearful storm came on, and the light of Heaven was veiled by angry clouds; the earth rocked with fear, then opened a yawning mouth, and swallowed up the splendid marble palace of Frau Hütt, and the rich gardens surrounding it. When the sky became again serene, of all the former verdant beauty nothing remained, all was wild and barren as at present. Frau Hütt, who had run for refuge with her son in her arms to a neighbouring eminence, was turned into a rock. In place of our 'Wilful waste makes woeful want,' children in the neighbourhood are warned from waste by the saying, 'Spart eure Brosamen für die Armen, damit es euch nicht ergehe wie der Frau Hütt.*' Frau Hütt also serves as the popular barometer of Innsbruck, and when the old giantess appears with her 'night-cap' on, no one undertakes a journey. This excursion will take four or five hours; on the way Buchsenhausen is passed, where, as I have already mentioned, Gregory Löffler cast the statues of the Hofkirche. I have also given above † the legend of the Bienerweible. As a consequence of the state execution which occasioned her melancholy aberrations, the castle was forfeited to the crown. Ferdinand Karl, however, restored it to the family; it was subsequently sold, and became one of the most esteemed breweries of the country, the cellars being hewn in the living rock, and its 'Bier-garten' is much frequented by holiday-makers. Remains of the old castle are still kept up, among them the chapel, in which are some paintings worth attention. On one of the walls is a portrait of the Chancellor's son, who died in the Franciscan Order in Innsbruck in his ninety-first year.

If time allows, the Weierburg and the Maria-Brünn may be taken in the way home, as it makes but a slight digression; or it may be ascended

* Spare your bread for the poor, and escape the fate of Frau Hütt.

† Part V., p. 501-2.

from Mühlau. It affords a most delightful view of the picturesque capital, and the surrounding heights and valleys mapped out around. Schloss Weierburg was once the gay summer residence of the Emperor Maximilian, and some relics of him are still preserved there.

Hottingen, which might be either taken on the way when visiting Frau Hütt or the Weierburg, is a sheltered spot, and one of the few in the Innthal where the vine flourishes. It is reached by continuing the road past the little Church of Mariähilf across the Inn; it had considerable importance in mediæval times, and has consequently some interesting remains, which, as well as the bathing establishment, make it a rival to Mühlau. In the church (dedicated to S. Nicholas) is Gregory Löffler's monument erected to him by his two sons. The Counts of Trautmannsdorf and other noble families of Tirol have monuments in the Friedhof; the tower of the church is said to be a remnant of a Roman temple to Diana. To the right of the church is Schloss Lichtenthurm, well kept up, and often inhabited by the Schneeberg family. On the woody heights to the north is a little pilgrimage chapel difficult of access, and called the *Höttingerbilde*. It is built over an image of our Lady found on the spot by a student of Innsbruck in 1764, and who ascribed his rapid advance in the schools to his devotion to it. On the east side of the Höttinger stream are some remains of lateral mining shafts, which afford the opportunity of a curious and difficult, though not dangerous exploration; there are some very pretty stalactitic formations, but on a restricted scale.

There is enough of interest in a visit to Zirl to make it the object of a day's outing, but if time presses it may be reached hence, by pursuing the main street of this suburb, called, I know not why, *zum grossen Herr-Gott*, which continues in a path along an almost direct line of about seven miles through field and forest, and for the last four or five following the bank of the Inn. Or the whole route may be taken in a carriage from Innsbruck, driving past the rifle-butt under Mariähilf. At a distance of two miles you pass Kranebitten, or Kranewitten, not far from which at a little distance on the right of the road is a remarkable ravine in the heights, which approach nearer and nearer the bank of the river. It is well worth while to turn aside and visit this ravine, which goes by the name of the *Schwefelloch*. It is an accessible introduction on a small scale to the wild and fearful natural solitudes we read of with interest in more distant regions. The uneven path is closed in by steep and rugged mountain sides, which spontaneously recall many a poet's description of a visit to the nether world. At some distance down the gorge, a flight of eight or nine rough and precarious steps cut in the rock, and then one or two still more precarious ladders, lead to the so-called *Hundskirche*, or *Hundskappelle*,* which is said to derive its name from having been the last resort of Pagan mysteries when heathendom was retreating before the advance of Christianity in Tirol. Further on, the rocks bear the name

* The dog's church or chapel.

of the Wagnerwand, (*Wand* being a wall,) and the great and lesser Lechner; and here they seem almost to meet high above you and throw a strange gloom over your path, and the torrent of the *Sulz* roars away below in the distance; while the oft-repeated answering of the echo you evoke is more weird than utter silence. The path which has hitherto been going north now trends round to the west, and displays the back of the Martinswand, and the fertile so-called *Zirlerchristen*, soon affording a pleasing view both ways towards Zirl and Innsbruck. There is rough accommodation here for the night for those who would ascend the Gross Solstein, 9,393 feet; the Brandjoch, 7,628 feet; or the Klein Solstein, 8,018 feet—peaks of the range which keep Bavaria out of Tirol.

Proceeding again on the road to Zirl, the level space between the mountains and the river continues to grow narrower and narrower, but what there is, is every inch cultivated; and soon we pass the *Markstein*, which constitutes the boundary between Ober and Unter-Innthal. By-and-by the mountain slopes drive the road almost down to the bank, and straight above you rises the foremost spur of the Solstein, the Martinswand, so called by reason of its perpendicularity, celebrated far and wide in *Sage* and ballad for the hunting exploit and marvellous preservation of Kaiser Max.

It was Easter Monday, 1490; Kaiser Max was staying at Weierburg, and started in the early morning on a hunting expedition on the Zirlergebirge. So far there is nothing very remarkable, nor that his ardent disposition and love of danger carried him on beyond all his suite; but then came a marvellous accident, the accounts of the origin of which are various. As most often reported, the chamois he was following brought him suddenly to the very edge of the precipice I have described; the steepness of the terrible descent did not affright him; but in his frantic course one by one the iron spikes had been wrenched from his soles, till at last just as he reached a ledge, scarcely a span in breadth, he found he had but one left; to proceed was impossible, but—so also was retreat. There he hung, then, a speck between earth and sky, or as Collin's splendid popular ballad, which I cannot forbear quoting, has it—

‘Hier half kein Sprung,
Kein Adler-Schwung’
Denn unter ihm senkt sich die Martinswand
Der steilste Fels im ganzen Land.

Er starrt hinab
In 's Wolkengrab
Und starrt hinaus in 's Wolkenmeer
Und schaut zurück, und schaut umher.

* * * * *

Wo das Donnergebrüll zu Füßen ihm grollt
Wo das Menschengewühl tief unter ihm rollt:
Da steht des Kaisers Majestät
Doch nicht zur Wonne hoch erhöht.

Ein Jammersohn
 Auf luft 'gem Thron
 Findet sich Max nun plötzlich allein
 Und fühlt sich schauernd, verlassen und klein.*

But the singers of the high deeds of Kaiser Max could not bring themselves to believe that so signal a danger could have befallen their hero by mere accident. They must discover for it an origin to connect it with his political importance; accordingly they have said that the minions of Sigismund *der Münzreiche*, dispossessed at his abdication, had plotted to lead Max, the strong redresser of wrongs, the last flower of chivalry, the hope of the Hapsburg House, the mainstay of his century, into destruction, that it was not the innocent chamois that led the Kaiser astray, but that the conspirators misled him as to the direction it had taken.

Certainly, when one thinks of the situation of the empire at that moment, and of Hungary, the border-land against the Turks, suddenly deprived of its great King Matthias Corvinus, even while yet at war with Austria, only four days before. When we think that the writers of the ballad had before their eyes the great amount of good he really did effect not only for Tirol, but for the empire and for Europe, and then contemplated the idea of his career being cut short thus at the outset, we can understand that they deemed it more flattering to believe so great a peril was incurred in the cause of duty than in that of pleasure.

Here then he hung; a less fearless hunter might have been overawed by the prospect or exhausted by the strain. Not so Kaiser Max; he not only held on steadfastly by the hour, but was able to look round him so calmly that he at last discerned behind him a cleft in the rock, or little cave, affording a footing less precarious than that on which he had rested hitherto; the ballad seems to say that it opened itself to receive him, though the words do not absolutely mean it. The rest of the hunting party, even those who had nerve to follow him to the edge of the crag, could not see what had become of him; below, there was no one to think of looking up, and if there had been they could hardly have discerned even an emperor at a height of something like a thousand feet above them. The horns of the huntsmen, and the messengers sent in every direction hither and thither to ask counsel of the most experienced mountain climbers, within a few hours crowded the banks on both sides with the loyal and enthusiastic people; till at last the

* His well-known daring, emulating that of the chamois and the eagle, was of no avail now; for straight under him sinks the Martin's Wall, the steepest cliff of the whole country-side.

He gazes down through that grave of clouds. He gazes abroad over that cloud-ocean. He glances around, and his gaze recoils.

With only the thunder-roll of the people's voices beneath, there stands the Kaiser's Majesty. But not raised aloft to receive his people's homage. A son of sorrow, on a throne of air, the great Maximilian finds himself isolated, trembling, forsaken, and small.

wail of his faithful subjects, which could be heard a mile off, sent comfort into the heart of the Kaiser, who stood silent and steadfast, relying on God, and his people. Meantime, the sun had reached the meridian; the burning rays poured down on the captive, and gradually, as the hours went by, the rocks around him grew glowing hot like an oven; exhausted by the long fast, no less than the anxiety of his position, and the sharp run that had preceded the accident, he began to feel his strength ebbing away. One desire stirred him, to know whether any help was possible before the insensibility, which he felt must supervene, overcame him. Then he bethought him of writing on a strip of parchment he had about him, to describe his situation, and to ask if there was any means of rescue; he tied the scroll to a stone with the cord of his hunting-horn, and threw it down into the depth below. But no sound came in answer; the people loved him so much, no one could bear to announce his fate to him.

In the meantime all were straining to find a way of escape; even the old Archduke Sigismund, who, though he is never accused of any knowledge of the alleged plot of his courtiers, yet may well be supposed to have entertained no very good feeling towards Maximilian, now forgot all ill-will, and despatched swift messengers to Schwatz to summon the cleverest *Knappen** to come with their gear and see if they could not devise a means for reaching him with a rope; others ran from village to village, calling on all for aid and counsel. Some rang the storm-bells; and some lighted alarm fires; while many more poured into the churches and pilgrimage sanctuaries to pray for help from on High; and pious brotherhoods thousands in number marching with their holy emblems veiled in mourning, and playing dirges as they came, gathered round the base of the Martinswand.

The Kaiser from the giddy height could make out something of what was going on; but as no answer came, a second and a third time he wrote asking the same words; and when still no answer came, for they durst not tell him the worst, his heart died down within him, and he said, 'If there was any hope, most surely my people would have sent a shout up to me. So there is no doubt but I must die here.' Then he turned his heart to God, and tried to forget everything of this earth, and think only of that which is eternal. But now the sun sank low towards the horizon; while light yet remained, once more he took his tablet and wrote; he had no cord left to attach it to the stone, so he bound it with his gold chain—of what use were earthly ornaments any more to him?—'and threw it down,' as the ballad forcibly says, 'into the living world, out of that grave high placed in air.'

One in the crowd caught it, and the people wept aloud as he read out to them what the Kaiser had traced with failing hand. He thanked Tirol for its loyal interest in his fate; he acknowledged humbly that his suffering was a penance sent him worthily by Heaven for the pride and

* See Part VIII. vol. viii. p. 298.

haughtiness with which he had pursued the chase, thinking nothing too difficult for him. Now he was brought low. He offered his blood and his life in satisfaction. He saw there was no help to be hoped for his body, he trusted his soul to the mercy of God. But he besought them to send to Zirl, and beg the priest there to bring the Most Holy Sacrament and bless his last hour with Its Presence. When It arrived they were to announce it to him by firing off a gun, and another while the Benediction was imparted. Then he bid them all pray for steadfastness for him, while the pangs of hunger gnawed away his life.

The priest of Zirl hastened to obey the summons, and the Kaiser's injunctions were punctually obeyed. Meantime, the miners of Schwatz were busy arranging their plan of operations—no easy matter, for they stood fifteen hundred feet above the Emperor's ledge. But before they were ready for the forlorn attempt, another deliverer appeared upon the scene, with a strong arm supported the almost lifeless form of the Emperor, for he had now been fifty-two hours in this sad plight, and bore him triumphantly up the pathless height. There he restored him to the people, who, frantic with joy, let him pass through their midst without observing his appearance. Who was this deliverer? The traditions of the time say he was an angel, sent in answer to the Kaiser's penitential trust in God and the prayers of the people. Later narrators say—some, that he was a bold huntsman, others, a reckless outlaw, to whom the track was known, and tell you there is a record of a pension being paid annually in reward for the service, if not to him, at least to someone who claimed to have rendered it.*

The Monstrance, which bore the Blessed Sacrament from Zirl to carry comfort to the Emperor in his dire need, was laid up among the treasures of Ambras.

Maximilian, in thanksgiving for his deliverance, resolved to be less reckless in his future expeditions, and never failed to remember the anniversary. He also employed miners from Schwatz to cut a path down to the hole, afterwards called the Max-Höhle, which had sheltered him, to spare risk to his faithful subjects, who *would* make the perilous descent to return thanks on the spot for his recovery; and he set up there a crucifix, with figures of the Blessed Virgin and S. John on either side large enough to be seen from below; and even to the present day, men used to dangerous climbing visit it with similar sentiments. It is not often the tourist is tempted to make the attempt, and they must be cool-headed indeed who would venture it. The best view of it is to be

* Primisser, who took great pains to collect all the various traditions of this event, mentions a favourite huntsman of the Emperor, named Oswald Zips, whom he ennobled as Hallauer v. Hohenfelsen. This may have been the actual deliverer, or may have been supposed to be such, from the circumstance of the title being Hohenfelsen, or High-cliff; and that a patent of nobility was bestowed on a huntsman would imply that he had rendered *some* singular service: the family, however, soon died out.

got from the remains of the little hunting-seat and church Maximilian afterwards built on the Martinsbühl, a green height opposite it, and itself no light ascent. It is said Maximilian sometimes shot the chamois out of the windows of this villa. The stories are endless of his hardihood and presence of mind in his alpine expeditions. At one time, threatened by the descent of a falling rock, he not only was alert enough to spring out of the way in time, but also seized a huntsman following him, who was not so fortunate, and saved him from being carried over the precipice. At another, he saw a branch of a tree overhanging a yawning abyss; to try his presence of mind, he swung himself on to it, and hung over the precipice; but crack! went the branch, and yet he saved himself by an agile spring on to another tree. Another time, when threatened by a falling rock, his presence of mind shewed itself in remaining quite still, close against the mountain wall, in the very line of its course, having measured with his eye that there was space enough for it to clear him. But enough for the present.

Zirl affords a timely resting-place, either before returning to Innsbruck, or starting afresh to explore the Isarthal up to Scharnitz. In itself it has not much to arrest attention, except its picturesque situation and its history, connecting it with the defence of the country against various attacks from Bavaria; but it is the key to the exploration of the Isarthal, and a resting-place often adopted for ascending the Solstein and other peaks of the Bavarian frontier. Proceeding northwards along the road to Seefeld, and a little off it, you come upon Fragenstein, another of Maximilian's hunting-seats, a strong fortress for some two hundred years before, and now a fine ruin; there are many strange tales of a great treasure buried here, and a green-clad huntsman, who appears from time to time, and challenges the peasants to come and help him dig it out, but something always occurs to prevent the successful issue of the adventure. Once a party of excavators got so far, that they saw the metal vessel enclosing it; but then suddenly arose such a frightful storm, that none durst proceed with the work; and after that the clue to its place of concealment was lost. Continuing the somewhat steep ascent, Leiten is passed, and then Reit, with nothing to arrest notice, and then Seefeld, celebrated by the legend my old friend told me on the Freundsberg;* the Archduke Ferdinand built a special chapel to the left of the parish church, called *die Heilige Blutskapelle*, in 1575, to contain the Host which had convicted Oswald Milser, and which is even now an object of frequent pilgrimage. The Archduchess Eleonora provided the crystal reliquary and crown, and the rich curtains within which it is preserved. At a little distance to south-west of Seefeld, on a mountain-path leading to Telfs, is a little circular chapel, built by Leopold V. in 1628, over a crucifix which had long been honoured there. It is sometimes called the Kreuz-kapelle, but more often the *zur-See-kapelle*, though one of the two little lakes, whence the appellation, and the name

* See Part VIII., vol. viii. p. 396.

of Seefeld too, was derived, dried out in 1807. There is also a legend of the site having been originally pointed out by a flight of birds similar to that I have given concerning S. Georgenberg.

The road then falls more gently than on the Zirl side, but rugged and wild in its surroundings, to Scharnitz, near which you meet the blue-green gushing waters of the Isar. Scharnitz has borne the brunt of many a terrible contest in the character of out-post of Tirolean defences; it was a fortress from the time of the Romans. It was one of the points strengthened by Klaudia de' Medici, who built the 'Porta Klaudia' to command the pass. Good service it did on more than one occasion; but it succumbed in the inroad of French and Bavarians combined, in 1805. It was garrisoned at that time by a small company of regular troops, under an English officer in the Austrian service named Swinburne, whose gallant resistance was cordially celebrated by the people; he was overwhelmed, however, by superior numbers and appliances, and by Marshal Ney's orders the fort was so completely destroyed, that scarce a trace of it is now to be found.

It is the border town against Bavaria, and is consequently enlivened by a customs office and a few uniforms, but it is a poor place. I was surprised to be accosted and asked for alms by a decent-looking woman whom I had seen kneeling in the church shortly before, as this sort of thing is not common in Tirol. She told me the place had suffered sadly by the railway; for before, it was the post-station for all the traffic between Munich and Innsbruck and Italy. The industries of the place were not many or lucrative; the surrounding forests supply some employment to woodmen; and what she called *Dirstenöhl*, which seems to be dialectic for *Steinöhl* or petroleum, is obtained from the bituminous soil in the neighbourhood; it is obtained by a kind of distillation, a laborious process. The work lasted from S. Vitus' Day to the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; that was now past, and her husband, who was employed in it, had nothing to do; she had an old father to support, and a sick child: then she went on to speak of the devotion she had just been reciting in the church to obtain help, and evidently looked upon her meeting with me as an answer to it. It seemed to consist in saying three times, a petition which I wrote down at her dictation as follows:—'Gott grüsse dich Maria! ich grüsse dich drei und dreizig Tausand Mal; O Maria ich grüsse dich wie der Erzengel Gabriel dich gegrüsset hat. Es erfreuet dich in deinen Herzen dass der Erzengel Gabriel den himmlischen Gruss zu dir gebracht hat. Ave Maria, &c.' She said she had never used that devotion and failed to obtain her request. I learnt that the origin she ascribed to it was this: A poor girl, a cow-herd of Dorf, some miles over the Bavarian frontier, who was very devout to the Blessed Virgin, had been in the habit while tending her herds of saying the rosary three times every day in a little Madonna chapel near her grazing-ground. But one summer there came a great heat, which burnt up all the grass, and the cattle wandered hither and

thither seeking their scanty food, so that it was all she could do to run after and keep watch over them. The good girl was now much distressed in mind; for the tenour of her life had been so even before, that when she made her vow to say the three rosaries, it had never occurred to her such a contingency might happen. But she knew also that neither must she neglect her supervision of the cattle committed to her charge. While praying then to Heaven for light to direct her in this difficulty, the simple girl thought she saw a vision of our Lady, bidding her be of good heart, and she would teach her a prayer to say instead, which would not take so long as the rosary, and would please her as well, and that she should teach it also to others who might be overwhelmed with work like herself; this was the petition I have quoted above. But the maid was too humble to speak of having received so great a favour, and lived and died without saying anything about it. When she came to die, however, her soul could find no rest, for her commission was unfulfilled; and whenever anyone passed alone by the wayside chapel where she had been wont to pray, he was sure to see her kneeling there. At last a pious neighbour, who knew how good she had been, summoned courage to ask her how it was that she was dealt with thus. Then the good girl told him what had befallen her long ago on that spot, and bid him fulfil the part she had neglected, adding, 'But tell them also not to think the mere saying the words is enough; they must pray with faith and dependence on God, and also strive to keep themselves from sin.'

(To be continued.)

A BURIED CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Most people know that a great part of the wealth of this great country consists in the treasures—the iron, coal, &c.—which lie buried under ground; but few comparatively know how many records of her former history lie under ground also, waiting to be brought to light by the spade or the ploughshare—records of those strong men, Romans, Danes, and Saxons, who have by turn given this country laws and civilization, and helped to form the characters of Englishmen. It is of the earliest of these, the Romans, that I am going now to speak.

It is true that I had heard of Chester, and Uriconium, and Cirencester, and learnt to associate their names with this mighty conquering race; but never till this summer had I seen anything with my own eyes of the traces that they had left behind them.

I thought, in common with many others perhaps, that these traces might be clearly made out by the antiquary, but must be simply taken

on trust by an ignorant observer; but what I did see filled me with such wonder and interest that I think others may like to accompany me to 'the diggings,' as the people about call the place, and hear a simple statement of what is to be seen there.

It can be only a very simple account that I can give, knowing nothing of the subject; but from what we heard on the spot, it seems probable that a thoroughly scientific account will soon be published, for which this short history of mine may be some preparation.

'The diggings' then, where these traces of the old Romans have been till lately buried, are in a lovely glade of the Chedworth woods, (Lord Eldon's property,) lying among the Cotswold Hills, about two and a half miles from the desolate little town of North Leach. This part of the country was that most strongly occupied by the Romans. The great Foss Road ran within one mile and a half, connecting at this point the stations of Stow-on-the-Wold and Cirencester or Corinium.

At this latter place, a town some suppose even before its Roman occupation, three of the great military roads, which then intersected the country, crossed one another—the Foss Way, the Ikenild Way, and the Irmin Street—and every part of Gloucestershire was full of encampments.

It gives us a grand idea of those old Romans when we traverse these roads, constructed by them eighteen hundred years ago, and still used, little altered except by the hand of time, as the thoroughfares of the country through which they pass. The panting traveller as he toils up from the Foss Bridge, either towards Corinium or Stow, may well reflect how undauntedly they made for the desired point without a thought of difficulty.

Here, perhaps, in the spot which I am going to describe, lived towards the year Anno Domini 50 or 60, the Roman Governor of the Province of the Dobuni, enjoying the privacy and quiet of a refined home, which everything about it bespeaks, without fear of being disturbed by the natives; since Norbury Camp was within a mile or two, and the great Foss Way within easy access, on which Roman soldiers were continually passing.

Here, doubtless, news came to him of the great events that were stirring in the world, tidings of that Man, so lowly and so suffering, whose short life had been brought to so cruel an end, yet who achieved a victory over Sin and Death, greater than Roman arms had ever won: tidings, too, of that rebellious city, Jerusalem, whose fate (foretold, remember, by Prophecy) had been so terrible; and perhaps, if he was a man of action, his mind had chafed at being set down in an unknown province of a small colony, when he might have been sharing in the glory and triumphs of Titus.

I find by an old History of Gloucestershire, published at Cirencester in 1779, that Roman remains were even then known of in this district of

Chedworth. The writer gives the following account of them, and I think they must be the same as those we saw :—

‘About the year 1760, a person sinking a ditch discovered a Roman bath, at Listercombe Bottom, in this parish. It was supported by pillars of brick, round and square alternately, of about nine or ten inches diameter; and the floor was also of brick. All the bricks were marked A R V I R I in Roman capitals, about two inches long. There was a spring, and a cistern to receive the water, and many other things in the bath, which the person destroyed, and could give but little account of. He used most of the bricks in building an oven.’

Luckily for us, this worthy person did not continue his researches, but left them to be continued one hundred years later by a more scientific investigator.

For several years it has been supposed that there must be extensive remains of Roman buildings at this spot, from the fact that the rabbits were continually bringing to the surface small square blocks of stone or cement, about one-third of a cubic inch in size, which learned men knew to be pieces of Roman mosaic. The keepers also were constantly losing their ferrets for weeks or altogether. Doubtless, among the old foundations, there was a perfect labyrinth.

About five years ago, I believe, an uncle of the present Lord Eldon, a man of happily far greater antiquarian taste and zeal than ‘the person’ mentioned by Samuel Rudder, began to excavate, and carried on his researches diligently from time to time. And of these excavations—now, I believe, completed—I will try and give you a short account.

They can hardly be called ruins, for though the ceilings and roofs are gone, the foundations and some of the floors, and two or three feet in height of the walls, remain in very great preservation.

The rooms are built round three sides of a square, in the middle of which, perhaps, a fountain once stood; but which now contains a neat cottage for the custodian, one end of which is fitted up as a museum, in which every article found on the premises is carefully preserved.

I should describe the house as what, in modern parlance, we should call single, opening into a passage which ran round three sides of the square. The low outer wall of this has been coped afresh with the stone tiles of the country, after the pattern of a small part that was found in its original state. Two of the rooms, which lie at the top of the square, facing, I think, nearly south, and which must have formed the principal part of the dwelling, have been roofed over, so as to preserve them from the effects of the weather. In one of these are two square mosaic pavements, in excellent preservation, which look as if they could have been used at pleasure either as one good sized room, or been divided by a curtain into two smaller ones.

Each square is perfect in itself. One divided into a great number of compartments, representing different figures, the four largest being emblems of the four seasons—at least so we were told; but it required

some degree of poetic fancy to accept the figure of Summer, with its lack of drapery, as any personification of that season among the Cotswolds. I have seen in some old book that the Roman generals carried these small squares, for making their tessellated pavements, about with them: and it is probable enough; for they seemed to like to surround themselves with articles of taste and luxury.

The second square was of a much simpler design than the other, though still very rich in colouring and patterns; some of which reminded one of the patterns of our own oil-cloths, which must have been copied from similar Roman pavements. These old designs are not, as we shall see, the only things that we have copied from the Romans.

Passing out of these rooms, and by others which were no doubt the living and sleeping rooms of the family, we entered another building, which covers the remains of a fine Roman bath. In the middle of this has been left, with great discernment, the roots of an immense willow. It tells a touching story of the centuries that have passed since the flames first laid low this homestead; for it is believed that such was its fate, from the marks of fire left upon the walls, and on many of the articles found amongst its ruins.

Did the natives, roused by some overbearing act, come suddenly upon the household, firing their home? or was it only the common story of a flue getting overheated and causing the mischief? Such might well be the case, for evidently these exiles from the sunny south had done their best to guard themselves from the rigorous climate of Britain.

At one end of this apartment, which contains what we should call a 'Turkish bath,' is a small but very perfect tessellated pavement, of a simple pattern, covering the hot-air part, the floor being supported like the one mentioned in Rudder's book, on piers of brick placed at intervals of about a foot and a half, so as to allow the hot air to circulate freely. The floors of all the rooms were supported in the same way, and round the bath and every other room in the building run flue-tiles, built into the walls, with openings at intervals. This is no matter of conjecture; the whole heating apparatus through the building seems in such good order, that one could readily believe that, with a few trifling repairs, it would still act perfectly.

The flue-tiles, described in the Cirencester museum, are nineteen inches in length, seven in breadth, and five and a half in thickness, and I should judge these to be about the same size. There was a plunging bath at the other end of the building, and the place outside evident where the fires were lighted, and the water was laid on from a stone basin at a little distance. This basin was supplied from a spring in the hill-side above, which was one of the last things discovered; but the channel and the basin have both been cleared, and the water still flows clear and bright, supplying the daily wants of the custodian's family, as it did those of that Roman household some eighteen hundred years ago.

There are many other rooms on the sides of the square, and a commoner kind of bath, (perhaps for the use of the servants,) but in all, the floors are laid on piles, and the flues seem nearly perfect.

I have said that it is supposed that the place was destroyed by fire; let us hope that the inhabitants—amongst whom one may believe, from the things left behind them, there were some dainty Roman ladies—made good their retreat to the camp at Norbury; but they could have had little time to save anything but their lives, if we may judge from the articles found and placed in the museum, which can yet be but a very few compared with those utterly destroyed in the flames.

I will try and remember some of them. There were the locks and keys and very curious hinges of doors, and small keys that may have belonged to fancy boxes and tables; there were different kinds of tools—axe-heads, &c., shears like those our tailors use at the present day, and knives of several kinds; and horses' bits and shoes, with many kinds of nails. There was a pair of curling-tongs, which I think a little sand-paper would have made usable, exactly the pattern of some I have seen in hair-dressers' hands years ago. There were other necessities of the toilet—rings and armlets, and fibulæ or brooches, some of the safety kind, so much copied of late years from old Roman patterns; and one or two specimens, which interested us very much, of steelyards for weighing goods, just such as are used now, but small and very perfect. One fancies the domestic economy of this Roman household to have been of a high order.

There were a good many remains of Samian and Roman pottery; but, of course, much more imperfect than the bronze and iron articles. But it was strange to see the sharpness with which the unknown maker's name was stamped on every article: as clear and as fresh as if cast only yesterday. There were several amphoræ—earthenware jars, of classical shape, for wine or water; and numbers of their little lamps, exactly resembling those still in use, with one of which my companion told me he had lighted himself up to bed not many years ago, in the farm-house of a Roman yeoman.

Among the glass objects, which I do not remember enough to particularize, I find it mentioned in the Guide to the Corinium Museum, that 'fragments of a colourless glass bowl, engraved exquisitely with the Grecian fret, were found in the Roman villa, at Chedworth.' It did strike me forcibly that every article in the museum at the villa, shewed that its last owner must have been a man of taste and wealth.

My companion also reminds me of what I had forgotten, that there were two or three specimens of lachrymals or tear-bottles. But did these old Romans ever weep—or is human nature the same in all ages and countries in its deeper feelings! We have reason to believe it, and that many changes brought about by joy and sorrow, life and death, went on within and around these walls, as they do amongst ourselves. There were one or two small stone domestic altars, and there were two or three stone coffins found, and some sepulchral urns, in two of which bones were discovered.

In these were treasured up, perhaps, the remains of some who had died loved and honoured in this far-off land beyond the sea. Nor were these the only remains that made the spot sacred, for the same old history, that I have quoted, speaks of 'a large tumulus on the hill a little above the bath, which had a huge rough stone set upright on the top of it, supposed to be raised by the Britons or Saxons.' Not long since (one hundred years ago) some of the farmers removed the stone with a double team of oxen, and so exposed great quantities of human bones lying near the top of the barrow.

This is all that I can remember clearly of these long-buried treasures. The sight of these common every-day things, which our conquerors taught us to use, ought to remind us of the many better things, laws and letters, arts and sciences, which they taught us also. Our language itself may tell us how much these grand old Romans did for us. Looking back across eighteen centuries, we can own that it was worth four hundred years of subjugation and suffering to have learnt all this. But we won from them something better still. On one stone, preserved from that Roman villa, may be seen this mark—



It is the sign of Christianity. It shews that from far off Judæa the glad tidings of salvation had spread to our shores, and that the Romans had been God's instruments in bringing the good news to us.

It shews, we may believe, that at least one of the owners of this Roman villa was a Christian man, who, living among heathen, and with the vestiges of his old pagan state around him in many forms, still put that mark upon his house to shew the Faith he held, the Master he served; and we may hope he shewed forth the same in the daily life he led among rude and barbarous men.

May the lives that we lead, and the work that we leave behind us, bear the same mark upon it, and tell of the same Lord and Master!

MISSION WORK IN PLYMOUTH.

THE Parish of St. Peter's, Plymouth, has a population of fourteen thousand; and although the streets are built of substantial-looking houses, yet those who live in them are all very poor; they live on the foreign system of a family in each room, father, mother, and children sharing it together. It can easily be imagined that in a parish such as this, there is great need of earnest and devoted workers, to visit, to teach, to dispense food and clothing, and in short to tend the souls and bodies of these starving ignorant people.

And workers have been found who it may be hoped will gradually

civilize and Christianize those with whom they have so much to do. More than a year ago the Vicar of St. Peter's wrote to ask if Sisters could be sent from St. Mary's Home, Wantage, to work in his parish. And in January, 1869, two Sisters took possession of the little Mission House, going like true missionaries to a new and strange place, hardly knowing what their work would be, but prepared to do all in their power to bring souls to Christ. Such was the beginning; and now, it may be asked, what work is going on, and what results have been obtained during the past year?

The work is of a three-fold character; (1) visiting the poor, (2) teaching, and (3) conducting an industrial school in a house which has been thrown open to the Mission House.

I will first speak of the visiting. The Sisters and any visitors who may be staying with them have each a district of the parish to visit; every family is known, and its needs in the way of clothes, food, coals, &c., are, as far as possible, supplied. But the distress this winter has been terrible; owing partly to the severe weather, partly to the want of employment, so many workmen having been turned off the dock-yards by Government. The tales of utter destitution and misery, just short of actual starvation, are very sad to hear when the power of relieving the poor creatures is very limited. I will give a few instances out of many: one of the Sisters went one day into a room *literally bare* of everything except some old tin vessel which served as a table; there was no bed, no furniture at all. She asked the mother where she and the children slept; 'We huddle together in a corner,' was the answer. Another poor woman, who had inflammation of the lungs, was found in bed with *no covering* but an old thin counterpane, and that in the bitter weather of last February. In another case the neighbours heard the children next door crying for food; they had given all they could, and had only just enough to live on themselves, so they called a policeman, and when he found that the mother had had nothing to eat for *three days*, he insisted on the relieving-officer giving them a loaf; and the children 'tore at it' like famishing wolves. Now this distress is not caused by idle or drunken husbands; in, I believe, all these cases the husband was at sea, and the poor wife left at home to support herself and her children. And though they might go into the workhouse for a time, yet, when the husband came home, he would have to pay the parish for keeping his family, and of course, the poor women do not like to contract a considerable debt to be paid on their husbands' return.

The poor are very kind to each other, and will divide their last crust with a starving neighbour; but surely the rich ought to help them; in the parish of St. Peter's there are but few wealthy people, and therefore help must be asked from those in other parts of the country who are able to give it.

I will now return to my account of the Sisters' work. They have night-schools for boys and girls, and about one hundred and thirty

children are taught in them. There is no need to expatiate on the usefulness of these schools, in such a poor place, where the children are often taken away from the day-schools very young, because their parents cannot afford to pay for them. Besides the night-schools, there are Sunday classes for married women and others; and instruction is given at the Mission House to children who are anxious to get on with their 'learning,' and who seem likely to answer to special teaching and kind influence.

The Industrial Home is a little training-school, where about eight girls, most of them belonging to Plymouth, are taught house-work, cooking, &c., under the superintendence of a matron. They wait upon the Sisters, and help in the cooking; and places are found for them when they are fit for service.

I have given but a brief sketch of the work which is being carried on now; of the tangible results it is, of course, less easy to speak. But the following anecdote will shew that the influence of the example of loving devotion is really, though silently, making its way among even the worst people.

Some little time ago, one of the Sisters was in a very bad street, where she had been visiting. As she walked along, two girls impudently beckoned her into a house of bad character; she followed them into it, and spoke so forcibly to them, that they came to the Mission House begging to be sent away from Plymouth; and they are now in two Penitentiaries, both doing well.

These facts I will leave to speak for themselves; I would, in conclusion, mention the great need there is of money, and help in other forms—such as old clothes, books, or prizes for the children—so as to carry on these good works. Cannot some who read this account spare a little out of their abundance to help to Christianize this great multitude of almost heathen people? Cannot some who have never known what it is to want luxuries, far less necessities, have pity upon those who are starving, to whom the very 'broken meat' would be abundance? Even the so-called 'rubbish' which is thrown away carelessly, old pincushions, torn picture-books, boxes, and above all clothes, are most useful. And it is surprising to find what an amount of this useful rubbish may be discovered in nursery cupboards, and other places where odds and ends have a tendency to hoard themselves. Surely it is worth while to take the trouble to turn such things out of their dusty hiding-places, when we think of the blessing promised to even a 'cup of cold water.'

Any parcel or gift of money may be sent to

THE SISTER SUPERIOR,

ST. PETER'S MISSION HOUSE,

PLYMOUTH,

who will acknowledge donations in The Monthly Packet.

HINTS ON ITALIAN READING.

V.

'Simon Pietro e Simon Mago,' del P. G. Franco Roma. Col tipi della Civiltà Cattolica. 1868.

I HAVE promised that I will next bring under notice some more modern and entertaining works than I have yet touched upon, and a neglected letter many months old giving me permission to translate the work above named falling fortuitously under my hand, suggested to me to begin with it. Nor do I think my readers will regret the choice. Of all novels those which make us acquainted with historical characters are generally the most improving, and of all historical novels those which make us acquainted with, and propose for our ensample, the Princes and heroes of the Faith, must afford the best occupation of our time. Take the history of the Church at any point you choose, it will always present a picture of the same struggle of good and evil, the natural and the supernatural, the flesh and the spirit. Take the section of a clustered column, strike it across where you will in any part of its length, it gives you the same pattern. And from any event in the life of the Church you may take occasion to 'point' the same lessons. There is scarcely any epoch, however, more fraught with interest than that which is marked by the first incisive inroads of the new Revelation in the weakness of infancy, upon the old-world maxims it had come to supersede. In this treatment of the history of early Christianity, *'Fabiola'* and *'Calista'* have taken up a position from which they are not likely to be driven by any competitor. The gentle appreciation of human affections betrayed in the one, and the sympathetic allowance for intellectual difficulties made by the other, revealed to us, for the first time perhaps, that the great historic champions of our religion were not the unapproachable, statue-like giants we had deemed them, but men and women—yes, young men and maidens of like weaknesses and passions with ourselves, and that we hence underlie the obligations—according to our calling and measure—of emulating their spirit of devotion and sacrifice. While the singular ability and peculiar position of the writers of both rendered them consummate in the attraction and polish of their style, no less than in the authority of their teaching, or the accuracy of their accessory descriptions; and recommended them to a permanent place both in our minds and hearts.

'Fabiola' and *'Calista'* have had many emulators, though they have been approached by few. One of the best attempts at following in their steps I have met, is presented in *'Simon Pietro e Simon Mago.'* Like Loccatelli's life of S. Chiara, it is illustrated by great circumstantiality of detail, which the writer's acquaintance with and study of local circumstances enables him to introduce. This is specially commendable, where the locality treated is so dear to us in every nook and corner and so rife with traditions as the Eternal City, and where the design of the work is to shew us something of what may be called the home life of the Princes of the Apostles.

Our story opens with a description of the early morning preparations for the day's life in Rome at the Neronian era, and after introducing us to houses of Pagan nobles, leads us on to that of the Senator Pudens. Here, the clients who crowd the entrance are more sedate in character than those we have hitherto observed, and they are treated with a spirit of cordiality and respect different from anything we have witnessed elsewhere. Presently the murmur of voices is hushed, for the patron's family approach; the Senator himself, as he passes through the atrium, has a word of thoughtfulness, a token of recognition for each; along with him is Claudia his wife, and their two daughters Prassede and Pudenziana, who all emulate his benevolence and assist him in the distribution of his charity. On the particular morning on which we are

brought to his gate these ordinary salutations are interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the East, who being recognized by Pudens as the freedman of Philemon, is received as one endeared to all the Church in Rome by his faithful service to the Apostle Paul, and entertained with loving hospitality.

While the wayworn courier is discussing his well-earned meal, Pudens proceeds to the examination of his despatches, and calls over the superscription of letters to 'Peter, Paul, Luke, Clement, and Linus,' till he comes to one for '*Prassede e Pudenziana figlie di Cornelio Pudente*,' which evokes an expression of heartfelt satisfaction. Then we learn through his conversation with Onesimus the position of the Church at the moment: Peter and Paul are both absent, tending the needs of early Christian Churches elsewhere; Clement, however, is in Rome; and Linus is in the very house of Pudens, and will break bread in the assembly there that night—yes, that night; mark the word, Onesimus, it typifies the condition of the faithful, no longer lulled by the mild forbearance of the times of Seneca and Burrhus, but under the prefecture of Tigellinus, and they live between torments and death.

The letter proves to be from Thecla, who having heard the fame of the piety of the daughters of Pudens applies to them for news of the Apostle Paul, whose prophetic words at that sad parting by the sea-shore (Acts, xx. 17–38.) had filled the heart of the whole Church of the East with sorrow and apprehension; and she begs the daughters of Pudens not to disregard her anxiety, for at Ephesus the mother of Christ herself deigned to receive and comfort her. They are with Christian humility discussing the favour shewn them in being addressed by one so favoured as Thecla, when Linus comes in and informs the rest that his letter is from Timothy, seeking advice in the guidance of his diocese during the present tempest—advice which he fears to give, for Peter and Paul are absent, and he knows not whether to beg them to return and strengthen the Church, or remain away and preserve themselves for better days.

The second chapter introduces us to the Forum, whither the avocations of Pudens call him; and he, amid all the toil of the day dwelling in thought always on the risks run by the beloved Apostles, seeks out Demetrius to learn which way the wind blows at court. On his question, '*Chi regna oggi a palazzo?*' Demetrius informs him that to the favouritship lately enjoyed by Tigellinus has succeeded a Hebrew charlatan whom the Jews call Simon, but who is at court styled Icarus; he gives a contemptuous account of his pretensions, and mentions that amid his other boasts he has announced that he intends to 'defy all the Christian magi' to overcome him in supernatural manifestations, particularly in the gift of flying. Having acquired all the information Demetrius has to impart, Pudens proceeds with a heavy heart to the houses of some of the chief Christian families, where, to their lamentations over their brethren torn from their arms by persecution, he has now to add the burden of apprehension at the snare laid for the beloved pastor Peter, whom Demetrius had distinguished by the title of '*il grosso del Trastevere*.' And as he conducts the Senator along the streets of Rome, our author takes occasion to sketch them for us in the light in which records of the time display them.

Pudens comes home too sad for words; he cannot trust himself to tell Claudia and their daughters of the impending cloud, but he bids them pray for mercy, and they know by his voice the danger of the brethren. In the evening of the same day we are made to assist at a gathering of the faithful, in a remote apartment of his palazzo. Here, under the dim light of fear, we are bid to discern Linus and Cletus, and Clement, and many more, of venerable names concerning whom many interesting particulars are collected from contemporary and early writers. Between these, sad counsel is taken over the snares which the enemies of the Church have spread round the path of the chief Apostles, and the frequently recurring relations between St. Peter and Simon Magus, narrated in some detail, forming a sequel to the abruptly concluded story of him which rouses our curiosity in the Acts. It is finally decided that couriers shall be despatched in various directions to warn the Apostles of the

danger of approaching Rome; and by the impetuosity with which various influential members undertake to provide the various embassies, one realizes something of the natural hopes and fears doubtless prevailing in many breasts before the day of their martyrdom, an event one has perhaps been used to look at only as an accomplished fact. Linus however, who holds the place of St. Peter in his absence, with prophetic instinct warns them that their care may be all too late, and that the Apostles are probably already too near Rome to escape the notice of the spies of the Palace.

His words are yet furrowing every heart with sorrow, when the slaves, chosen from the most devoted converts for the office of keeping the door, enter tumultuously upon the meeting with the announcement, at once joyful and terrible, that Peter and Paul have arrived!'

Space forbids me to complete the analysis; I can only rapidly call attention to some of the more noteworthy points of the remaining chapters. The exposition of the dangerous doctrines of Simon Magus then are put into a more succinct and popular form than they have perhaps yet received; as is at the same time the open conflict into which Simon Peter was brought with him, even over and over again, in such a way that 'while it seemed to men a recurring coincidence,' the guiding of Providence may be distinctly traced. The scene in which he introduces us to the arch-magician making Nero tremble in his Golden House, at sight of the great statues moving and bowing on their marble bases at his command, comes home to us strikingly in these days of table-turning. Further on, an edifying gloss is put on the tradition of the 'Domine quo vadis,' ascribing the Apostle's determination to attempt escaping from the raging persecution, to the loving urgency of the Church, not to his own fears. Then we have his courageous return to face the danger, rewarded in the triumph over the attempt at flight of his adversary; his subsequent imprisonment, and his labours in prison for the propagation of the Christian doctrine. Then the terrible sentence, and the closing scene, followed by the preparations of the faithful women for his burial, and the ceremony of the election of his successor.

It must be confessed, however, that our author has not thoroughly mastered the art of telling a story; still the matter is of such surpassing interest that it makes amends for the defective manner, and one cannot but admire the modesty and abnegation which has led him to present us with a volume of so much care and research under so humble and accessible a form. The conversations throughout, though generally appropriate, and sometimes smart and even sparkling, seem to be put together out of biblical texts, and sometimes patristic, sometimes classical, sometimes popular idioms, rather than conceived as the genuine utterances of the persons represented. Neither has he art of weaving a romance, or creating dramatic situations; he seems to have too great nervousness of introducing any details for which he cannot give an authoritative reference, and thus his story is denuded of many adventitious aids which might have given it grace, but perhaps this ought only to give us greater confidence in his historical accuracy and conscientiousness.

It is always impossible to restrain a sigh of regret over wasted opportunities. And those who have meditated amid the very localities of the stupendous incidents here brought before us, and under the light of faith which seems ever to irradiate them, as, for instance, within the stately sanctuary by which the victory over the Magician was celebrated first by S. Silvester fifteen hundred years ago, added to from age to age, even down to the frescoes of Guido Guidi scarcely yet complete; kneeling there, beside the stone on which the chief Apostle knelt as his prevailing prayer arrested the arch-impostor in his magic flight. Or on that spot upon the Appian Way, where the palm-grove and the temple of the god of war have made place for the lowly chapel erected by our own Cardinal Pole, our Lady of the Footsteps—*la Madonna delle piante*—the footsteps with which the Lord of victories was hasting back to Rome to be crucified again, when the fugitive Apostle met him and received the promise of the noblest victory in the warfare with the prince of darkness. Or who have loved to track the closing pilgrimage of the first Pastors of Rome by its way-side memorials; who have turned aside to pray one where, because there St. Paul received from the holy matron Plantilla the veil which was to bind his eyes at his execution, and where he also restored it to her after his martyrdom, marked with the blood he had shed for Christ; and another where, because there the twin shepherds of the principal fold

¹ In a side-chapel in the Church of Sta. Prassede in Rome are some pictures by Severone, of no great artistic merit but of considerable interest, shewing forth the intercourse of St. Peter with the family of Pudens. In a chapel of the Church of Sta. Pudenziana is a chapel, restored by Cardinal Wiseman, the marble pavement of which has been proved, almost beyond dispute, to have been that actually trod by the chief Apostle. Cardinal Bonaparte, to whom it now gives title as Cardinal, is about to restore the whole of this ancient church, which perhaps has a claim over all others on our veneration.

were rudely parted, the one to suffer without the city, and the other dragged back to pour out his blood in the midst of that quarter which was assigned for the abode of the once favoured people. Those who have thus trained their minds will, without doubt, feel disappointment that there had not been more graphic power exercised in dealing with such materials.

I must make an exception, however, in favour of pages 95-8, where the temporal glory and turmoil of Cæsar is ably contrasted with the supernal glory and peace of Peter; the conversation in the next pages, supposed to have attended the writing of this Second Epistle, and affording a useful commentary on it, is also very commendable. So is also the description (130-5) of the secret gathering of Christians round the body of the Saint deposed from the cross; and the prophetic allocution of S. Linus which winds up the narrative, redeems all the baldness of style I have had to lament in the preceding chapters.

The notes supplied at the end of the volume are most useful, as well in illustration of the narrative as in winning confidence in the guidance of the author, and in affording assistance to those who may be drawn to pursue further the study of the subject.

(To be continued.)

R. H. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Helen would be much obliged if the Editor, or any of the Correspondents of The Monthly Packet, would kindly inform her why the Eighth Book of Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte is not always published with the others, and what are the names of the Lieder contained in it.

R. S. T. wishes to know who is the author of the Prayer-Book Version of The Lord's Prayer. It does not correspond exactly with any of the versions given in The English Hexapla, nor with any other that I have met with.

F. L. asks where to find the line—

'The Light that never was on sea or shore.'

A. H. W. C. would like to read for the Cambridge Examinations for women, and would be very grateful for some advice as to mode of studying, system of mental attainments, and extent of subjects to be taken up.

R. V., Rome, writes—'Your Correspondents, who give the name of Ruscus to our pretty scacci ragni, have enabled me to turn it up in Dr. Deck's Coliseum Plants, who supplies the following curious detail concerning its growth:—"After the berry is formed, the leaf turns round, so that the under surface becomes the upper; by which means the berry is protected from injury."'

S. Andrew's Waterside Mission, GRAVESEND.

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REV. WILMOT BUXTON, M.A.

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** * Small Donations are very welcome.*

From THE LITERARY CHURCHMAN, of May 15th, 1869.

Are our readers aware of the work that is here going on among our forests of sea-going vessels, the petty ships that sail under scant superintendence, the freights of emigrants not always under Government care, the crews picked up anywhere or everywhere?

Very useful assistance to the Mission may be given by sending Books. We are sure that many of our readers will be glad that the lumber of their attics should beguile the weary hours of the sea-voyage; and if this offering pains them by costing nothing, perhaps they will do what comparatively costs them something towards freeing their own souls from that great national shame and public evil, the godless ungoverned condition of our inferior merchant navy, which, coming forth from a festering mass of corruption at home, pollutes every port where it touches.

The promoters of this Mission have received a very remarkable communication on the subject of the proposed new Chapel.

It will be remembered that the following passages, reprinted from papers in the 'Penny Post,' and 'Monthly Packet,' appeared in the last Report:—

From THE PENNY POST.

Oh, that some pious heart may be stirred to help us! The obvious ways are, sending money in cheques or stamps, or sending books suitable for the lending libraries we put on board. But there are several ways of helping less obvious—such as making known the work of the Society to personal friends, or circulating papers of the Society, which will be supplied on applying by letter to the Hon. Sec. Will any pious mourner purchase our Mission House, now hired, and erect a Memorial Chapel to the memory of some lost friend? It could be done for about £1,000. It stands on the river's brink, and would be a most suitable spot for a memorial. That such a thing is not chimerical is proved by the building of a Memorial School in this parish two years ago. Above all, will some pious heart help us by praying?

We appeal for money, we generally forget to appeal for prayer, yet—

‘ More things are wrought by prayer,
Than this world recks of.’

From THE MONTHLY PACKET.

There is one thing we dream of. May God move some one's heart to do it! The writer of this is the 'Dreamer of Dreams' among the supporters of the Mission, and a good dreamer has his work to do as well as the more prosaic.

He dreams that our Mission House (the lease of which is just expiring, and which we have the power to buy) will be bought and changed into a Memorial Chapel. Some mourning heart, whom God has blessed with money and with the heart of S. Barnabas, should erect a Memorial Chapel to the lost friend. Instead of a costly marble fabric, which has no use, a building should be erected which will embalm the memory of the lost one in the folds of its present usefulness. How beautifully it would stand on the banks of the river—how it would point with its bell-turret to the sky, to

which the sailor like the landsman will soar, when in his own words, 'he has gone aloft!'

How it might add to the beauty of the river, which poets have sung of, and which deserves all that is said of him:—

'As when from parent fountain first discharged,
The silver Thames pursues his new-born course,
His narrow pebbly bed, with rushes marged,
Scarce feels the influence of his humid source;
He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
His ample current proud through meads to guide,
And 'twixt his banks to keep a wide divorce;
While Britain's sons to his expanse confide
Britannia's bulwarks, and her merchants' pride.'

These remarks met the eye of a lady, who has communicated her wish to build such a Chapel to the memory of her father, a distinguished Admiral, now deceased. She says that the words have given expression to a wish she has long felt, and that she is most thankful for the opportunity of carrying out her desire. Such a favour, conferred in such a spirit, will doubtless stimulate many others to copy her example. She gives it on condition that those who are interested in the Mission will raise money to buy the freehold of the Mission House and wharf, and to fit the House for the various works of love carried on there, (for the architect remarked when he saw the present building that more work is being done there than it can hold.)

She wishes to withhold her name, but she has named Rear-Admiral Inglefield, C.B., to act with the Committee on her behalf, and he has generously presented the Communion Plate, as an earnest of his good will in the matter.

She is ready with the £1,000 at once, but the Committee are only ready, at present, with £200 of their share, which will probably amount to about £1,500.

A visit has been paid to the spot by G. E. Street, Esq., A.R.A., who has expressed his opinion that a satisfactory building can be erected, and the Chapel can be placed on the river side, exactly in accordance with the day-dream above quoted. Plans will shortly be furnished, and a statement, with photograph, sent to each subscriber. Meanwhile, Mr. Street's name will be a guarantee for the beauty and solidity of the work, which the promoters humbly trust will be, by the blessing of God, an enduring monument of the

love of the many hundred supporters of this Mission towards the Sailor, and the Fisherman, and the Waterman—a sort of hymn of intercession and praise, sung to sweet music by hundreds of voices, and petrified into stone.

But before this consummation can be reached, a huge amount of hard dry work has to be done to raise £1,500, which simply *cannot* be done in a poor town like Gravesend unless friends from a distance help them. Their Secretary will act with Admiral Inglefield as a Building Committee, and they earnestly trust that those who wish them well through it, will help them at once by promises of assistance, and, if possible, by sending money at once. Address,

REAR-ADMIRAL INGLEFIELD, C.B.

10, GROVE END ROAD,

LONDON, N.W.

REV. C. E. R. ROBINSON, M. A.

THE CASTLE,

GRAVESEND, KENT.

Many who cannot afford to give a guinea at once, can give 7s. a year for three years, and many who cannot give half-a-guinea, can give 3s. 6d. a year for three years.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

IN the twenty-fourth Canto Dante and Virgil begin their laborious ascent out of the hypocrites' prison, climbing from rock to rock till they reach first the level of the ruined bridge, and then the summit of the ridge that divides the sixth from the seventh gulf. The mountain of line 21 is that mentioned in the first Canto, up which Dante was endeavouring to climb when the onset of the three beasts compelled him to ask Virgil's help. In line 55 reference is made to the ascent of the mountain of Purgatory, where Virgil tells Dante he would find still more grievous difficulties than the present, which must nevertheless be surmounted if he would attain to the gate of Paradise. For the interpretation of lines 65–69 the reader is left to his own ingenuity. Then the poets cross the bridge and descend the slope that bounds on its inner side the seventh gulf, tenanted by thieves and robbers. Nowhere does Dante's conception of the terrible appear more vivid than in this and the following Canto, in which he has given free rein to his imagination, and produced a series of transformations second to none in poetic power. The catalogue of serpents is taken from the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, who introduces into his ninth book a long description of the monsters that attacked Cato's army on its way across the desert. The 'heliotrope' of line 92 was a green stone covered with red spots—perhaps the same as our blood-stone—supposed to have the property of rendering its possessor invisible at pleasure.

Our readers will understand that Vanni Fucci being to Dante's knowledge a cruel and passionate man, would on that account have been condemned to the seventh circle only; and therefore it is that in line 128 Dante asks of what further sin he had been guilty. The sacrilege which thrust him down to the eighth circle was committed by him at the Church of Saint James at Pistoia, in company with two others, one of whom informed against his accomplices when an innocent man was on the point of suffering. Thereupon Vanni Fucci and Vanni di Mirone were hanged and dragged at the horse's tail in the year 1295.

The explanation of the sinner's prophecy is given as follows. In the
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year 1301, the Neri of Pistoia being expelled by the Bianchi from their city, betook themselves to Florence, and making common cause with the Florentines of their own party, turned the balance of power there against the Bianchi, as predicted in line 144. The first use they made of their success was to declare war against Pistoia, allying themselves with Lucca for that purpose, and having for their commander-in-chief Moroello Malaspina, lord of Giovagallo in the Valdimagra. The first battle terminated in the total discomfiture of the Bianchi, to whom Vanni Fucci believed Dante still belonged, as is sufficiently plain from the last line of the Canto. The epithet 'Picen,' in line 148, is involved in considerable doubt, but the general meaning of the prophecy is unmistakeable.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXIV.

ERE that the year his youthful prime doth finish,
 When Sol his locks beneath Aquarius hideth,
 And now to equal day the nights diminish ;
 When the hoar-frost upon the earth provideth
 An image of her sister white-attired,
 But no long time her fragile down abideth ;
 The villager whose store is near expired,
 Rises and looks and sees the country whiten
 All round, then smites his thigh, and home retired—
 Like to a wretch that knows not how to lighten 10
 His load of sorrow—up and down bewaileth ;
 Then turns, and feels the hope within him brighten,
 Observing how the earth her face unveileth
 In so short time ; and then with staff of pastor
 Drives forth his flock to graze ; in such wise quailleth
 My heart at the behaviour of the Master,
 When him I saw with brow so vexed appearing ;
 And to the sore thus quickly came the plaster.
 Then just as we the ruined bridge were nearing,
 He turned and did that gracious look accord me, 20
 Which at the mountain's foot erst proved so cheering.
 First scanning well the ruin, he toward me
 Oped wide his arms, after some plan devising
 Within him, and in his embrace then stored me.
 And like as one who works throughout comprising
 In his mind's gaze the future consequences ;
 So lifting me upon the crest steep-rising
 Of one huge mass, another he commences
 To scale, exclaiming, ' When thou first have tested
 If it may bear thee, storm that rock's defences.' 30

No way was there for one with cowl invested ;
 Light as he was, and I helped up securely,
 The toilsome slope we hardly could have breasted
 From crag to crag. And save for that cause purely
 That on this side less lofty lay the border,
 For him I cannot speak, but I should surely
 Have been full spent. But since that towards the warder
 Of the most nether pit the whole lies sloping,
 The site of every valley thence in order
 Must rise on this side, fall on that ;—so hoping 40
 For our toil's end at last the point we gained
 Where the last rock breaks from the bridge's coping.
 The breath was all from out my lungs so drained,
 That I sat down, no further step contriving
 As soon as I the level space attained.
 'Now needst thou nerve thyself for further striving,'
 The Master said, 'since that on couch of feather
 Or 'neath thick rugs to fame is no arriving,
 Whereof bereft who lives, he altogether
 Such record of himself on earth achieveth 50
 As foam on wave, or smoke in windy weather.
 Then rise ; o'ercome the pain thy breath that grieveth
 With the high soul that ever proves victorious
 When the dull body's load behind it leaveth.
 Thou must ascend a ladder more laborious ;
 'Tis not enough from these to have departed ;
 Then if thou heed me, work to meritorious
 Avail.' Thereat I straight arose, and started,
 Of breath more furnished than I felt appearing,
 And said, 'Come, see me vigorous and stout-hearted.' 60
 So went we o'er the rock, rugged, uncheering,
 Strait, and of danger not to be computed,
 Its crest more steeply than the former rearing.
 Speaking I walked, to seem in strength recruited,
 Whence from the other gulf a voice ascended,
 For utterance of words distinct unsuited.
 I knew not what it said, though we had ended
 Our journey on the bridge the chasm there spanning,
 But anger with its tones methought was blended.
 Downwards I looked ; but eyes though quickly scanning, 70
 Nought of the bottom of that darkness learned ;
 Then 'Sire, the further bank,' began I planning,
 'I would we reached, and from the rampart turned ;
 For here as one that nothing understandeth,
 I hear ; and look, but nought can be discerned.'

Then he, 'Reply to that thy wish demandeth
 I give not, save to do it. Work unstayed
 With fair request in silence fitly bandeth.'
 Then from the bridge we our descent essayed,
 Where on the eighth embankment it abutteth, 80
 And then the gulf was plain to me displayed.
 Therein a fearful mass my vision glutteth
 Of serpents, in their kind so strange and varied,
 That memory from my veins the blood yet shutteth.
 No more let Libya boast her deserts arid,
 By Asp and Amphisbena double-headed,
 Pareas, Chelyder, and Cenchris shared;
 Nor pests so poisonous ever or so dreaded
 Did all the lands of Ethiopia shew,
 Or those wherein the Red Sea is imbedded. 90
 Midst this exuberance of cruel woe—
 No refuge nigh, nor heliotrope to blind them—
 Did naked panic-stricken spirits go.
 With serpent coils their hands were bound behind them,
 Which tail and head unto their loins applied,
 And in a loathsome knot in front did bind them.
 And lo, at one who past our station hied
 A serpent made, and straightway him had bitten
 Where to the shoulders is the neck-bone tied.
 Nor *O* nor *I* so quickly e'er was written 100
 As he up flared and burnt, and falling turned
 To ashes wholly; and in such wise smitten
 As upon earth he lay in death inurned,
 The dust itself by its own power uprearing,
 At once the selfsame man to life returned.
 'Tis thus we learn, of olden sages hearing,
 The phenix dies, and then again reviveth
 New born, at his five hundredth year's appearing.
 In life on herb nor blade nor ear he thriveth,
 But tears of incense and amomum solely, 110
 And nard and myrrh for his last shroud contriveth.
 Like him who falls by demon force unholy,
 That down to earth, he knows not how, doth hale him,
 Or other seizure that constrains him wholly;
 When rising up he feels his senses fail him,
 And stares around and gasps, nor understandeth
 His state, all lost in the sore pains that ail him;
 In such wise then uprisen the sinner standeth.
 O how severe God's judgments are, down poured
 In such dread strokes of vengeance! Then demandeth 120

My guide his name and race ; who thus implored
 Made answer, 'I from Tuscany was rained
 Short time ago, into this gulf abhorred.
 Mule that I was, one Vanni Fucci, trained
 To live in bestial more than human fashion,
 And in Pistoia's den fit home obtained.'
 Then I to my lord, 'Bid him not quit his station ;
 And ask what crime hath cast him here ; I knew him
 Once for a man of blood and evil passion.'
 The sinner heard and feigned not, nor withdrew him, 130
 But turned towards me mind and face grief-shaken,
 Stained with the piteous shame that darted through him.
 Then he, 'More pains it that thou hast o'ertaken
 Me in the misery thou hast now descried,
 Than when I was of the other life forsaken.
 That which thou askest may not be denied :
 Thus low I here am set, because I spoiled
 The sacristy's fair wealth ; whereof was tried
 Another falsely. But, so may be foiled
 Whate'er of joy thou hast my sorrow viewing, 140
 If e'er thou forth of this dark place have toiled,
 Open thine ears and hear the tale ensuing.
 Reft of the Neri first Pistoia wasteth ;
 Then, Florence laws and citizens renewing,
 From Valdimagra Mars in fury hasteth
 In mists and turbid battle-clouds conveyed ;
 And with impetuous storm and bitter tasteth
 The clash of foes on Picen fields arrayed ;
 Where, when the storm-clouds o'er their heads have broken,
 Flies every Bianco smitten and dismayed. 150
 Thus much for thee to grieve at have I spoken.'

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

WHITSUN MONDAY.

A most tender description of the gracefulness of decay, where the hand of ruin has been softly laid, begins the poem, reminding us of some of the lovely spots where lie the remnants of old religious houses.

‘Far opening down some woodland deep,
In their own quiet glade should sleep
The relics dear to thought;
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.’

These thoughts seem to have been called up by the reading of Sir Robert Kerr Porter’s travels among the wastes that cover the deserted cities of Asia—

‘Where slowly, round his isles of sand,
Euphrates, through the lonely land,
Winds to the pearly main.’

The description, so wonderfully harmonizing with the voices of the prophets, must have filled the imagination of the poet, for it has resulted in one of his most remarkable realizations of scenery only known through the eyes and words of others, and animated by a soul that gives the whole a signification. There lies the lost city in utter desolateness, full of loathsome creatures; and on the horizon stalks the majestic lion, actually noted by the traveller; while to the poet he recalls the lion of Daniel’s great vision, the emblem of the Assyrian Empire, when his wings overshadowed the nations, and they adored no power greater in heaven or earth. Those mighty wings are gone, the golden head of the statue—nay, the whole statue itself—of Nebuchadnezzar’s dream, which perhaps his image at Dura commemorated, has been as utterly overthrown ‘as breezes strew on ocean’s sand the fragments of a child.’

To understand the ensuing verses, we must remember that Babel is the very emblem of the presumptuous ambition of the world, ever resulting in dispersion and confusion. Whenever man’s selfish glory is brought to naught, it is again the Babel overthrow, and still the various cries of discomfiture rise up ‘hoarse and jarring all.’

‘Thrice only since’ the Vision of Daniel in the prime of the Babylonish Empire, have the nations on that haughty height met to scale the heaven like the first Babel builders. The ‘fierce bear’ of Persia, and the ‘leopard keen’ of Macedon, actually did come to the height of their pride at Babylon. There Darius bade no prayer to be offered to god or man save himself; there Alexander received the Greek ambassadors, who awarded him divine honours. There—no further off than at Arbela—the last Darius fled to ignominious death and misery; there, in the very Babylonian palace, Alexander’s ring lay on his empty throne, and his generals plotted, fought, slew, and rushed forth to divide the prey in renewed confusion. And though Rome did not in like manner make Babylon the seat and centre of empire, it was on the very borders of the Mesopotamian province that her power received the first check; and her dominion, like the rest, making an attempt at worldly unity and universal empire, became again dispersion and destruction!

For never shall the crowns of earth be all united on one brow; there never shall be one earthly empire uniting all power. Only 'the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.' Worldly union becomes confusion; heavenly unity can and shall be. In His Church even the confusion of tongues begins to be healed; for with one voice, one prayer, one creed, the same notes of praise unite us, and there shall be one speech.

But ambition need not mourn, though on no edifice of man shall it ever be possible to mount aloft: 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;' and 'to him that overcometh' shall it be given to sit with Christ in His Throne for ever and ever.

The poem in the Lyra is on 'Hours of Prayer,' founded upon the noticeable manner in which these hours are marked by acts of grace from Heaven—the descent of the Holy Spirit at the third hour, St. Peter's vision at the sixth, and the angel's message to Cornelius in the evening. If our God is ever ready to grant, and untired in giving, should we not be equally ready to ask? If we talk of the tedium of observing these fixed hours, we are answered that to our Lord they were hours of agony—scourging at morn, the piercing of the nails at noon, the pains of death at evening—and for whom?

All day the blue sky is over us, all night the dew descends; the earth lies open to heaven all day, and we should ever be stretching out our hands for blessing. Let the world smile, we will kneel and keep each Passion hour with praise, as He has commemorated it with gifts of power.

WHITSUN TUESDAY.

THIS Whitsun Tuesday poem has the peculiar melody that seems always the characteristic of the author, and belongs to the most universally beloved of his writings—the Morning and Evening Hymns, as well as to the three scarcely as much known as they deserve, Morning, Evening, and Midnight at Sea. It is Bishop Ken's measure, with a little more of modern musicalness.

This Tuesday, coming in an Ember week, is selected for the sigh of the anxious pastor, and the reply thereto; leading the weary eye to compare present trifles with martyrdom, and then to look to the Chief Shepherd.

'He is th' eternal mirror bright,
Where angels view the Father's light;
And yet in Him the simplest swain
May read His homely lesson plain.'

Then the self-abnegation of the Saviour's life is drawn out, step by step, from His Birth to His Ascension—nay, to the glimpses of His intercession in Heaven. This is His pastoral course even unto the end

of the world, and the pattern of all who would follow Him afar in His Ministry. It is held up for adoration and imitation by the Church year by year. The 'white-robed souls' taking on them the pledge, and being sworn in as leaders in His host, are called on to listen—

‘ And wheresoe’er in earth’s wide field
Ye lift for Him the Red-Cross shield,
Be this your song, your joy and pride,
“ Our champion went before and died.” ’

How awful, how increasingly awful, the pastor himself felt his charge, must be felt when glancing at that deeply personal ‘Fragment,’ at page 272 of the Miscellaneous Poems—a meditation drawn from him by the thought of quitting his flock at Coln St. Aldwyn, and resigning his charge.

This day itself in the Lyra, however, has one of the sweet bright ‘Lessons of Nature,’ suited to the lovely season of Whitsuntide. The bird’s nest, with the callow young, cherished so tenderly by the winged mother, is made to teach the ‘nestling of the Holy Dove’ how life is cherished by the hovering brooding Wings of Love and Power—always the symbol of the Almighty, always His chosen token of tender protection.

‘He shall defend thee under His Wings, and thou shalt be safe under His feathers; His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.’ Again, the eagle cherishing his nest, the hen gathering her brood under her wings, each is made a symbol to assure us that

‘ When sorrow comes to thy calm nest
Early or late, as come it will,
Think of yon brood, yon downy breast,
And hide thee deep in Jesus’ Will.’

Let the dove-note of prayer call upon Him; and even as the eagle feedeth his young,

‘ Him cherub-borne in awful state,
The Food of His elect to be,
With eager lip do thou await,
And veiled brow, and trembling knee.’

And thus as the nestling is cherished, warmed, and fed, into flight and song, so beneath those Wings, fed by that Food, we may ‘gather might to soar and sing,’ to mount up with eagles’ wings, and sing with saints and angels.

SAINT BARNABAS.

In both poems that version of the ‘Son of Comfort’ is taken which explains it, not as the son of exhortation, but as the son of consolation; and thereby The Christian Year draws a picture of the world as a room

of disease of body and mind, where none are so welcome as the 'sons of consolation,' whose gentle ministry is rather *felt* than perceived in any other manner, since they would 'fain shun both ear and sight.'

Such were the tender arms that cherished the Church in her earliest day; such the comfort they have learnt from the Comforter Himself.

It is the early Christian ministry depicted in all their tenderness, with 'hands that cannot bless in vain,' since through them their Lord's blessing is promised; and hearts that had undergone the same suffering, and had proved the consolations they bestowed. These first Apostles, like St. Barnabas, had closed the world behind them, and were solely devoted to tasks of love, free from care, and able to brighten the most showery times with their 'store of quiet mirth.' To lay new hearts before their Saviour was their first and dearest joy; and next, to draw souls together in love, as when Saul was brought by Barnabas to the rest of the brotherhood, and felt himself

'Never so blest as when in Jesus' roll
They write some hero soul;
More pleased upon his brightening road
To wait, than if their own with all his brightness glowed.'

Such were Barnabas and his brethren; and though long since they have worn their crowns in Heaven, still in the Communion of Saints they are one with us, and in their hearts of sympathy

'We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope a part.'

Surely it must be an additional joy among their many joys to know how the remembrance of them still cheers and blesses us, and how all the love and patience still existing here below is the continuation of the sparks they helped to light—yes, the devotion of the priesthood, and the comfort that such devotion enables them to carry forth to the mourners! For there is no *end* to the influence and power of holy words and deeds; and thus

'The saints that seem to die in earth's rude strife,
Only win double life;
They have but left our weary ways,
To live in memory here, in Heaven by love and praise.'

Single lines of this are unusually beautiful, and stand alone as jewels of the memory; but the general idea of the poem is not an easy one to grasp, though perhaps it may best be expressed as being on the tender comforting power of the ministry of the Church, derived from the Comforter Himself, and blessing us even to the end.

But the Lyra has to-day one of the grandest and most beautiful poems that the author ever wrote; one of those few later ones that to our mind rise far above the Christian Year itself. The wealth laid at

the Apostles' feet, gives to St. Barnabas' Day the glory of this noble appeal:

' Christ before thy door is waiting,
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold;
Lo! He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold.
Hungry, by whom saints are fed
With the Eternal Living Bread;
Thirsty, from whose pierced Side
Healing waters spring and glide;
Cold and bare He comes, who never
May put off His robe of light;
Homeless, who must dwell for ever
In the Father's Bosom bright.'

Having given this magnificent antithesis to shew the unusual structure and ring of the stanzas, we must deny ourselves further quotation. Indeed, the poem is not hard to follow. The second verse shews the Lord in 'kind ambush,'—that is, in His poor, (as typified in many a mediæval legend,)—coming to enable us to 'make to ourselves friends,' and obtain the prayers of the poor against the day of wrath. That treasure of works of love lies like the manna on the dew, and unless won and stored will quickly vanish. In the Offertory, as our great High-Priest, He demands, by the voice of St. Paul, the fruit of our week; and those who respond to that summons 'open-handed, eagle-eyed,' have His blessing now, and may best abide His coming at the last day.

Again, the free generosity of little children is a token from Him, whose members they are, of the love and open-heartedness that He delights in. They 'naught enjoy but what they share,' and have neither grudge nor care. In the great harmony of all things—as the moaning whisper of the winds sometimes blends with the music of lute or harp, or as the evening sky and autumn tints answer to one another, or in a landscape the chance position of a flower or leaf in the foreground aids the expression of the whole scene whether for melancholy or joyousness,—so to some minds a playful child's spontaneous generosity may recall the free outpouring of worldly substance at the feet of the Apostles in the early days of burning love, especially by St. Barnabas—

' Son of holiest consolation,
When thou turn'dst thy land to gold,'
And thy gold to strong salvation,
Leaving all by Christ to hold.'

He was first of those priests and monarchs who gave up their all in this world, and are reaping everlasting treasure above. At least I think this must refer primarily rather to the whole course of the self-devoted, than to the four-and-twenty elders of the Vision of St. John; though of course, when these are said to cast their crowns before

the Throne, we understand them to lead and typify all the offerings of honour, victory, or wealth, that ever were made, from Abraham's to the end of the world. The continuation of the verse certainly refers to the saintly priests and kings whose noble offerings the Church still enjoys:—

‘ Now in gems their relics lie,
And their names in blazonry,
And their forms in storied panes
Gleam athwart their own loved fanes;
Each his several radiance flinging
On the sacred Altar floor;
Whether great ones much are bringing,
Or their mite the mean and poor.’

Constantine, Clovis, Charles the Great, buried at Aix-la-Chapelle; St. Swithun, whose form does literally gleam athwart Winchester Cathedral (not his *own* fane though) from the ‘storied pane, as does that of St. Louis in his Ste. Chapelle;—multitudes of such names throng on us; but the conclusion, after appealing to us to give our utmost and most overflowing treasure, brings us to the recollection that our heart, or utmost, is the true gift, and that love is the measure, not the amount. Even ‘the blessed widow’s part’ needs atonement ere it be perfectly acceptable.

THE ACCESSION.

THE Accession Day has led to the composition of a poem whose lines often return on the ear with a most soothing and encouraging echo. For the prime thought is one that everyone needs in time, save they who are taken away in earliest youth.

Not only the newly-made sovereign feels like Solomon of old that he knows not ‘how to go out or come in,’ or falls on his knees like poor Louis XVI. with a cry for help under the burden of a nation’s woe, feeling the loss and bereavement above all; but everyone who has loved, obeyed, trusted, and revered, has heard, if he live beyond early youth, in turn, ‘Knowest thou that the Lord will take thy master away from thy head to-day?’ and has needed the same voice that spake to Joshua, ‘I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.’

That confidence is the one rock to cast anchor in amid the floods—the one torch in a tempestuous night—the one unchanging evergreen among the fading trees. To many a faithful king it has so proved—to none less than to the unfortunate sovereign we have referred to above, sensible of his responsibility, but physically and intellectually incapable of rising to it, unable to take pleasure even in the splendours and gaieties of his prosperity, and doomed to drink to the very dregs the cup of woe that the vice and tyranny of his forefathers had filled for him. But ‘the Cross supports them’ all. The fate that was outwardly retributive justice was spiritually martyrdom!

And if such were the case with Louis XVI., what lot may not be brightened by the Cross?

But this has led us from the text of our poem, which turns from the orphaned king to the feelings of those who take the place of true pastors, and tremble at their own inferiority, and thence to all who succeed to any place of trust in the sense of their own weakness and inefficiency. To all alike there is the one sure encouragement, 'Be strong and of a good courage: I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.'

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

By the Church is here meant the chosen of old. The first Elijah came when the decay of Israel under Ahab called for him; the second Elijah came when the restoration by Ezra and the patriotic zeal of the Maccabees had died away into Pharisaic hypocrisy and Sadducean liberalism; and we know that in our final dispensation, in some manner or other, Elijah will come again before the end, and 'methinks we need him.' 'But where shall he be found?' The first Elijah, 'wafted to his glorious place by harmless fire, has owned in Paradise the loved harbinger of Christ,' and deathless himself, learns of him what was a martyr's death and glory—of him who came like the star before the dawn, and even before his birth owned the presence of her from whom Christ was about to spring.

There these two, so strangely alike, are, we may believe, interceding for God's Church still on earth, even though, as pain may not reach to the Place of Rest, the rebellion and evil below be veiled from their sight. Nay, since we live in the last days, and the twilight of the latter end is even now at hand, why wait for visible demonstrations? 'The ministers and stewards of His mysteries' are called on to make ready and prepare the way, after the example of him who boldly rebuked vice, and patiently suffered for the truth's sake, having gathered wisdom in his stern solitude, and proved his humility by his willingness that he should decrease as His Lord increased. Thus the underlying thought of the poem is of the three great reprovers—Elijah, the Baptist, and he of that further prophecy, which we do not yet understand, but which may be in course of fulfilment by the witness of the Christian ministry.

The conclusion is a prayer to Him who gave to the Church the wings of an eagle to take refuge in the wilderness from the dragon who would devour her children, that before the hour of Judgement He would light up her watch-fires, and make our ministers 'turn the hearts of the children to their parents, and through them to their God, so as to burn with the flame of Love.'

The Lyra poem is on the mysterious joy of the unborn John—a joy of which the reverential poet of childhood traces the reflection in the bright unconscious gleams on the countenance of the newly-baptized babe, and the gladsome upward look and outstretched arm, as though seeing and greeting something far beyond our ken,

‘ Enkindling like the shafts of old,
Where mid the stars their way they took.’

The allusion is to the arrow of Acestes, which, in the funeral games on the death of Anchises, flew up into the ‘liquid clouds,’ burning as it flew, and marked its course with flame, as it mingled with the stars. The mother, perceiving such ‘upward gazing,’ has something of the spirit of the holy Elizabeth, rejoicing with her babe in the unseen Son of the Blessed Virgin.

But the grave lesson is that the babe who thus thrilled at his Lord’s Coming was a stern, self-denying, mortified hermit, set apart by strong discipline, and suffering failure and disappointment ere he attained to his glory-throne.

ST. PETER.

THIS poem is the one which has most of what has been called Scripture realization, the setting the imagination to develop, as it were, the scenes merely narrated by the terseness of inspiration. Here, of course, nothing can be more reverent and beautiful than the picture of St. Peter’s sleep and dreams as he lay in his fetters the night before he was to have been given up to the fury of the Jews. The past scenes that might rise before him that night are recounted—the One Look

‘ Sweetening the sorrow of his fall,
Which else were rued too bitterly.’

Or again, the solemn scene by the Lake of Galilee, when the Good Shepherd commended His flock into his hands, and therewith foretold how he should follow in those footsteps to the ‘inverted tree.’ The very door of that suffering seems to have been attained, the wakening to the day of death here and life above has surely come, but

‘ Not Herod but an angel leads ;’

and when his dizzy doubting footsteps had brought him to freedom and cool moonlight air, he returns

‘ The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
To wield awhile in grey-haired night ;
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
And follow Jesus out of sight.’

This poem, as is plain, goes no farther than the dwelling spiritually upon two memorable scenes in the Apostle’s life, bringing them before us as having perhaps recurred to him in his dream. This, we need scarcely observe, is a very different thing from what the author always deprecated—the using all the powers of description of scenery, sensational writing, and familiar dissection of character and imputation of motive, to humanize, as it is said, but really to lower the Saints of God in our estimation.

Boys bathing, pictured with tender delight in the fresh river beauty, and a playful meditative observance of their hesitation to take the plunge, lead on to the thought of the ship of the Apostles on the Sea of Galilee, and the fisher who went forth therefrom to meet his Lord upon the water; yea, to the one great ship wherein we were all embarked long ago, to float we know not whither. 'The candidates of heaven' seem primarily here to mean Ordination candidates, though all that is said likewise in a measure applies to the *seal* of our choice at Confirmation. In fact, every turning-point in the life, when we have more entirely to pledge ourselves to our Master, is a call to venture ourselves out of the passive security in our ship, to *come* to Him as individuals venturing to walk alone across the waves to Him at His call.

Dare we make the effort, and venture forth, when the saint beloved as was only St. John, wavered when he saw the wind boisterous, cried out for help, and began to sink? Yea, for the same Hand will 'onward, upward draw.' St. Peter's history becomes an augury of hope, in the next very remarkable verse, recalling how the bold venture of warm love soon became wavering, and yet in the sinking being raised by that Hand. Thus his attempt foreshadowed the later act of affectionate daring, the faltering, the denial, the look that snatched the disciple back, the permitting the three confessions of love to make up for the three denials.

In each case the Apostle had let the zeal of strong love bear him into peril he had not faith as yet to endure. What love it was! eager to seek the Lord on the wild waters rather than wait for Him in safety. This is real love, ready to meet the Lord with cross and bleeding brow; anxious for *His* sake to feel the cold water of danger and adversity, aware that all she gives is nothing worth, yet unable to rest till she has given all.

(To be continued.)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B. A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. VI.—EUCHARISTIC HYMN.

'Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'—*Galatians*, ii. 20.

(Tune, St. Peter.)

'REMEMBER Me: shew forth My Death
Until Mine Advent be:
So of His Altar-Feast He saith
Who gave Himself for me.

I will not tremble nor delay,
Unworthy though I be :
He will not send my soul away
Who gave Himself for me.

For there, when sorrows come to prove
Where my true joy should be,
Most sweet the comfort of His Love
Who gave Himself for me.

There, too, in calm of holy rest,
My weary head shall be,
As if it lay upon His breast
Who gave Himself for me.

There seem I ever nearest Home,
Most sure of bliss to be
When in His glory He shall come
Who gave Himself for me.

O that I ever may abide
Where only life can be,
Still close and closer to His side
Who gave Himself for me !

Amen.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XIV.

THE RIVAL KINGS.

A. D. 1801 TO A. D. 1810.

THE House of Arpád being extinct in the male line, it now became necessary to make choice of another to occupy its place ; for, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, the King of Hungary was chosen by his people, and though, at least of late years, the election had been little more than a matter of form, and the crown had descended from father to son, this right of choosing their ruler had never been abrogated, or even lost sight of. The last king had left a daughter ; but, as women had never been considered capable of reigning in Hungary, no one thought of proposing to raise her to the throne, nor did she herself ever dream of

laying claim to it, but quietly left the country with her step-mother, Agnes of Austria.

But the attachment to the old House had taken deep root in the hearts of the people; and as they reflected upon all that the Arpáds had done, how they had founded the kingdom, and shared its prosperity and adversity for centuries, they determined, from feelings of devotion, gratitude, and respect, that the new dynasty should at least be related to the old one, if only through the female branch of it. This feeling seems to have been unanimous; for, powerful as many of them were, we do not find one of the magnates attempting to place himself on the throne.

Pope Boniface, however, openly claimed Hungary as a fief of the Holy See, and as such also claimed the right of choosing her next king. Disregarding the fact that women were incapable of reigning, he declared Maria, daughter of István V. to be the rightful heir, (for, as he had never acknowledged András, he entirely ignored his daughter,) and as Maria had made over her supposed rights to her grandson Charles Robert, Boniface called upon the Hungarians to receive him as their king. This, however, they had no intention of doing, less that they entertained any personal dislike either to the boy himself, or his family, than because they did not choose to take a step, which would involve the recognition of the Pope's claim to dispose of their crown, and would give them a king certain to be a subservient vassal of Rome. When, therefore, Charles Robert was brought to Gran, and there for the second time crowned, by the Archbishop, though not with St. Stephen's crown, the leaders of the national party, which included Csák Máté, the Palatine, the Vajda of Transylvania, Archbishop of Kalócsa, and in fact all the Magnates with very few exceptions, determined at once to send an embassy to offer the crown to the Prince whom the nation desired for its king. This was Wenceslas* II., King of Bohemia and Poland, who was closely connected with the House of Arpád, being great-grandson of Constantia, a daughter of Béla III., grandson of Béla IV., and having betrothed his son to the Princess Erzsébet. He was moreover a wise and powerful ruler, and had, without war, so much increased his hereditary dominions, that it was hoped he would be strong enough to defend Hungary against all her foes, whether Pope or Emperor. Unfortunately, however, he did not feel himself sufficiently well established in Poland to venture on the long absences which would be entailed by his acceptance of the Hungarian crown, and he therefore proposed to the ambassadors that they should accept his son, the Crown Prince, in his stead. This they accordingly did, having no doubt been previously empowered to do so; for, though no mention is made of the fact, they would hardly have ventured to make such an important exchange on their own unsupported authority. They set out at once on their return home, taking the young

* The name is spelt in various ways—Venceslav, Wenceslaus, Wenceslas; in German, Wenzel; in Hungarian, Venczel.

Prince with them, and found that Johann v. Güssingen had meanwhile assembled troops, obliged the Archbishop to fly with Charles Robert to Austria, taken Gran, and thus opened their road to Stuhlweissenburg, where the young King was at once crowned by the name of László, which was dear to the heart of every Hungarian, in the place of his own foreign and unfamiliar one of Wenzel or Wenceslaus. As, however, he remained King of Hungary but a short time, and resumed his original name on his return to Bohemia, he is generally known even in Hungarian history as Venczel, or more commonly Cseh Venczel—Bohemian Venczel, though he signed all proclamations &c. with the adopted name of László.

As soon as he was aware of the flight of his protégé, and the coronation of the Bohemian Prince, Boniface sent fresh instructions to the Cardinal-Legate Nicholas, couched in terms which, as has been well observed, involuntarily recall to the mind the description of Homer's Zeus. His own claims to the sovereignty over Hungary are reiterated, and the Archbishop who dared to crown Venczel is ordered to appear at Rome within four months, and there give account of his conduct. At the same time King Wenceslas, the father, also received an epistle warning him not to interfere further in the affairs of Hungary, but at once to recall his son; and if he thought he had any claims to the throne, to lay his cause before the Holy See and wait for its just decision.

The Cardinal-Legate was received in Buda with all the external marks of respect, but he found the people so ill-disposed towards Charles Robert, that he had little hope of succeeding in detaching them from Venczel. With the clergy, however, he thought there would be a better chance, and therefore summoned them to meet him; but no sooner had he delivered the Pope's message, bidding them, on pain of punishment, to accept Charles Robert as their king, and renounce their allegiance to Venczel, than, with one consent, all the lower clergy and most of the Bishops rose and left the house, and the people of Buda shewed their indignation in so tumultuous a fashion, that the Legate thought it wise to make the best of his way back to Vienna, whence, being at a safe distance, he angrily laid the town under an interdict. Considering what an awful punishment this was, when carried out, it seems wonderful that it could ever have been lightly used, and perhaps still more wonderful that it could have been converted into an instrument of political warfare. In this instance, however, it fell harmlessly enough upon the citizens of Buda, for they had the support of their clergy, and the latter were bold enough to retaliate upon the Legate, by solemnly excommunicating not only himself, but also the Pope, and all the adherents of the rival king. The breach between Rome and the city of Buda lasted nine years, during which time, in spite of the interdict, the service of the Church was openly celebrated, and all the offices of religion were performed as usual.

Still, Venczel's cause suffered. His friend, the Archbishop of Kalócsa,

was dead; so also was the Bishop of Fünfkirchen; and the successors of both declared for Charles Robert. The King of Bohemia, too, instead of winning his way with Boniface, was reprimanded for calling himself King of Poland; and finding there was no hope of conciliating the Pope, joined his great enemy, Philippe of France. The Pope, on the other hand, gained an ally in the Emperor Albrecht, upon whom he bestowed the kingdom of France. But the career of the ambitious Boniface was speedily drawing to a close. He did, indeed, oblige the Bishops of Hungary to publish his Bull, threatening the whole country with an interdict, if Charles Robert were not accepted as King; but this was almost his last act in favour of his protégé. Philippe's soldiers took him prisoner, intending to bring him to France; and though he was set at liberty three days after, the insult he had received so affected him that he shortly afterwards died. In the tumult also perished the Archbishop of Gran. The Cardinal-Legate, Nicholas of Trevigo, was now made Pope, by the name of Benedict XI., and he, having had full experience of the temper of the Hungarians, did not try to force them into obedience to his wishes. Whether his less violent measures would have succeeded must remain doubtful, as they were very soon cut short by his early death; but probably neither they, nor the threats of his predecessor, would ever have injured Venczel's cause half as much as he injured it himself. The Hungarians cared little for Rome's decision against their King, but they began to find good reason to fear he would never make the wise ruler they had once hoped. He was now about sixteen, and gave himself up, without restraint, to all kinds of dissipation, holding wild meetings of his lawless boon-companions, and frequently disturbing the inhabitants of Buda by his nocturnal rambles through the streets of the city.

It was doubtless this undignified conduct which induced the greater part of the clergy to obey the Pope's Bull, and likewise greatly diminished the numbers of his secular adherents. To attach the Palatine Csák to his cause, Venczel, in direct contravention of the laws, had given him the whole of the northern county of Trencsin, with its towns and villages, as his hereditary property; but Csák, though he did not refuse the munificent gift, was not to be bought over by it, and therefore held aloof with increased independence, pronouncing decidedly in favour neither of the one nor of the other rival king. The rivals were now, indeed, almost on an equal footing, each appointing a Palatine, each bearing the title of king, and neither enjoying the powers and privileges of royalty; for though, by this time, the whole country was divided into two parties, the individuals composing them struggled rather to gain some private advantage for themselves, than to promote the success of the general cause. However, Charles Robert's troops were now in the immediate neighbourhood of Buda, and, as many of the citizens sympathized with them, Venczel sent to ask his father to come and release him from his perilous

position. The message arrived most inopportunately, when the Bohemian King was daily expecting to be attacked by the Emperor Albrecht; but care for his son overpowered all other considerations, and hastily gathering an army together, marched into Hungary, took Gran, which was one of the chief strongholds of the Angevin party, plundered the Cathedral of its jewels, destroyed many of the state-papers, took off their golden hanging seals, and gave the city up to plunder. He then proceeded to Buda, where he requested to see his son attired in the royal robes of state, and wearing the royal insignia. Quite unsuspecting his reason, Ernyei,* the Palatine, courteously acquiesced in what seemed to be a natural parental wish; but no sooner had young Venczel appeared in all his royal magnificence, with St. Stephen's crown on his head, than he was surrounded and taken prisoner by his father's troops, who carried him and the crown jewels safely back to Bohemia. Thereupon Charles Robert's party, being yet further increased, made a league with Rudolf of Austria, and proceeded to attack Bohemia and Poland, in conjunction with the Emperor Albrecht; but by the time they had advanced to Kuttenberg, winter was approaching, sickness had broken out in the army, the Kumans had taken what booty they could find and returned home with it, and the Bohemian troops threatened to cut off the retreat of the allies, who therefore thought it prudent to raise the siege, and make the best of their way out of the enemy's country. Shortly after, Otto, Duke of Bavaria, deserted the Emperor, and, perhaps because he had an eye to the Hungarian crown, joined Wenceslas, who made him commander-in-chief of the Bohemian forces, for the rest of the war. This did not last long, for Wenceslas died, and his son, the ex-king of Hungary, made an advantageous peace with Albrecht, who promised not to disturb him in the possession of any of his dominions, however they might have been acquired; thus tacitly acknowledging his right to the throne of Hungary, and renouncing the cause of his nephew and protégé Charles Robert. But Venczel liked an easy amusing life, and having more than enough to do in making good his position in Poland, solemnly abdicated the Hungarian throne in favour of his cousin Otto of Bavaria, to whom he gave the crown and other insignia. (1305.) Then, feeling himself no longer bound by his engagement to Erzsébet, he broke it off, and allowed his bride to retire to a convent in Switzerland, the only asylum which remained open to her, where she soon after died. (1338.)

Meanwhile, the Hungarians, left kingless by the flight of Venczel, and being still unable to reconcile themselves to the thought of receiving a king from the Pope, naturally turned their attention to Otto of Bavaria, a grandson of Béla IV., whom they invited to ascend their throne. Of the negotiations with Otto we have no record, but his possession of the crown was a great point in his favour, and he was

* Appointed Palatine in the room of Csák, who held aloof.

warmly supported by the powerful Güssingen nobles, as also by the Germans of the Zips and Transylvania, so that he set out hopefully on the somewhat perilous journey to his new dominions. His way lay through Austria, where Duke Rudolf was on the *qui vive* to intercept him; and, even when he reached Hungarian territory, he would still be in danger of an attack from the emissaries of Charles Robert. He therefore disguised himself as a merchant, and set out in anything but royal style, carrying his precious talisman concealed in a cask. The waggon jolted safely on till it reached the frontier, when, to Otto's horror, it was discovered that the cask had slipped out and disappeared. How could he venture to present himself to his new subjects without the precious crown, the one great passport to their favour? In terrible consternation, and picturing to himself all sorts of evil consequences, Otto sent a servant back to look for his lost treasure, which was at length happily discovered in a bog.

The rest of the journey was performed in safety, and the Bavarian Duke was shortly afterwards crowned at Stuhlweissenburg, as Otto the First, or, as he was more commonly called, Bajor Otto, *i. e.* Bavarian Otto. His first act was a politic one, namely, the dismissal to their own country of his Bavarian retinue; and in a little while he was freed from his dangerous enemy Rudolf, who, as an ally of Charles Robert, had been carrying on a perpetual border warfare with the Güssinger, till the murder of the King of Bohemia at Olmütz (1307.) opened a wider field for his ambition. His father, the Emperor Albrecht, who was for ever grasping at everything he could lay hands on, declared Bohemia to be a vacant fief, which naturally ought to fall to the crown, and as such he bestowed it upon Rudolf, who was now too busy making good his position to have leisure to interfere with Hungary. Bajor Otto being therefore left to himself, succeeded in driving Charles Robert and his party into Dalmatia; but do what he would, he was still little more than a shadow-king, while others held the substantial power in their own hands. In the west, beyond the Danube, the Güssinger reigned supreme, professing a friendship for the King, which consisted mainly in hostility to his rival, and in no way interfered with their independence. The north of Hungary, from Trencsin to Komárom, (Komorn) was subject to the mighty Count Csák, who no longer acted as Palatine, but held aloof from both parties in the kingdom, and seemed to aim at freeing himself from all allegiance to any superior power; and in the south-east, Apur László, or Láczkfi as he is also called, though already enjoying the post of Vajda, had likewise made himself Count of the Széklers and Saxons, and had appropriated the mines. He also shewed no disposition to attach himself to either party; but, being virtually lord of all Transylvania, and a person of very great power and importance, Otto thought it prudent to endeavour to conciliate him, and to this end asked the hand of his daughter in marriage, thinking that such an

alliance, even if it excited the jealousy of other lords, would at least secure him one powerful friend, and the attachment of the Magyar race. In the spring of 1307, Otto accordingly set forth to Transylvania, to woo, and, as he expected, to win his bride; carrying with him his talisman, the precious crown, which he would never entrust to the care of anyone but himself, so fearful was he of again losing it. The Vajda would doubtless have liked to see his daughter Queen of Hungary, but it may be he did not think Otto's throne so firmly established, as to make it worth his while to attach himself irrevocably to its fortunes; and therefore his ear was all the more ready to listen to the suggestions, backed by magnificent promises, of the Emperor Albrecht, who still nourished the hope of becoming one day master of Hungary. Be this, however, as it may, the cunning Vajda received the royal bridegroom at Gyulafehérvár, with every mark of honour and cordiality; and then, to please his imperial patron, took him prisoner. During the year or more which his imprisonment lasted, Otto had full leisure to reflect on the strange adventures which had befallen him, since he had quitted his native Bavaria; and when, upon the death of Albrecht in 1308, Szerény Imre, sometimes called Count of the Széklers, succeeded in releasing the poor crest-fallen King from his dungeon, it is little wonder that he did not care to stay and try to re-assert his authority, but, on the contrary, made his way out of Hungary by the shortest possible route. He retained, however, the title of King till his death in 1312, though he had been obliged to leave behind him in Gyulafehérvár the beloved crown which he had brought home in a cask, lost by the way in a bog, then worn so proudly as he paraded the streets of Stuhlweissenburg and Buda, after his coronation, and upon which, during his brief reign, he had lavished so much care—some said so much vanity—that his great attachment to it had become a matter of joke among his courtiers.

Never, till now, had Hungary been in such danger of being split up into a number of petty principalities, after the pattern of Germany, and so prepared to fall an easy prey to any foreign power, ambitious enough to attempt her conquest. With her king a prisoner, and no one powerful enough or interested enough to effect his release, the state of anarchy and confusion may be easily imagined; but, bad as the state of things was in the territories of the great Magnates, it must be allowed to have been worse where the people were under no control; for any rule, even though exercised without right, seems to be better than none, and the Magnates, for their own sakes, endeavoured to maintain some sort of order in the districts over which they ruled. In Buda there had been, in Venczel's time, a party, headed by the Sheriff, which favoured the claims of Charles Robert, and had been excommunicated in common with the rest of his adherents. The Sheriff had been carried off a prisoner to Bohemia; but being now set free, he returned to Buda, and placing himself at the head of an

armed band of men, entered the city one summer night, attacked the dwellings of those citizens who had been opposed to him, and slew all who did not manage to escape. Two of the town-councillors were taken prisoners, and the next day bound to horses' tails, dragged through the city, then burnt, their ashes scattered to the winds, and their property appropriated by the Sheriff. As for the priests who were so unfortunate as to fall into his hands, they were delivered over to the tender mercies of the Archbishop of Gran, who tortured them to death in their dungeons.

Such were the scenes enacted not only in Buda, but in many other towns throughout the country, except where the authority of the Magnates made itself felt and respected. Meanwhile, Pope Clement thought it time to make some effort in behalf of his client, and therefore issued a Bull, which he ordered to be read in every church in the kingdom, forbidding all, on pain of excommunication, to take any step to the injury of Charles Robert, either by speaking, writing, holding meetings, or entering into any leagues or conspiracies against him. Otto, under the same penalty, was ordered to bring his claims before the Holy See, within a year, when the decision as to the Hungarian succession would be irrevocably pronounced.

Poor Bajor Otto! he was sitting disconsolate in the dungeon of Gyulafehérvár, and would probably never more care to plead his right to the Hungarian crown, too happy if only he-might once more feel himself safe on Bavarian soil. In fact, the Bull affected him less than anyone in the kingdom, but outside the dungeon it caused as much commotion as a hornet in a hive of bees. It was felt that the freedom and honour of the country were again seriously threatened by the Pope, and at the same time, that the misery of the country was daily increasing, and would continue to increase as long as the present miserable state of faction and anarchy lasted. Bajor Otto had, since his imprisonment, fallen into such utter contempt, that it was hopeless to dream of him as a rallying point for the nation; and as for the young Angevin prince, it could not be denied that he was the only other offshoot of the venerated House of Arpád, who could be proposed to the nation as a candidate for the throne. He was promising enough, too, and in the full flush of youth; capable, it seemed, of becoming a very good king, and possessing, besides, those personal attractions of manner and countenance, which, though not of the same importance as more solid qualifications, are yet not without their influence on the public mind. All that could be said to his disadvantage was, that the Pope wished to force him upon the country, whether it would or no; but this, as opening a door to the interference of Rome, was a matter of the gravest moment. The Hungarians, however, proved themselves equal to the emergency; patriotism triumphed over party-spirit; and they determined to take the matter out of the Pope's hands, by anticipating him in making an offer of their throne to Charles Robert—

Róbert Károly, as, with their natural propensity for putting the last name first, they seem at this time to have called him. The decision once made, no time was lost in putting it in execution, and in the October of the same year on which Bajor Otto had set out on his ill-fated courtship, a Diet was held on the field of Rákos, at which Róbert Károly was present, and was formally elected King, by the title of Károly I. The Diet was well attended by the Bishops, many of the Magnates, and a great number of nobles; and the resolutions wound up with the usual threats of excommunication, degradation, loss of office, and confiscation of property, against all who should refuse allegiance to the newly-elected King. As a proof of the confusion which had reigned in the country since the death of András, it may be remarked that there were present on this occasion two nobles, who called themselves, and had indeed been appointed by Charles Robert, Vajdas of Transylvania, though they had never enjoyed more than the empty title; and in the same way, there were four Palatines, appointed by the different parties.

A few months after matters had been thus, as it seemed, satisfactorily arranged, the Cardinal-Legate, Gentilis di Montefiori, landed in Dalmatia, intent on converting Hungary into a Papal fief, in obedience to the orders of his master, Clement V. Apparently he was in ignorance of the turn affairs had taken, and expected to find the nation as much opposed to Charles Robert as before. Hearing, however, on his arrival, of what had taken place, he had the wisdom to perceive that any precipitate or violent steps on his part would ruin Charles Robert's hopes for ever; and he therefore remained quietly in the south, waiting till the young Prince's cause had gained strength, as it seemed to be in a fair way of doing. Not till the autumn of the year did he proceed to Buda; and then, without any ostentatious display, he quietly took up his abode in a convent of the Dominicans, where he remained, working unobtrusively, but cleverly, for the advancement of his cause, ingratiating himself with the nobles by his affable manners, by his promises of procuring their advancement, and making himself generally popular. So well did he succeed, and so great was the influence he had acquired, that no one remonstrated when he claimed, and exercised, the right of summoning the Diet to meet him at Pest. To all outward appearance, he had contrived to win over Charles Robert's most obstinate foes; Heinrich von Güssingen came and took solemn vows of allegiance to the King, and received in return an appointment as Ban of Slavonia; Apor László, though still remaining aloof, was persuaded to send representatives to the Diet; and Count Csák, the least easily managed of the three, was at last coaxed into swearing allegiance, and was then at once made the first Baron, and Tutor, or guardian, of the kingdom, as well as Lord-high-treasurer; but, nevertheless, in spite of coaxing and honied words, Count Csák did not renounce his dream of independence.

The great Diet, which was to declare the solemn election of the King, met towards the close of November. In the morning of the day, amid the rejoicing of the vast multitudes assembled, Gentilis conducted the young Prince across the Danube to the plain where the meeting was to be held beneath the open sky. On the Legate's right hand, but raised so that all present might behold him, sat the Prince; near him were the Bishops, and on the left were the new Ban of Slavonia, and the other great Magnates or their representatives, while on either side stood the nobles and the people in large compact masses. All were eager and hopeful, weary of the long reign of confusion, and desirous of the re-establishment of peace and order, which they now expected with confidence. Animated as the whole nation was by this belief, it is not wonderful that the numbers present at the Diet were unusually large. The spiritual as well as the temporal lords mustered in strong force, their numbers being rendered more imposing by the presence of their many armed retainers; the greater part of the nobility, too, had managed to make their appearance, and the people had flocked together from all quarters, anxious to see and hear all they could of the new King. The Legate opened the proceedings by a speech, in which he commented upon the many good kings with which Hungary had in times past been blest. So far, so good. His audience listened with pleasure, and applauded vehemently, as he spoke of their good King Stephen, Hungary's own peculiar saint and hero, so dear to every heart; but when he adverted to the negotiations with Pope Sylvester II., declaring that Stephen had received from him his crown and authority—and drew thence the inference, that, on the extinction of Stephen's line, the Pope, and the Pope alone, could give Hungary a king, and they should therefore receive Károly I. in obedience to the Holy Father—all the expressions of approval were suddenly changed into violent shouts of indignation, which cut short the Legate's speech. From all sides rose the cry that 'Hungarians would never have a king forced upon them; they had chosen Károly of their own free will the year before, and they had now met merely to call him unanimously to the throne. If the Pope liked to confirm the election, well and good; but their concession should go no further.'

For the moment it seemed as though the whole question were about to be re-opened; but, happily, Gentilis knew with whom he had to deal, and was shrewd enough to see, that it would be folly to risk the loss of all he had gained, by contesting a point which, after all, scarcely affected the present case, since, as the Pope's candidate was to be king, it was comparatively unimportant whether he was accepted or elected. Moreover, in an armed assembly of determined and excitable men, who would flash out their swords, and use them too, on very slight provocation, it was scarcely prudent to persist in a claim which irritated them. When therefore the tumult was somewhat allayed, the persuasive tones of the Legate were again heard, assuring the multitude that their

words had expressed his own meaning precisely; they had chosen their King, as they had full right to do, and he was there merely to confirm the election in the name of the Holy Father, that all might be assured it had been rightfully accomplished, and that all excuse might be taken from future disturbers of the peace. Again the shouts of joy broke forth, the multitude hastened one by one to swear fidelity to the King, and then carried him about on their shoulders in triumph. The long dispute had been closed by a compromise; but, on the whole, the Hungarians had had the best of it. They had maintained their right of election; and though they allowed to Rome the right of confirming it, the right was never exercised but on this occasion.

After the Diet, some of Charles's warmest supporters among the Bishops and Magnates remained behind to confer with the Legate upon certain laws and measures for the firmer establishment of the throne, which consisted chiefly in denouncing the usual penalties of excommunication &c. against all who should fail to acknowledge King Charles. They also determined that the crown, which still remained in Apór's hands, if not delivered up at the next Diet, should be deprived of its dignity and declared profane, that another should be prepared and consecrated by the Legate, and considered henceforth the only right and lawful one, as being given by the same power which had bestowed the former crown on S. Stephen. These decrees were made in the Legate's own name, and were not published till after the coronation, in the following July. All negotiations with the Vajda having meanwhile failed, on the 11th of June the new crown was consecrated by the Legate; and on the 15th of the same month the coronation took place, the Archbishop of Gran reading, first in Latin, then in Hungarian, the coronation oath. This third coronation is a plain proof that no one, not even the Legate himself, believed in the validity of the two former; but neither was this third ceremony held valid by the people, whose faith in the ancient holy crown was not one whit to be shaken, or transferred, by the decrees of the Legate, or any number of Bishops; and when, in the following month, the secret decrees above mentioned were published, it seemed that discord would break out afresh. Csák openly refused obedience to them, and no coaxing or flattery would induce him to give up any of the lands he unjustly held; other Magnates followed his example, and the Legate, finding his threats for the most part utterly disregarded, withdrew with Charles to Pressburg, where he held a synod, and thundered forth more anathemas. The worst of these repeated curses was, that the oftener they were issued the more powerless they became, and they were quite unable to reconcile the people to receiving King Charles without the Holy Crown. Gentilis seems at length to have perceived this fact; and once again seizing the weapons of the Holy See, pronounced excommunication upon the Vajda Apór László, for withholding the crown, and for marrying his daughter to a schismatic,

the son of the Prince of Servia. Apór's son, Benedict, the Bishop of Transylvania, endeavoured to prevent the publication of the sentence in his diocese, and finally came forward as a mediator, promising the Legate that his father would both surrender the crown and do homage. At a personal interview, shortly after, with the Archbishop of Gran and the Palatine, the old Vajda was at last induced to promise the renunciation of the lands he had unjustly taken, likewise the metal and salt mines, and the Countships of the Széklers and Saxons; but, better than all, he promised the restoration of the precious and sorely-missed crown, and, to the joy of the whole nation, he kept his word, though not without extorting some compensation from the King. Once again, in the August of 1310, the Diet met on the field of Rákos, and once again called Charles Robert to the throne; but this time he was taken in triumph to Stuhlweissenburg, and there crowned, by the hand of the Archbishop of Gran, with the Holy Crown of S. Stephen, and 'with due observance,' as he himself said, 'of all the ceremonies usual with our ancestors.'

The Papal Legate did not honour the proceedings with his presence, for this fourth coronation was an unmistakeable declaration of the invalidity of all the acts whereby he and Rome had been endeavouring, for years, to give a king to Hungary.

The long struggle between Rome and Hungary was at last ended, and Rome withdrew discomfited from the field.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE:

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CACIQUE.

'Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all.'

Rejected Adresse.

It was a warm night in September, and Wilmet had laid herself down in bed in her nursery with a careful but not an oppressed heart. About many matters she was happier than before. Her mother had revived in some degree, could walk from her bed-room to the sitting-room, and took more interest in what was passing; and this the hopeful spirits of the

children interpreted into signs of recovery. Geraldine's health and spirits had evidently taken a start for the better. Fulbert, too, was off her mind—safe gone to a clergy orphan foundation; and though Lancelot had not yet been elected, owing, Mr. Audley imagined, to Lady Price's talk about their fine friends, Wilmet could not be sorry, he was such a little fellow, and the house would be so dull without his unfailing merriment and oddities. And though there had been sore disappointment that Mrs. Thomas Underwood had chosen to go to Brighton instead of coming home, there was the promise of a visit from Alda before Christmas to feed upon. Little Robina had come home for the summer holidays, well, happy, and improved, and crying only in a satisfactory way on returning to school. Moreover, Wilmet's finances had been pleasantly increased by an unexpected present of five pounds at the end of the half year from Miss Pearson, and the promise of the like for the next, increasing as her usefulness increased; and she was also allowed to bring Angela to school with her. The balance of accounts at Midsummer had been satisfactory, and Felix had proudly pronounced her to be a brick of a housekeeper. And thus altogether Wilmet did not feel that the weight of care was so heavy and hopeless as when it first descended upon her; and she went to bed as usual, feeling how true her father's words of encouragement and hope had been, how kind friends were, how dear a brother Felix was, and above all, how there is verily a Father of the fatherless. And so she fell fast asleep, but was ere long waked by a voice from the inner room where Cherry slept with the door open.

'Wilmet, Wilmet, what is it?'

Then she saw that the room was aglow with red light from the window, and heard a loud distant hubbub. Hurrying out of bed, she flew to the window of Cherry's room, and drew up the blind. 'O Wilmet, is it fire?'

'Yes,' low and awe-struck said Wilmet. 'Not here. No. There's nothing to be frightened at, Cherry. It is out—out there. I think it must be the Fortinbras Arms. Oh, what a sight!'

'It is dreadful!' said Cherry, shrinking trembling to the foot of her little bed, whence she could see the window. 'How plain one can see everything in the room! Oh! the terrible red glow in the windows! I wonder if all the people are safe. Wilmet, do call Felix.'

'I will,' said Wilmet, proceeding in search of her clothes; but her hands shook so that she could hardly put them on. They longed for Felix as a protection, and yet Cherry could hardly bear to let her sister go out of sight.

'I only hope Mamma does not hear,' said Wilmet.

'How lucky her room looks out the other way! but oh! Wilmet, don't fires spread?'

'Felix and Mr. Audley will see about us in time if there is any fear of that,' said Wilmet, trembling a good deal as she wrapped a shawl round Cherry, who sat in a heap on her bed, gazing fascinated at the red sky

and roofs. Felix slept at the back of the house; her knock did not waken him, but her entrance startled both him and Lance.

‘Felix, the Fortinbras Arms is on fire.—Hush, Lance; take care; the little ones and Mamma! O Felix, do come to our room.’

They followed her there in a few seconds, but they had only glanced from the window before they simultaneously rushed away, to the increased dismay of their sisters, to whom their manly instinct of rushing into the fray had not occurred.

‘I’ll go down. I’ll try to catch them,’ said Wilmet; and she too was gone before Cherry could call to her. She found that Felix and Mr. Audley were in the act of undoing the front door, and this gave her just time to fly down with the entreaty that Felix would not leave them. It was a great deal more to ask of him than she knew.

‘To the end of the street I must go, Wilmet,’ he said.

‘Oh! but Cherry is so frightened! And if Mamma wakes,’ she said, gasping.

‘It is all quiet in her room,’ said Felix.

‘Tell Cherry that there is no danger at all here *now*,’ said Mr. Audley; ‘but if it makes her happier, you may dress her. Don’t disturb your mother. If needful, we will carry her out in her bed; but I do not think it will be.’

‘We can only see out in the street,’ added Felix, opening the door as he spoke; and that moment out flew Lance, before anybody had thought of stopping him, and the necessity of pursuing the little fellow into the throng, and keeping him out of danger, made both Felix and Mr. Audley dash after him; while Wilmet, abashed at the men hurrying by, could not even gaze from the door, but fled up-stairs in terror lest the two little ones should be awake and crying at the appalling red light and the din, which seemed to her one continuous roar of ‘Fire! fire!’

To her great relief they were still asleep, but Cherry was in a chilled agony of trembling prayer for the ‘poor people,’ and the sisters crouched up together shivering in each other’s arms as they watched the rush of flames streaming up into the sky over the roof of the brew-house opposite to them.

Presently Wilmet heard feet again down-stairs. ‘Cherry dear, I must go down, they may want me. Indeed, I don’t think there is real danger as long as that brew-house is safe.’

There was a scuffle of feet that frightened her very much. She remembered it last Michaelmas when her father was brought home from church, and as she stood on the stairs—one choking petition in her heart, ‘Let it not be Felix!’ she saw that the figure, whatever it was, was carried by Mr. Audley and a strange man. And so great a horror came over her, that, regardless of her scanty toilette, and the hair that had fallen over the jacket on her shoulders, she dropped at once among them as they were bearing the senseless form into Mr. Audley’s bed-room, with a low but piteous cry, ‘Felix! Felix! oh, what has happened?’

‘It is not Felix, my dear,’ said Mr. Audley; ‘he is safe—he is gone for the doctor. This poor boy has fallen from a window. You can help us, Wilmet; call Martha, and get some water made hot. The fire is getting under.’

Wilmet needed no second hint. She was up, reassuring Cherry at one moment; then breaking into Martha’s heavy slumbers, impressing on her the necessity of not shrieking; then down-stairs again, reviving the dying kitchen fire, and finding that, as usual, there was some water not yet cold. For as she now saw, it was not yet one o’clock. She durst not go to her mother’s room, where ready means of heating food were always to be found. As she brought it to the door, Felix came in with Mr. Rugg, who, living in a street out of sight, and having ears for no sound but his own night-bell, had been ready at once to obey the call. Felix told his sister the little he knew.

‘It was a terrible sight. Just as we got to that one big window—a passage one, I believe, which looks out into this street—we saw this poor boy and a black man up on the sill, with all the glare of light behind them, screaming out for help.’

‘But where was everybody?’

‘In the High Street, round the corner. Crowds there; and here in our street only ourselves and a few men that hurried up after us. Mr. Audley shouted to them that we would get a ladder, but whether they could not hold on any more, or they thought we were going quite away—O Wilmet! I didn’t see; but there was the most horrible thump and crash on the pavement.’

‘What! down from that window?’

‘Yes,’ said Felix, leaning against the wall, and looking very pale. ‘And there was that good black man, he had got the boy in his arms, as if he had wound himself round to keep him from harm.’

‘Oh! And he?’

‘Killed—quite killed. Don’t ask me about it, Wilmet. It is much too dreadful to hear of;’ and he shuddered all over. ‘But this boy’s head was safe at least, and as there seemed no one to attend to anything, Mr. Audley said he would bring him here, and I went for Mr. Rugg.’

‘And where’s Lance? Did he go with you?’

‘Lance! Is not he in? I never saw or thought of him. I must go and see for him,’ exclaimed Felix, darting off in haste and alarm at the thought of little nine-year-old Lance alone among the midnight crowd, just as Mr. Audley opened the door to try to find a messenger to Mr. Rugg’s surgery. He paused to tell Wilmet that it was a lad about Felix’s age, moaning some word that sounded like Diego, and with a broken leg and ribs; and then as Martha was in attendance, she felt herself obliged to return to Cherry, whom indeed she could not leave again, for though the fire had sunk, and only thick clouds of smoke shewed the play of the engines, the effects of the terror were not so quickly over in the tender little frame, which was in a quivering hysterical state, so deadly cold,

that Wilmet was frightened, and went once more down to warm some flannel, and get some hot drink for her. She intended tea, but meeting Mr. Audley again, he sent up a glass of wine. Even with this in hot water, Cherry could hardly be warmed again, and Wilmet lay down, clasping her round, and not daring to let her know of her own continued anxiety about the two brothers. At last, however, when the red light had almost faded quite away, the cautious steps were heard coming up the stairs, and Felix called into the room in a low voice,

‘All right, Wilmet.’

‘Oh! come in,’ the sisters called. ‘Where did you find him, Fee? is he safe?’

‘O Cherry, you never saw such a lark!’ cried Lance in a gusty whisper. ‘Wouldn’t Fulbert have given his ears to have seen it? To see the engines pouring down, the great hose twining about like jolly old sea serpents spouting.’

‘Hush, Lance; how can you? How could you? Does Mr. Audley know he is safe?’

‘Yes,’ said Felix, ‘he opened the door, and said he might have known Lance was too much of a *gamin* to come to grief.’

‘What’s a *gamin*?’ said Lance.

‘A street rag-a-muffin at Paris,’ said Wilmet. ‘But really, Lance, it was a terrible thing to do.’

‘And where do you think I found him?’ said Felix. ‘In between little Jacky Brown and that big old coal-heaver who was so impudent about the blanket-club, hanging like a monkey upon the rails of the terrace, and hallooing as loud as they.’

‘’Twas the coal-heaver that helped me up,’ said Lance. ‘He’s a jolly good fellow, I can tell you. He said, “You be one of Parson Underwood’s little chaps, baint you? A rare honest gentleman of the right sort war he—he war!” and he pulled down another boy and put me up instead, and told me all about the great fire at Stubbs’s factory. You can’t think what fun it was. Roar, roar, up went the flame. Swish, wish, went the water—such a bellowing—such great clouds of smoke!’

‘Was everybody saved?’ whispered Cherry’s tremulous murmur.

There was a silence; then Lance said, ‘Weren’t they?’ and Cherry had another shuddering fit.

‘Who?’ Wilmet asked.

‘Poor Mr. Jones’s youngest child and his nursemaid were in an attic room where nobody could get at them,’ said Felix in a hurried and awe-struck voice, causing Cherry to renew that agony of trembling and sobbing, so convulsive and painful that her elder brother and sister could only devote themselves to soothing her, till at last she lay still again in Wilmet’s arms, with only a few long gasps coming quivering up through her frame. Then Wilmet implored Felix to go away and make Lance go to bed, and finding this the only means of reducing the little excited fellow to quiet, he went. And though all were sure they should not

sleep, they overslept themselves far into Sunday morning, except Wilmet, who was wakened by the clamours of the undisturbed Angela and Bernard, and succeeded in dressing them without disturbing the other three.

Very tired and stiff, and very anxious she felt, but she was obliged to go down as soon as she was dressed, since she always took charge of her mother before breakfast on Sunday while Sibby went to mass. It was so late that she could only listen in vain at the top of the stairs before she went into the room, where she found Sibby very indignant at having missed all the excitement of the night past. 'As if she could not have been trusted not to have wakened the mistress. She believed they would have let her alone till they all were burnt in their beds!'

It was not till breakfast, which took place unusually late, that Wilmet heard much. Felix and Lance had just come down-stairs, rather ashamed of having overslept themselves, and Mr. Audley came in and begged for a cup of tea.

He told them that the father and uncle of the boy had arrived. They were American merchants or speculators of some kind, he thought, named Travis, and they had gone on business to Dearport the day before, meaning to dine there, and return by the mail train in the night, and leaving the boy with the black servant in the unfortunate hotel.

On arriving, at about three o'clock, not long after Felix had brought Lance home, they had telegraphed to Dearport for a doctor and nurse, who were momentarily expected to arrive. The patient was only half conscious, and though he knew his father, continued to murmur for Diego. Martha was sitting with him whenever she could, for his father did not seem to understand nursing, and it would be a great relief when a properly-trained person arrived.

She came, and so did the doctor, but not till close upon church-time, and little but stray reports from the sick-room reached the population up-stairs all that day, as Mr. Audley, whenever he was not at church, was obliged to be in attendance on his strange guests. All that reached the anxious and excited young people was the tidings of the patient being not unlikely to do well, though he was in great pain and high fever, and continually calling for the poor negro who had saved his life at the expense of his own.

This was the last bulletin when the household parted to go their several ways on Monday morning, not to be all collected again and free to speak till seven o'clock in the evening, when they met round the table for tea.

'Mamma looks cheery,' said Felix, coming into the little back room where Wilmet was spreading bread and butter.

'Yes,' said Wilmet, 'I think she has cared to hear about the fire. So many people have come in and talked, that it has enlivened her.'

'And how is the boy?'

'A little better, Martha heard; but he keeps on talking of Diego, and seems not to care about anyone else.'

‘No wonder. His father must be an unmitigated brute,’ said Felix. ‘He came to the inquest, and talked just as if it had been an old Newfoundland dog; I really think he cared rather less than if it had been.’

‘Tell us about the inquest, Felix,’ said Lance. ‘I wish they’d have wanted me there.’

‘I don’t see why, Lance,’ said Felix gravely; ‘it was a terrible thing to see poor Mr. Jones hardly able to speak for grief, and the mother of that poor young nurse went on sobbing as if her heart was breaking.’

‘Nobody knows the cause of the fire, do they?’ asked Cherry. ‘Lady Price said it was the gas.’

‘No; no one knows. Way, the waiter, saw a glare under the door of the great assembly-room as he was going up very late to bed, and the instant he opened the door the flame seemed to rush out at him. I suppose a draught was all it wanted. He saw this poor Diego safe down-stairs once, but he must have gone back to save his young master, and got cut off in coming back. Poor fellow! he is a Mexican negro, belonging to an estate that came to Mr. Travis’s wife, and he has always clung to her and her son just like a faithful dog.’

‘But he could not be a slave in England,’ said Cherry eagerly.

‘No; but as this Travis said—his one instinct was the boy; he did not know how to get rid of him, he said, and I do believe he thinks it a lucky chance.’

‘I wish it had been him,’ said Lance.

‘Sibby has asked leave to go to the burial,’ added Wilmet.

‘I hope you gave it,’ said Felix. ‘Mr. Macnamara came and asked if he were not a Roman Catholic, and those two Travises laughed a little offensively, and said they guessed he was so, as much as a nigger was anything; and the Romans were welcome to his black carcase, only they would not be charged for any flummery. “I won’t be made a fool of about a nigger,” one said. And then, I was so glad, Mr. Audley begged to know when the funeral would be, and said he would go anywhere to do honour to faithfulness unto death.’

‘Well done, Mr. Audley!’ cried Lance. ‘Won’t we go too, Fee?’

‘It will be at nine to-morrow,’ said Felix; at which Lance made a face, since of course he would be in school at the time.

‘Maybe I shall have to go,’ added Felix; ‘for only think, as my good luck would have it, Redstone went on Saturday night to see his mother or somebody, and only came back this morning; and Mr. Froggatt himself was “out at his box,” as he calls it, so he told me this morning to write the account of the fire for the paper, and he would pay me for it extra, as he does Redstone.’

‘Well, and have you done it?’

‘I was pretty much at sea at first, till I recollected the letter I began to Edgar yesterday night, and by following that, I made what I thought was a decent piece of business of it.’

‘Oh, did you put in the way they threw the things out at window at Jessop’s without looking what they were?’ cried Lance; ‘and the jolly smash the jugs and basons made, and when their house was never on fire at all; and how the coal-heaver said, “Hold hard, frail trade there!”’

‘Well,’ said Felix quaintly, ‘I put it in a different form, you see. I said the inhabitants of the adjacent houses hurled their furniture from the windows with more precipitation than attention to the fragility of the articles. And after all, that intolerable ass, Redstone, has corrected fire every time into “the devouring element,” and made “the faithful black” into “the African of sable integument, but heart of precious ore.”’

‘Now, Felix!’

‘Bald, Sir, bald,’ he said, with such a face. ‘“Yes, Mr. Underwood,” even good old Froggy said when he saw me looking rather blue, “you and I may know what good taste and simplicity is, but if we sent out the Pursuivant with no mouth-filling words in it, we should be cut out with some low paper in no time among the farmers and mechanics.”’

‘Is he so led by Mr. Redstone?’ asked Wilmet.

‘Not exactly; but I believe there’s nothing he dreads more than Redstone’s getting offended and saying that I am no use, as he would any day if he could. O Mr. Audley, are you coming to stay?’

‘Will you have a cup of tea?’ said Wilmet.

‘Thank you, yes; I’ve got to dine with these fellows at the Railway Hotel at eight; but I wanted to speak to you first, Wilmet,’ said Mr. Audley, sitting down as if he were weary of his day.

‘How is the boy?’

‘Better. He has been quite sensible ever since he woke at twelve o’clock to-day, only he was dreadfully upset about poor Diego—about whom his father told him very abruptly—without the least notion he would feel it so much.’

‘I wish I had the kicking of that father,’ observed Felix, driving the knife hard into the loaf.

‘He is not altogether such a bad fellow,’ said Mr. Audley thoughtfully.

‘Not for an American, perhaps.’

‘He is not an American at all. He was born and bred in my own county, and took me by surprise by calculating that I was one of the Audleys of Wrightstone Court, and wanting to know whether my father were Sir Robert or Sir Robert’s son. Then he guessed that I might have heard of his father, if I was not too young, and by-and-by it dawned on me that whenever there is any complication about business matters, or anyone is in bad circumstances, my father always vituperates one Travis, who it seems was a solicitor greatly trusted by all the country round, till he died, some twenty years ago, and it appeared that he had ruined everybody, himself included. These men are his sons. They went out to America, and got up in the world. They told me the whole story of how they had knocked about everywhere, last evening, but I was too sleepy

to enter into it much, though I dare say it was curious enough; successful speculations and hairs-breadth escapes seemed to come very thick one upon another, but all I am clear about is that this poor boy Fernando's mother was a Mexican heiress, they—one of them I mean—managed to marry; her father English, but her mother old Spanish blood allied to the old Caciques, he says; whether it is a boast I don't know, but the boy looks like it—such a handsome fellow, delicate straight profile, slender limbs, beautifully made, inky black hair and brows, pure olive skin—the two doctors were both in raptures. Well, they thought affairs in Mexico insecure, so they sold the poor woman's estate and carried her off to Texas. No; was it? I really can't remember where, but, at any rate, Diego stuck to her wherever she went, and when she died, to her child; nursed him like an old woman, and— In short, it was that touching negro love that one sometimes hears of. Now they seem to have grown very rich—the American Vice-Consul who came over this morning from Dearport knew all about them—and they came home partly on business, and partly to leave Fernando to be made into an English gentleman, who, Mr. Travis says, if he has money to spend, does whip creation. He's English enough for that still. Well, they have got a telegram that makes them both want to sail by the next steamer.'

'That's a blessing. But the boy?'

'He cannot be moved for weeks. It is not only the fractures, but the jar of the fall. He may get quite over it, but must lie quite still on his back. So here he is, a fixture, by your leave, my lady housekeeper.'

'It is your room, Mr. Audley,' said Wilmet. 'But can his father really mean to leave him alone so very ill, poor boy?'

'Well, as his father truly says, he is no good to him, but rather the reverse; and as the Travis mind seems rather impressed by finding an Audley here, I am to be left in charge of him now, and to find a tutor for him when he gets better. So we are in for that!'

'But what is to become of you?' asked Wilmet. 'The nurse has got the little back study.'

'I have got a room at Bolland's to sleep in, thank you,' he answered; 'and I have been representing the inconvenience to the house of this long illness, so that the Travises, who are liberal enough—'

'I thought them horrid misers,' said Felix.

'That was only the American conscience as to negroes. In other matters they are ready to throw money about with both hands; so I hope I have made a good bargain for you, Wilmet. You are to have five guineas a week, and provide for boy and nurse, all but wine and beer, ice and fruit.'

'Five guineas!' murmured Wilmet, quite overpowered at the munificent sum.

'I am afraid you will not find it go so far as you expect, for he will want a good deal of dainty catering.'

‘And your room should be deducted,’ said Wilmet.

‘Not at all. Mrs. Bolland said she did not take lodgers, but should esteem it a favour if I would sleep there while her son is away. It is all safe, I think. He has given me orders on his London banker, and they say here at the bank that they are all right. It is a strange charge,’ he added thoughtfully; ‘we little thought what we were taking on ourselves when we picked up that poor fellow, Felix; and I cannot help thinking it will turn out well, there was something so noble about the poor lad’s face as he lay insensible.’

It was about three weeks later, that one Sunday evening, when Mr. Audley came in from church, Felix followed him to his sitting-room, and began with unusual formality. ‘I think I ought to speak to you, Sir.’

‘What’s the matter?’

‘About Lance, and him in there. I have had such a queer talk with him!’

‘As how?’

‘Why, he wanted us to stop from church, asked me to let off the poor little coon; and when I said we couldn’t, because we were in the choir, wanted to know what we were paid, then why we did it at all; and so it turned out that he thinks churches only meant for women and psalm-singing niggers and Methodists, and has never been inside one in his life, never saw the sense of it, wanted to know why I went.’

‘What did you tell him?’

‘I don’t know; I was so taken aback. I said something about our duty to God, and its being all we had to get us through life; but I know I made a dreadful mess of it, and the bell rang, and I got away. But he seems a sheer heathen, and there’s Lance in and out all day.’

‘Yes, Felix, I am afraid it is true that the poor lad has been brought up with no religion at all—a blank sheet, as his father called him.’

‘Wasn’t his father English?’

‘Yes; but he had lived a roving godless life. I began when I found the boy must stay here, by asking whether he were of his father’s or his mother’s communion, and in return heard a burst of exultation that he had never let a priest into his house. His father-in-law had warned him against it, and he had carried his wife out of their reach long before the child’s birth; he has not even been baptized, but you see, Felix, I could not act like Abraham to the idolator in the Talmud.’

Felix did not speak, but knocked one foot against the other in vexation, feeling that it was his house after all, and that Mr. Audley should not have turned this young heathen loose into it to corrupt his brother, without consulting him.

‘I told Travis,’ continued the Curate, ‘that if I undertook the charge as he wished, it must be as a priest myself, and I must try to put some religion into him. And to my surprise; he said he left it to me. Fernan was old enough to judge, and if he were to be an English squire, he

must conform to old-country ways; besides, I was another sort of parson from Yankee Methodists and Shakers or Popish priests—he knew the English clergy well enough, of the right sort.’

‘So he is to learn religion to make him a squire?’

‘I was thankful enough to find no obstruction.’

‘And have you begun?’ asked Felix moodily.

‘Why—no. He has been too ill and too reserved. I have attempted nothing but daily saying a short prayer for him in his hearing, hoping he would remark on it. But you know the pain is still very absorbing at times, and it leaves him exhausted; and besides, I fancy he has a good deal of tropical languor about him, and does not notice much. Nothing but Lance has roused him at all.’

‘I would never have let Lance in there by himself if I had known,’ said Felix. ‘He is quite bewitched.’

‘It would have been difficult to prevent it. Nor do I think that much harm can be done. I believe I ought to have told you, Felix; but I did not like denouncing my poor sick guest among the children, or its getting round all the town and to my Lady. After all, Lance is a very little fellow, it is not as if Edgar or Clem were at home.’

‘I suppose it cannot be helped,’ sighed Felix; ‘but my father—’ and as he recollected the desire to take his brothers away from Mr. Ryder, he felt as if his chosen guardian had been false to his trust, out of pity and enthusiasm.

‘Your father would have known how to treat him,’ sighed Mr. Audley. ‘At any rate, Felix, we must not forget the duties of hospitality and kindness; and I hope you will not roughly forbid Lance to go near him, without seeing whether the poor fellow is not really inoffensive.’

‘I’ll see about it,’ was all that Felix could get himself to say; for much as he loved Mr. Audley, he could not easily brook interference with his brothers, and little Lance, so loyal to himself, and so droll without a grain of malice, was very near to his heart. ‘A young Pagan,’ as he thought to himself, ‘teaching him all the blackguard tricks and words he has learnt at all the low schools in north or south!’ and all the most objectionable scenes he had met with in American stories from Uncle Tom onwards began to rise before his eyes. ‘A pretty thing to do in a fit of beneficence! I’ll order Lance to keep away; and if he dares disobey, I’ll lick him well to shew him who is master.’

So he felt, as he swung himself up-stairs, and halted with some intention of pouring out his vexed spirit to Wilmet, because Mr. Audley had no business to make it a secret; but Wilmet was putting her mother to bed, and he went on up-stairs. There he found all the doors open, and heard a murmuring sound of voices in Geraldine’s room. In a mood to be glad of any excuse for finding fault, he strode across the nursery, where Angela and Bernard slept, and saw that Lance, who ought to have gone at once to bed on coming in, was standing in his sister’s window, trying to read in the ray of gas-light that came up from a lamp at the brew-house door.

‘Go to bed, Lance,’ he said; ‘if you have not learnt your lessons in proper time, you must wake early or take the consequences. I won’t have it done on Sunday night.’

Lance started round angrily, and Cherry cried, ‘O Felix, it is no such thing! Only would you tell us where to find about the king and his priests that defeated the enemy by singing the “mercy endureth for ever” psalm?’

‘In the Bible!’ said Felix, as if sure it was a blunder. ‘There’s no such story.’

‘Indeed there is,’ cried Lance, ‘for Papa (the word low and reverently) took out his blue poly-something Bible and read it out in the sermon. Don’t you remember, Fee, a hot day in the summer, when he preached all about those wild robbers—horrid fellows with long spears—coming up in the desert to make a regular smash of the Jews?’

‘Lance!’ cried Cherry.

‘Well, he did not say that, of course, but they wanted to, and how the king sent out the priests without a fighting man, only all in white, praising God in the beauty of holiness, and singing, “His mercy endureth for ever.” I saw him read that, though he told us all the rest without book; how all the enemy began to quarrel, and all killed one another, and the Jews had nothing to do but to pick up the spoil, and sing another psalm coming back.’

‘I remember now,’ said Felix, in a very different tone. ‘It was Jehoshaphat, Lancey boy. I’ll find it for you in the Book of Chronicles. Did you want it for anything?’

Lance made an uneasy movement.

‘It was to shew poor Fernando Travis, wasn’t it?’ said Cherry; and as Lance wriggled again, she added, ‘He seems to have been taught nothing good.’

‘Now, Cherry,’ broke out Lance, ‘I told you to say not a word.’

‘I know a little about it, Lance,’ said Felix, sitting down on the window-seat and lifting Lance on his knee, as he said, in a tone very unlike his intended expostulation, ‘You must not let him do you harm, Lance.’

‘He wouldn’t; but he does not know anything about anything,’ said the little boy. ‘They never taught him to say his prayers, nor sing hymns, nor chant, and he thinks it is only good for niggers. So I told him that singing psalms once beat an army, and he laughed; and I thought Cherry was sure to know where it was—but girls will always tell.’

‘Indeed you never told me not,’ said Cherry, humbly.

‘She has done no harm,’ said Felix. ‘Mr. Audley has just been talking to me about that poor boy. He really is as untaught as that little scamp at the potteries that we tried to teach.’

‘He’s a stunning good fellow,’ broke in Lance; ‘he has seen an alligator, and ridden mustangs.’

‘Never mind that now, Lance; I dare say he is very amusing, but—’

‘Don’t hinder me from going to him,’ broke in the younger boy vehemently.

‘If,’ said Felix gravely, ‘you can be quite sure my father would not mind it.’

Lance was nestling close up to him in the dark, and he was surprised to find that round face wet with tears. ‘Papa would not let him lie dull and moped all day long,’ he said. ‘O Fee, I can’t keep away; I am so sorry for him. When that terrible cramp comes, it is of no use to say those sort of things to him.’

‘What sort of things?’

‘Oh, you know; verses such as Papa used to have said to him. They weren’t a bit of good. No, not though I did get the book Papa marked for Cherry.’

‘You did!’ gasped Cherry, who little thought that sacred possession of hers was even known to Master Lance.

‘You’d have done it yourself, Cherry,’ said the little boy, ‘if you had only seen how bad he was; he got quite white, and had great drops on his forehead, and panted so, and would not let out a bit of a cry, only now and then a groan; and so I ran to get the verse Papa used to say over and over to you when your foot was bad. And I’m sure it was the right one, but—but—it did him no good, for oh! he didn’t know Who our Saviour is;’ and the little fellow clung to his brother in a passion of tears, while Felix felt a pang at the contrast.

‘Have you been telling him, Lancey?’ he asked.

‘I wanted him to ask Mr. Audley, but he said he was a parson, and his father said that there would be no parsons if men were not fools. Now, Fee, I’ve told you, but don’t keep me away.’

‘It would be hard on a poor sick fellow,’ said Felix, thoroughly softened. ‘Only, Lance, you know I can’t be with you; will you promise to go away if ever you think Papa would wish it?’

‘Oh yes; one has to do that, you know, when our own fellows get blackguardly,’ said little Lance, freely; whereat Cherry shuddered somewhat. ‘And, Fee,’ he added, ‘if you would only come and make him understand about things.’

‘Mr. Audley must do that,’ said Felix; ‘I can’t.’

‘You teach the boys in the Sunday-school,’ said Lance. ‘And he’d mind you, Blunderbore. He says you are the grandest and most splendiferous fellow he ever did set eyes on, and that he feels something like, when you’ve just looked in and spoken to him.’

‘You little ass, he was chaffing you.’

‘No, no, *indeed* he wasn’t. I told him all about it, because he liked your face so much. And he *does* care so very much when you look in. Oh! *do, do*, Fee; he is so jolly, and it is so lonely and horrid for him, and I do so want Papa for him;’ and the child cried silently, but Felix felt the long deep sobs, and as Geraldine, much moved, said, ‘Dear little

Lancey,' he carried him over to her as she sat up in bed, and she kissed and fondled him, and murmured in his ear, 'Dear Lance, I'm sure he'll get good. We will get Mr. Audley to talk to him, you know, and we will say a prayer every day for him.'

Lance, beginning to recover, put his arms round Cherry's neck, gave her a tremendous hug, released himself from his brother's arms, and ran off to bed. Felix remained a few moments, while Cherry exclaimed, 'Oh! the dear good little fellow!'

'Better than any of us,' said Felix. 'I was quite savage with Mr. Audley when I found out about it. I must go down and tell him. I never thought all that was in the little chap! I'm glad he came to you, Cherry. Good night.'

'And you will try to teach this poor boy, Felix?'

'I don't say that. I don't in the least know how; but I shall not dare to hinder Lance now I see how he goes on.'

On his way down he heard voices in the sitting-room, where in fact Mr. Audley had joined Wilmet, to explain to her how vexed he was to have so much annoyed Felix, and perhaps also something of his own annoyance at the manner in which Felix took it. Wilmet, partly from her 'growing on the sunny side of the wall,' partly from her early authority, was in some ways older than her brother, and could see that there was in him a shade of boyish jealousy of his prerogative; and as she sat, in her pretty modest gravity, with her fair hair and her Sunday frock, she was softly but earnestly telling Mr. Audley that she was sure Felix would not mind long, and that he was very sorry for the poor boy *really*, only he was so anxious about Lance, and he did like to be consulted. Both looked up, startled, as Felix opened the door, and they saw that his eyes were full of tears. He came up to Mr. Audley, and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, I'd no business to grumble, and that little fellow has been—'

'Beforehand with us?' asked Mr. Audley, as Felix broke down. 'The nurse has been just telling me how he sat on his bed saying bits of psalms and verses to him when he had that bad fit of cramp, "so pretty," she said; but I was afraid it must have been rather like a spell.'

Felix told his story, feeling it too much not to make it lame, and with the tearfulness trembling in his voice and eyes all the time.

'Our little *gamin* has the most of the Good Samaritan in him,' said Mr. Audley. 'Tis not quite the end I should have begun at, but perhaps it may work the better.'

'Dear little boy, that he should have remembered that sermon!' exclaimed Wilmet.

'I am afraid it is more than I do,' said Felix; 'all last summer the more I tried to listen, the more I saw how he was changing. Do you remember it, Wilmet?'

'Yes; the text was, "The joy of the Lord is your strength," and he said how praising God and going on thinking about His goodness and

thankfulness, was the way to make our adversaries dissolve before us, and never trouble us at all, just like the bands of the Moabites and Ammonites before Jehoshaphat.'

'I recollect it well, and how I thought it such a likeness of himself,' said Mr. Audley; 'he was walking over his troubles, scarcely seeing them, as if they could not dint the shine of his armour while he went on looking up and being thankful. I fancy little Lance has a good deal of that kind of bright fearless way.'

'He has,' said Felix, in a grave thoughtful tone that made the Curate look at him and sigh to think how early care and grief had come to make that joyous buoyancy scarce possible to the elder boy, little more than seventeen though he was.

'He is *very* idle, though,' added Wilmet; 'such caricatures as there are all over his books! Edgar's were bad enough, but Lance puts pig-tails and cocked hats to all Edgar's.'

So Lance's visits to the sick stranger remained unobstructed. He had no notion of teaching him; but the foreign boy in his languor and helplessness curiously fascinated him, perhaps from the very contrast of the passive, indolent, tropical nature with his own mercurial temperament. The Spanish, or perhaps the old Mexican, seemed to predominate in Fernando, as far as could be guessed in one so weak and helpless. He seemed very quiet and inanimate, seldom wanting or seeking diversion, but content to lie still, with half-closed eyes; his manner was reserved, and with something of courteous dignity, especially when Lady Price came to visit him; and the Yankeeisms that sometimes dropped from his tongue, did not agree with the polish of the tone, and still less with the imperious manner in which he sometimes addressed the nurse. He seemed, though not clever, to be tolerably well cultivated; he had been at the schools of whatever cities his father had resided in, and his knowledge of languages was of course extensive.

However, he never talked freely to Mr. Audley. He had bitterly resented that gentleman's interference, one day when he was peremptorily commanding the nurse to place him in a position that had been forbidden, and the endeavour to control him had made him fearfully angry. There was a stormy outbreak of violent language, only checked by a severe rebuke, for which he did not forgive the Curate; he was coldly civil, and accepted the attentions he could not dispense with in a grave formal manner that would have been sulky in an English lad, but had something of the dreary grandeur of the Spanish Don from that dark lordly visage, and made Mr. Audley, half provoked, half pitying, speak of him always as his Cacique. He only expanded a little even to Lance, though the little boy waited on him assiduously, chattering about school doings, illustrating them on his slate, singing to him, acting Blondin, exhibiting whatever he could lay hands on, including the twins, whom he bore down one after the other, to the great wrath of Sibby, not to say of little Stella herself, while Theodore took the exhibition with perfect serenity.

As to Felix, he was, as Lance said, the subject of the sick lad's fervent admiration. Perhaps the open, fair, cheerful, though grave, countenance, fresh complexion, and strong steadfast upright bearing, had something to do with the strange adoration, that in his silent way Fernando paid to the youth who looked in from time to time, bringing a sort of air of refreshment with his good-natured shy smile, even when he least knew what to say. Or else it was little Lance's fervent affection for Felix which had conduced to the erection of the elder brother into the idol of Fernando's fancy; and his briefest visit was the event of the long autumnal days spent in the uncurtained iron bed in the corner of the low room. The worship, silent though it was, was manifest enough to become embarrassing and ridiculous to the subject of it, whose sense of duty and compassion was always at war with his reluctance to expose himself to it. Not another word passed on any religious subject. Mr. Audley was not forgiven enough to venture on the attempt; the Rector was shy and frightened about it, and could make no beginning; and Mr. Mowbray Smith, who found great fault with them for their neglect, had been fairly stared down by the great black eyes, which, when the heavy lids were uplifted, proved to be of an immense size and force; and Felix was so sure that it could not be his business while three clergymen were going in and out, that he had never done more than describe the weather, or retail any fresh bit of London news that had come down to the office.

At last, however, one November day, he found Fernando sitting up in bed, and Lance perched on the table talking so earnestly as not to perceive his entrance, until Fernando broke upon his words: 'There! it's no use!'

'Yes, it is,' cried Lance, jumping down. 'O Fee, I am glad you are come; I want you to tell him the rights of it.'

'The rights of what, Lance?'

'Tell him that it is all the devil's doing, and the men he has got on his side; and that it was the very thing our Saviour came for to set us free, only everybody won't,' said Lance, clinging to his brother's hand, and looking up in his face.

'That's about right, Lance,' said Felix, 'but I don't quite know what you are talking about.'

'Just this,' said Fernando. 'Lance goes on about God being merciful and good and powerful—Almighty, as he says; but whatever women may tell a little chap like that, nobody can think so that has seen the things I have, down in the West, with my own eyes.'

'Felix!' cried Lance, 'say it. You know and believe just as I do, as everybody good does, men and all.'

'Yes, indeed!' said Felix with all his heart.

'Then tell me how it can be?' said Fernando.

Felix stood startled and perplexed, feeling the awful magnitude and importance of the question, but also feeling his own incompetence to deal with it; and likewise that Wilmet was keeping the tea waiting for him.

He much wished to say, 'Keep it for Mr. Audley,' but he feared to choke the dawning of faith, and he likewise feared the appearance of hesitation.

'Nobody can really explain it,' he said, 'but that's no wonder. One cannot explain a thunder-storm, but one knows that it is.'

'That's electricity,' said Fernando.

'And what's electricity?'

'A fluid that—'

'Yes; that's another word. But you can't get any further. God made electricity, or whatever it is, and when you talk about explaining it, you only get to something that *is*. You know it *is*, and you can't get any further,' he repeated.

'Well, that's true; though science goes beyond you in America.'

'But no searching finds out *all* about God!' said Felix reverently. 'All we know is that He is so infinitely great and wise, that of course we cannot understand why all He does is right, any more than a private soldier understands his general's orders.'

'And *you—you*,' said Fernando, 'are content to say you don't understand.'

'Why not?' said Felix.

There was a silence. Fernando seemed to be thinking; Lance gazed from one to the other, as if disappointed that his brother was not more explicit.

'And how do you know it is true?' added Fernando. 'I mean, what Lance has been telling me! What makes you sure of it, if you are?'

'*If* I am?' cried Felix, startled into indignation. 'To be sure I am!'

'But how?'

'I *know* it!' said Felix.

'How?'

'The Bible!' gasped Lance impatiently.

'Ay; so you have said for ever,' broke in Fernando; 'but what authenticates that?'

'The whole course of history,' said Felix. 'There is a great chain of evidence, I know, but I never got it up. I can't tell it you, Fernando, I never wanted it, never even tried to think about the proofs. It is all too sure.'

'But wouldn't a Mahometan say that?' said Fernando.

'If he did, look at the Life of our Lord and of Mahomet together, and see which must be the true Prophet—the Way, the Life, the Truth.'

'That one could do,' said Fernando thoughtfully. 'I say,' as Felix made a movement as if he thought the subject concluded, 'I want to know one thing more. Lance says it is believing all this that makes you—anyone I mean—good.'

'I don't know what else should,' said Felix, smiling a little; the question seemed to him so absurd.

‘Is it really what makes you go and slave away at that old boss’s of yours?’

‘Why, that’s necessity and my duty,’ said Felix.

‘And is it what makes this little coon come and spend all his play-hours on a poor fellow with a broken leg? I’ve been at many schools, and never saw the fellow who would do that.’

‘Oh! you are such fun!’ cried Lance.

‘All that is right comes from God first and last,’ said Felix gravely.

‘And you—you that are no child—you believe all that Lance tells me you do, and think it makes you like what you are!’

‘I believe it; yes, of course. And believing it should make me much better than I am! I hope it will in time!’

‘Ah!’ sighed Fernando. ‘I never heard anything like it since my father said he’d take the cow-hide to poor old Diego if he caught him teaching me nigger-cant.’

They left him.

‘Poor fellow!’ sighed Felix; ‘what have you been telling him, Lance?’

‘Oh, I don’t know; only why things were good and bad,’ was Lance’s lucid answer; and he was then intent on detailing the stories he had heard from Fernando. He had been, in the worst days of Southern slavery ere its extinction, on the skirts of the deadly warfare with the Red Indians; and the poor lad had really known of horrors that curdled the blood of Wilmet and Geraldine, and made the latter lie awake or dream dreadful dreams all night.

But the next day, Mr. Audley was startled to hear the two friends in the midst of an altercation. When Lance had come in for his mid-day recreation, Fernando had produced five shillings, desiring him to go and purchase a Bible for him; but Lance, who had conceived the idea that the Scriptures ought not to be touched by an unchristened hand, flatly refused, offering, however, to read from his own. Now Lance’s reading was at that peculiar school-boy stage which seems calculated to combine the utmost possible noise with the least possible distinctness; and though he had good gifts of ear and voice, and his reciting and singing were both above the average, the moment a book was before him, he roared his sentences between his teeth in horrible monotony. And as he began with the first chapter of St. Matthew, and was not perfectly able to cope with all the names, Fernando could bear it no longer, and insisted on having the book itself. Lance shook his head and refused; and matters were in this stage when Mr. Audley, not liking the echoes of the voices, opened the door. ‘What is it?’ he asked anxiously.

‘Nothing,’ replied Fernando, proudly trying to swallow his vexation.

‘Lance!’ said Mr. Audley rather severely; but just then, seeing what book the child was holding tight under his arm, he decided to follow him out of the room and interrogate.

‘What was it, Lance?’

‘He ought not to touch a Bible—he sha’n’t have mine,’ said Lance resentfully.

‘Was he doing anything wrong with it?’

‘Oh, no! But he ought not to have it before he is christened, and I would have read to him.’

Mr. Audley knew what Lance’s reading was, and smiled. ‘Was that all, Lance? I like your guardianship of the Bible, my boy; but it was not given only to those who are Christians already, or how could anyone learn?’

‘He sha’n’t touch mine, though,’ said Lance, with an odd sturdiness; stumping up-stairs with his treasure, a little brown sixpenny S.P.C.K. book, but in which his father had written his name on his last birth-day but one.

Mr. Audley only waited to take down a New Testament, and present himself at Fernando’s bed-side, observing gladly that there was much more wistfulness than offence about his expression.

‘It was a scruple on the young man’s part,’ said Mr. Audley, smiling, though full of anxiety; ‘he meant no unkindness.’

‘I know he did not,’ said Fernando quietly; but gazing at the purple book in the clergyman’s hands.

‘Did you want this?’ said Mr. Audley; ‘or can I find anything in it for you?’

‘Thank you;’ and there was a pause. The offended manner towards Mr. Audley had been subsiding of late into friendliness under his constant attentions, and Fernando’s desire for an answer prevailed at last. ‘Felix told me to read the Life of Christ,’ he said, not irreverently, ‘and that it would shew me He must be True.’

‘I hope and trust that so it may be,’ said Mr. Audley, more moved than he could bear to shew, but with fervour in his voice far beyond his words.

‘Felix,’ said Fernando, resting on the name, ‘Felix does seem as if he must be right, Mr. Audley; can it be really as he says—and Lance—that their belief makes them like what they are?’

‘Most assuredly.’

‘And you don’t say so only because you are a minister?’ asked the boy distrustfully.

‘I say so because I know it. I knew that it is the Christian faith that makes all goodness, long before I was a minister.’

‘But I have seen plenty of Christians that were not in the least like Felix Underwood.’

‘So have I; but in proportion as they live up to their faith, they have what is best in him.’

‘I should like to be like him,’ mused Fernando; ‘I never saw such a fellow. He and little Lance, too, seem to belong to something great and good and bright and strong, that seems inside and outside, and I can’t lay hold of what it is.’

‘One day you will, dear boy,’ said Mr. Audley. ‘Let me try to help you.’

Fernando scarcely answered save by half a smile, and a long sigh of relief; but when Mr. Audley put his hand over the long brown fingers, they closed upon it.

(To be continued.)

THE WEDGE OF GOLD.

‘WHAT can I possibly have done with it?’

This inquiry was addressed to no one. It was rather a soliloquy, and was uttered by a lady, who stood alone in a passage gazing at the door opposite, which door was locked. Her hand was in her pocket, but the key was certainly not there.

‘I left it in the lock, I now remember, when I got out the preserves, and I suppose Mary has taken it; and she is gone into her district, and will be out no one can say how long, and the servants, waiting for all kinds of things.’

But at that very instant a sweet gay voice was heard in the distance:

‘Yes, Philip, I saw Mrs. Moon. She cannot last many days; but as you have that funeral as well as the Evening Service, I am sure you need not go to her now. Indeed, she fell into a comfortable sleep while I was there.’

‘Thank you, darling Polly, I must own I am very busy.’

Gradually the voices had drawn nearer. In another moment there were the speakers, in presence of her who still stood in the passage with her hand in her pocket.

‘O Mary! quick, give me the key. What a comfort to see you!’

‘What key? The store-room key? I have not got it.’

‘Then who can possibly have taken it? and what am I to do? I shall have to send to the grocer’s.’

‘Very well, I can take the order, only tell me what you want. I came back for some wine for poor old Tring, so I shall have to pass Nixon’s.’

With that Miss Tollmashe again dived into her pocket, and produced a letter, on the cover of which she wrote (with a minute gold pencil fastened to her watch-chain, and making a table of the wall) a list of various groceries long enough to rejoice the heart of the grocer, who, now that the Civil Service tickets were in favour, saw but rarely those scribbled lists signed nobly ‘Ann Tollmashe,’ which formerly had come in two or three times a week, much to the benefit of his establishment.

Then Mary Tollmashe, considerably younger than her sister, darted off on her various errands, and Ann slowly ascended the stairs, pondering as she went the probable whereabouts of the missing key.

It was now near five o'clock. The house was in process of being tumbled inside out in preparation for a grand party that was to take place the same evening, in honour of the visit of Mrs. Russel, Miss Tollmashe's married sister, and three of her children; but Mrs. Russel was a lady who had head-aches at the most unseasonable times, and she had appeared that morning at breakfast with that unmistakeable pallor of countenance, that gravity and perplexity of mien, which invariably notified to her family that a head-ache was at hand, and like an electric shock it had been felt by them all, and received as befitted so great a calamity.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Miss Tollmashe, leaning back in her chair.

'Poor, poor Maggie!' said Mary; '*how* sorry I am!'

'We must put off the people,' said the elder lady resignedly.

'O Ann, impossible,' said the younger; 'perhaps she will be better by the evening.'

'You know perfectly well, Mary, that she never is better by the evening.'

A chorus now broke upon this duet, from the young Russels, and from the rest of the party. 'Is it possible, Mamma, you have a head-ache? Oh, misery, misery!'

'My darlings,' said poor Mrs. Russel, as she smelt at a bottle of salvolatile, 'if I have, I can't help it; you will all get on very well without me, though it is *most* disappointing.'

Then her head dropped on her hand, and breakfast proceeded.

'Margaret, darling,' said Mary Tollmashe, 'which will you have, tea or coffee?'

'Neither.'

'Oh, do! do take something.'

'Well, a little tea, very hot.'

Then Mary knelt down before the fire, and although there was plenty of dry toast on the table, she burnt her face by making a very delicate little curling strip of toast, beautifully brown on either side.

'See if you can eat that, my Maggie.'

'Thank you, darling Mary;' and Mrs. Russel looked up and kissed the well-toasted face, whose sweetness of expression would have outshone and outweighed its being toasted black.

But after the first mouthful, Mrs. Russel got up and said, 'I retire from this scene,' and went towards the door. Mr. Tollmashe hastened to open it. The three Russels—Herbert, Rachel, and little Ned, rose and looked on in innocent silent pity.

'Mamma, can we do anything to help you?'

'Nothing, nothing; eat your breakfast.' And then the door closed, and all resumed their places as before.

This had been a melancholy beginning to the day; but so many people were invited, and so much preparation made, that there was no further question of putting off the guests.

And now it was, as I before said, about five o'clock; and as Miss Tollmashe mounted the stairs, she remembered one or two things omitted on her list, and hastened to her room, hoping there to find the key. Failing in her search, she proceeded to the door of Mrs. Russel's room, and knocked gently. No answer. Another little knock, and then Ann opened the door with such care that it creaked horribly.

'Oh! pray don't.'

'Oh, my dear Maggie, I beg your pardon! I knocked twice.'

'Don't you know I can't call out "Come in," when I can hardly open my lips?'

These words came in faint accents from the bed.

'Dear dear! I remember! how stupid of me! I came to see if I could have left the store-room key here. May I just open the curtains a little?'

Apparently Mrs. Russel's powers were used up, for she did not answer.

'It is most extraordinary about that key. But I have such a head! still, I thought I left it in the door.' Saying this, she still further opened the curtains, and then there was light enough to see that Mrs. Russel was lying in a death-like paleness, and with a handkerchief soaked in vinegar and water across her forehead.

'Do close the curtains, Ann.'

'Oh! has the light hurt you? Dear, dear!' and in a moment it was as dark as could be, and Miss Tollmashe gingerly stepped out of the room, and closed the door.

Three hours later it was again opened. But this time not preceded by a knock, and this time it did not creak. Into the darkness stepped a most beautiful figure of a young girl dressed in white silk, and with a dark red rose in her hair.

'Mamma!'

'Yes, darling.'

'I'm come to see if I do.'

'Light a candle, and put it behind the bed-curtain.'

In a moment light sprang up, and Mrs. Russel, turning her eyes to the foot of the bed, surveyed her daughter.

'I think it all looks very nice. Come and kiss me, my darling.'

Rachel stooped and kissed her mother. 'How dreadfully melancholy it is, Mamma, that you can't come down; everything is so pretty.'

'Go now, my darling.'

Mrs. Russel watched her as, lingering and regretful, Rachel left the room, and then she closed her eyes.

Presently the door was again opened, and little Ned (but he would not let anybody call him so now, since he had been at Eton a whole half) came in with a springing step, walking on tip-toe. He had on the full Eton costume—light blue tie, beautiful fitting black jacket and waistcoat, and black trousers. The candle-light, though dim, was enough to shew a fair face, with the same peaceful yet gay expression, possessed by his Aunt Mary.

‘Mamma!’

‘Is that you, my little Ned? Let me see how nicely you are dressed.’

With that Ned scrambled on to the great square bed, and knelt upright beside his mother.

‘Who made you so nice, my darling?’

‘Since it was evident that no one had the least intention of putting out my things, or doing anything for me whatever, I just did it all by myself.’

‘Then you have succeeded very well indeed; you know all the maids are busy.’

‘Does my hair shine enough?’

‘Quite.’

‘I hope you excuse my not knocking at the door. I remember that it is very troublesome to say “Come in” when you have a head-ache.’

‘Thank you, my darling, I excuse it.’

‘Mamma, can’t I do anything for you?’

Now Mrs. Russel, when she had head-aches, liked to be left alone, and exist as well as she could without help; but she immediately invented two or three small wants. And the little boy, still on tip-toe, and with that inner smile, as it were, beaming all over him, fulfilled all her behests, and then said, ‘As the people are beginning to come, had I better go down?’

‘Yes; and don’t forget that you are to go to bed at half-past ten. Even that is too late.’

‘Dreadfully early *I* call it. Once at my tutor’s I stayed up till twelve o’clock. But still, Mamma, since your head is so bad, I will very sorrowfully go to bed at half-past ten.’

‘And don’t eat too many good things.’

‘As to that, there is not the slightest fear; for who will notice me enough to offer me good things? Still perhaps Aunt Polly will; and if so, I will remember.’

‘Good-night, my little love!’

‘Good-night, Mamma.’

Once more the door was opened, this time preceded by a clear short knock, and followed up directly by a young man in what might be called semi-toilet; for he had on dress-waistcoat and trousers, spotless white shirt, and in his hand was a very delicate white tie.

‘Mamma!’

‘What, dear?’

‘I’ve spoilt three already. If you thought you *could* tie my tie for me.’

Ann Tollmashe might have thought herself aggrieved by the severity and gravity of her sister’s manner towards her if she had seen the same pale and suffering face suddenly beaming.

‘Stoop a little, my darling, and I will see what I can do.’

Mrs. Russel was so subtile with her fingers, that she could do almost

anything with them; and even that delicate operation of making a perfect tie she this evening achieved, not only to her own, but to her son's satisfaction; and she did not say a word when, seizing the candle, he unintentionally flared it in her eyes, as he carried it to the looking-glass to closely examine her work.

'It is perfect, Mother; thank you extremely. And I do hope you will be all right by the morning, and that the row down-stairs won't keep you awake.'

'Good-night; and I hope you are going to enjoy yourself intensely.'

'Good-night. Thank you, Mamma.'

Now Mrs. Russel knew all would be quiet, so she again dipped the handkerchief in the cold vinegar and water, which was beside her, and spread it on her forehead, and then lay flat and motionless for a long time. The sounds from below reached her in a subdued not unpleasant way, and she fancied the party going on, and everything looking bright, amiable, hospitable, and pretty. Presently the sounds of music reached her. It was a quadrille; and then the measured movement of dancing made itself felt.

'How curious the changes of this life!' thought she. 'They are all dancing. Philip too, no doubt, with some girl or other—most likely some dear good girl like Mary, who has been all day visiting among the poor. What changes! In Papa's day dancing was wicked: what would he have thought! And now, Philip comes home faint with parish work, and finishes off with a quadrille. How curiously changed!'

Here Mrs. Russel heaved a great sigh, and with a despairing motion threw off the now warm handkerchief, and wiped her forehead. After a while she again fell into thought. But thought is so rapid as compared with speech—and how much more with writing—that what follows occupied but a short time compared to what it will take me to write: and it may seem strange that with a splitting head-ache Mrs. Russel's thoughts flowed on so evenly; still they did, and since they did, here they are:—

'Poor old Cousin Priscilla! what made me think of her? Ah, I remember; it was the emerald brooch which I gave Rachel on her last birth-day. Yes, it is mine no longer; it is Rachel's. Poor old Cousin Priscilla! I wonder when *she* wore it last! Is it possible that withered old woman ever was young? And what a slow dying! nine years of softening of the brain. Oh! does it perhaps begin with head-aches like these!

'How well I remember Ann coming to my door in the middle of the night; and as she stood there, she read out a note from the doctor, saying Cousin Priscilla was dying. Then up we got, Frederick and I, and we all went down together to Copfield under the stars. Lonely, lonely night! how solemn, how pathetic, how beautiful it was! And there she lay, poor Cousin Priscilla! and the old servant crying over her. And at four o'clock she died, and left no sign, no return of

consciousness, no last ray. Affecting, because not affecting. None to care very much for the end of a slow living death, except the poor old maid. She cried. How I do remember Philip's prayer before and after!

'And then we all wondered how her little property would be divided between the sixteen next of kin. And on the day of the funeral Ann took me up to her room, and shewed me her trinket-box. I had no idea she possessed such valuable or pretty things. But all, every shred, Ann said, was to be sold, and the money divided equally. We looked over the things, and I began to wish for some of them. Afterwards, it was settled that any of us who liked might buy in what we had a fancy for. I settled at once to have the emerald brooch. Oh! why was I not left in peace? why did something almost from the very first rise up within me, and forbid my having it? Why should I *not* have it, I that had so few trinkets at that time? and here was an opportunity of buying a beautiful one second-hand, though for that matter it was as good and as perfect—as it lay in its little white velvet case—as the first day it was made. And besides, one might call it an heir-loom. It may have belonged to Cousin Priscilla's great-grandmother and mine, it was so ancient and gracious in its design and execution. So I must have it, and I would have it. No, you must not, shall not. Who says I must not, shall not? Other claims say it. . What other claims? Then, oh! they poured upon me in a torrent. All the missions in the world, all the charities, hospitals, infirmaries, schools; all poor wretched beggars, all my own poor relations, poor parishes, Frederick's old coat, the boys' school bills, my worn house-linen, my faded curtains and carpets—each in turn, and with more or less vehemence, seemed to demand the sacrifice, and to cry, You must not, must not, must not buy it. How often in church have I said, "Very well, I will not." How often at evening parties have I said, "Very well, I will."

'Then came, after months of legal business and delay, the letter which was to decide. "Say by return if you wish to buy the emerald brooch; if not, Grace Carew will have it." It was at breakfast: Frederick had a letter from one of his scientific friends, and was absorbed by it.

"Frederick, won't you read Ann's letter?"

'So he read it, but his mind was pre-occupied, and he quietly folded it up without a word. Oh! if instead he had said "I should like you to have that brooch!" But he said nothing.

"Frederick, did you notice what Ann says about the emerald brooch?"

"I cannot say I did."

'So I pointed out the passage. He read it, and said, "Do you want a brooch?"

"Well, you know I have very few."

"Then buy this one."

"But I don't like the thought of buying brooches for myself."

“Then don't buy it.”

“But it seems such a pity, when it is selling at half its price.”

“Then buy it.”

“But, Frederick, I somehow don't feel as if I could.”

“Then don't buy it.”

‘If I had not seen that his mind was with his correspondent, and not with me, I should have felt irritated against my own darling Frederick. I was silent, and he went on making notes on the cover. At last he looked up, and with such a puzzled expression, as if he ought to have understood something I was saying, and yet had missed it all. So I said, “If you think I had best not have that brooch, I will say so; Ann wants an answer at once.” When I said this, I thought I knew what the martyrs must have gone through to a certain extent; for I honestly meant it, and believed his answer would be decisive. But when he said, “If it is a thing you really wish to have, I cannot imagine any reason why you should not have it,” I could not help exclaiming, “Is it then really beyond you to understand wishing for something which at the same time you have scruples about possessing! how happy you must be! Do say, Frederick, have you ever in your life wished much for anything?”

‘In answer he smiled and said, “I have often wished very much to find the general integration of the linear differential equation of the second order.”

‘Torn as I was by my longings and my qualms of conscience, I nevertheless paused to think of what he had said. My sympathies were aroused. I could not understand a word of what it meant; but so much the more did I pause and wonder over the length and breadth of subjects above me which engaged his attention. “Ah!” I said, ‘if I could find that general integration, or if even I knew what it meant, I don't think I should care for all the brooches in the world.”

‘To this he answered, smiling, “Would you like me to say that I wish you to have it, and that I give it to you?”

“Yes, if unfortunately I had not almost asked you for it.”

“Oh, but that goes for nothing, because you know I am so matter-of-fact and dull about such things, that it would never have come into my head to think about it. But now I must go. Tell Ann I wish you to have that brooch.”

‘How I remember the sort of shamed delight with which I heard these words! and the haste with which I wrote the letter and posted it myself, silencing the voice within by Frederick's permission, which permission I had, as it were, gained through my own unconcealed desires! Ah! that was five years ago!’

Just at this point of Mrs. Russel's remembrances the door opened, and Mary Tollmashe came in with a cup of tea in her hand.

‘Maggie, are you awake? Do try and take a little tea; you have had nothing all day.’

'Thank you, Polly, I shall be glad of it. I begin to feel a little better. How are you getting on down-stairs?'

'Oh, very well, if only you were there!'

'Do the children look nice?'

'Oh, so nice! That dear little Ned is talking to all the ladies, with his pretty manner; and Rachel, what a darling she looks!'

'What is Herbert about?'

'Dancing like anything. Does the noise disturb you?'

'Not at all, I am over the worst. What is dear Ann doing? I was so cross to her when she came in to-day.'

'Cross, were you? Oh! she told me she had been so very unfortunate in disturbing you: she said she was the most awkward person sometimes, but I never knew one so invariably good or kind.'

'Nor I, never. Polly,' Mrs. Russel suddenly asked, 'has Rachel got on the emerald brooch?'

'Has she? Well, really I can't remember. Stay, I don't think she has.'

'I was so bad when she came to be looked at, that I did not notice. Sweet darling! Did you know, Polly, that I gave her that brooch on the day she was seventeen?'

'It is too valuable for such a young girl; but oh! she will grow older apace.'

Here someone came to fetch Miss Mary, and she ran down, her shining dress making a great commotion, glitter, and noise, all of which Mrs. Russel bore with unwonted patience.

And now let us too leave the dim room, and for a few moments take a peep at what is going on down-stairs, where everything is so bright and pretty.

There, in the middle of the good-sized room, are several couples dancing the Lancers. Rachel and her cousin Rupert Carew are partners. They have danced together twice before.

'Isn't it slow of Uncle Philip to prohibit round dances? These square dances *are* such a bore.'

'Why, then, don't you profess that you don't know how to dance them?'

'Because it would be still worse to have to sit and talk with the old women.'

'You should not call them old women.'

'Why not?'

'Because they are old ladies.'

'Well, and what are old ladies but old women?'

'But it is more polite to say old ladies.'

'Well, for your sake I will call them old ladies.'

'But you should do it for the sake of propriety, not for my sake.'

'But I don't care for propriety, and I do care for you.'

'You silly fellow!'

‘Why am I silly? I thought I said that very nicely.’

‘Oh, because you looked such a goose when you said it.’

‘Do you remember the geese at Goppleciswick? how they waddled all down the village road!’

‘Do you remember our rides on the uneven turf at the sides?’

‘And the hole in the wall where we hid our names?’

‘And the walk on the beach, where I lost my little gold ring?’

‘And the hunt for it among the shingles, and how I found it at last? I hope you don’t forget that.’

‘Again, Rupert, you are verging on being a goose.’

At this point Aunt Polly came past.

‘Rachel, Mamma was asking if you had on your emerald brooch. I see you have not.’

‘Aunt Polly, I could not find it. I thought Mamma had put it by, and it did not seem worth asking her for it.’

‘Mamma has not got it,’ replied Aunt Polly. But Rachel was out of hearing before half the words were said.

Now let us take a moment’s glance at little Ned. He is standing, with a rather anxious face, near one of Rupert’s old women, a very nice pleasant-looking lady, safe under thirty-five. After watching him for a little while, she said,

‘Are you wanting anything?’

Ned looked round at her, and said, ‘Only to know what o’clock it is, Ma’am.’

‘I am sorry I can’t tell you, for I have not got on my watch. Why do you want to know?’

‘Because Mamma told me to go to bed at half-past ten.’

‘Which is your mamma?’

‘She is not here. She is up-stairs with a head-ache.’

‘Oh! then are you one of the Russels?’

‘Yes, Ma’am, I am Edward Russel.’

‘Are you at Eton?’

‘Yes, Ma’am.’

‘Do you know a boy called Clive?’

‘Yes, very well; he is at my tutor’s.’

‘He is my son. He has often told me about you.’

Ned blushed as much as if Clive himself had been present. Then reverting to the subject of the time, he said confidentially, ‘I have asked Herbert about ten times what o’clock it is, and I am afraid he will be angry if I ask him again.’

‘Which is Herbert?’

‘That one.’

Mrs. Clive looked, and saw the brightest face of a young man of twenty or so, who was talking as fast and as foolishly as Rupert and Rachel, and who seemed quite as good friends with his partner. ‘He does not look as if he could be very angry,’ said she, smiling.

And just then Herbert, in the middle of his talk, looked at his watch, and holding it up, pointed to the minute hand on the half-hour, and motioned to Ned.

‘That is a very good brother of yours, I can plainly see,’ said Mrs. Clive, as she bid Ned good-night; and Ned demurely answered,

‘He is not so bad on the whole.’

On the way through the rooms Ned falls in with Aunt Ann, and it is a great comfort to us to see her carrying the boy off to give him some goodies before he goes to bed.

Meanwhile, the Rector had been called out from his beautiful party, of which until now he had been the life, in order to see poor old Mrs. Moon, who was nearer her end than Mary Tollmashe had supposed. It was a very cold wild night. He wrapped himself in his great-coat, and went out. The rest of the evening, and some way into the night, he spent in prayers and intercessions by her bed-side, kneeling on the bare boards, and with his handkerchief spread under him.

‘Ah!’ thought he as he returned home; ‘another soul gone into the unseen, mysterious world! gone into the awful, the beloved Presence! Happy—oh, how happy should I be to die as she died. What a vision of Angels she must have beheld, to die with that ineffable look on her face!’

The last guest had departed, all was quiet, when he reached the house. Miss Mary had read prayers and dismissed the household; but she and her elder sister were sitting up to receive their brother, to hear his account, and to give him the warmth and the food he so much needed.

In another hour sleep reigned over the whole family.

‘Well, Mr. Philip, how are you after your fine party?’

‘Very well indeed, thank you, Mrs. Russel; and I hope, Ma’am, you also are better.’

‘Much better, only weak; but that will soon pass off.—Well, dear Ann—and you, my Mary—and you all three, my darlings.’

So Mrs. Russel was beforehand with her greetings, and everyone rejoiced to have her again amongst them.

Prayers immediately followed the family gathering. Then breakfast, during which the evening party was much discussed. After that, the cook sent to beg for orders, as it was getting late; and this led to the vexatious loss of the store-room key, and fresh inquiries about it.

Mrs. Russel was folding up the letters of the morning post, and listening to the Rector as he described to her Mrs. Moon’s last moments, when Rachel, who had left the room, re-appeared.

‘Mamma,’ said she, ‘have you put away your trinkets out of the drawer of your dressing-case, and my little box as well?’

‘No, dear, most certainly not.’

‘Because not a thing is there, and my box is gone.’

‘Some of you must have been playing silly tricks. Herbert—or you, Rupert—do you know anything about it?’

'Nothing whatever.'

'Nothing whatever.'

'Do you, Ned?'

'Nothing, Mamma; the only thing I can say,' continued that young Etonian, with a smile, which much relieved his mother, 'is—'

'What, child? say at once!'

Ned, thus sharply caught up, lost his little presence of mind, and continued in a bewildered silence, all the more that there was a general buzz of talk going on. And Mrs. Russel, knowing that she had been in the room the whole of yesterday, (and had put by one or two things in her dressing-case before lying down the morning before, when everything was in its proper place,) was quite easy in her mind. She drew her little Ned to her.

'Now then, my darling, tell Mamma what you know about it.'

'Mamma, I have my suspicions' (smiling gaily) 'that it has to do with the store-room key.'

'A second Daniel,' muttered Herbert.

Ned gnashed his teeth at him.

Herbert nailed him with his eyes.

'And are you the innocent little thief? and have you the key in your pocket? Say at once, and relieve my mind.'

'Mamma, I am not; I know nothing of either the key or the things.'

'Anyhow, I shall go and look for them.' And Mrs. Russel rushed up-stairs, followed by all the family.

The dressing-case indeed was empty, and Rachel's box was gone.

'What silly creature could have done this?' said she, looking round. But there was not the faintest glimmer of consciousness on any face.

'But it must be some silly senseless joke! I have not left the room since yesterday morning, and then all was safe!'

Still no response, no glittering trinkets, no little smile.

'Also, I can tell exactly everyone who came in. The maids to make the bed. I dismissed them. Next, you, Polly; you settled me in bed, drew the curtains, darkened the room, and left me.'

'Yes; and then I told the servants not to disturb you unless you rang.'

'Notwithstanding which, one of them came to settle the room while you all were at early dinner. I told her to go, and she went. After that you came, Ann, to look for the key; and later in the evening you three, to be looked at and tidied.'

'Only tied,' said Herbert under his breath.

Mrs. Russel, puzzled as she was, responded with a glance at the extremely small pun. 'Well,' she added in conclusion, 'that is all I have to say.'

'Mamma, which maid was it?' asked Ned. 'Perhaps she was stealing your things.'

'I wish I could feel certain of their honesty,' said Miss Tollmashe, with

a groan. I can hardly conceive such a dreadful possibility; but Jane and Martha are both new.'

'I feel as sure of Jane's honesty as of my own,' said Polly.

'I should have said the very same of Martha,' responded her sister. 'Which was it, Maggie?'

'I don't know; the curtain was drawn, I did not see.'

At that moment Mr. Tollmashe, with his face as white as a sheet, rushed into the room.

'Margaret! what have you lost? was there much of value?'

'Of course there was. Why—why?'

'Then it is all absolutely gone.'

The Rector paused to take breath. He looked into the empty dressing-case; everyone stood in stupified silence round him.

'I met Grainger just outside the gate—Grainger is our policeman. He told me the Fremantles' house was broken into last night and robbed.'

Mrs. Russel breathed.

'That proves nothing, so far as we are concerned.'

'Ah, Maggie, wait a bit. While we were talking, George came up to us, and said the store-room window was standing wide open, and the centre bar torn out. Come down, all of you, and see.'

The Rector turned, and strode out of the room, followed by all the family. He made for the side of the house where was the store-room, the window of which, with adjoining office windows, was concealed by evergreen bushes. These he pushed aside and held back, while the rest, as far as they could, got near, and beheld—just as George the gardener had said—the window wide open, and the bar bent in the middle, and hanging outside; the wall and window-seat were marked, soiled, and scratched.

'And oh! oh, look here, Mamma!'

On the ground, hidden by dead leaves, lay a ring; not far from it, the key of the store-room.

But with all this evidence that the trinkets were gone, the idea that they never would come back was so monstrous, that it could not, must not, be entertained. That they never again would glitter in the red velvet drawer of the dressing-case, never shine anywhere again for either Mrs. Russel or Rachel, could hardly be believed. A little more discussion, and then that big, good-natured, sensible-looking, policeman would go off and set the law in motion, and in a little while the thief would be caught, and bring back everything.

Meanwhile, Grainger and the Rector went over the house, everybody following; and Grainger pointed out how the thief must have come in by the ever-standing-wide-open hall door, whence he could see into the ante-room and make his survey. Passing through the ante-room, he must have taken the front stairs, (at the foot of which, to the right, was the store-room,) and proceeded to the bed-rooms.

'Fearful thought!' cried Ned, putting in a moment two and two

together, (so to say.) 'Then it was the thief who was in your room at dinner-time!'

'Jane,' said Miss Tollmashe, (for every servant in the house was present,) 'did any of you go to Mrs. Russel's room in the middle of the day?'

'Not one of us, Ma'am.'

'Not at dinner-time?' added Mrs. Russel. 'Someone came in, and seemed to be arranging the dressing-table. I told them not to mind, and to leave me.'

The servants and everyone shuddered. Poor Mrs. Russel turned almost sick, but not with fear.

'Oh!' said she; 'oh! that I had torn back the curtain and looked, and seized him!'

'O Ma'am, he might have killed you!'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Mrs. Russel; 'they never do that when there is a way of escape; but I should have rung till everyone in the house was on his track.'

Grainger patiently took up the thread of his narrative, proving that the man, alarmed by Mrs. Russel's dismissal, had instantly complied with it, had come down the stairs, had feared to cross again the ante-room, probably hearing the sounds of voices from the dining-room, had availed himself of the key being in the store-room door, (here Miss Tollmashe groaned aloud,) and had locked himself inside.

'And was there all the time we were talking in the passage about the lost key!'

A longing desire to inspect the store-room now seized the whole party. It was opened, but nothing appeared to have been touched—not a single pot of jam; only the marks of violent efforts to loosen the bar, and much scratchings of the window-seat.

Now then it was time for Grainger to set to work and get them back; because got back they must be, and would be, else what was the good of the law, and his handsome blue coat, and the Roman helmet he wore? So everyone was glad to see him and the Rector set off to the police station; but they would not have been glad to hear what was said on the way.

'What do you think of it, Grainger?'

'I think, Sir, you've seen the last of those trinkets.'

'That also is my opinion.'

'You see, Sir, we are near Town. By this time they're every one in the hand of receivers; most likely melted down, and the stones took out.'

'Still, you will follow it up if you can.'

'I propose to place detectives at the stations, and I've already telegraphed to Scotland Yard the burglary at Mr. Fremantle's.'

'Do you suppose it was all one gang?'

'Not a doubt of that, Sir; the one as visited you was no doubt got up as an indoor workman, and ready to palm himself off, should anyone meet him, as sent by order for some job or other.'

‘He has had nearly twenty-four hours start of us. I give it up as a hopeless case.’ Saying this, the Rector, with a nod to his man, turned down another road, and Grainger pursued his way to the police station.

Let me here at once say, that although everything was done that could be done by policeman or detective, incited thereto by repeated visits from the members of the injured families, backed up by sundry half-crowns, and though Mr. Tollmashe and Mr. Fremantle both went up to Town, and saw the head official at Scotland Yard—yet, alas! it all led to nothing. The lost property only gleamed before them by the light of memory. Not a single one of those lost trinkets, not a single spoon of the Fremantles’ lost plate, ever was, or ever will be, heard of again.

Mrs. Russel had written to her husband, telling him all about it, and proposing to stay a few days longer while the search was being continued. Mr. Russel wrote back to say there was no hurry about her return. He did not add that it needed no Grainger to tell him that the lost property would never be recovered.

But now that every stone had been turned, every imaginable thing done, every pawn-broker’s visited, every second-hand jeweller’s windows eagerly studied by one or other of the family—now, at last, Mrs. Russel packed up her things, and prepared to return home with her sons and daughter. In the midst of this business her sister Ann came into her room with something in her hand.

‘Maggie,’ said she, ‘I want you to take this.’

‘What! that exquisite locket! My dearest Ann, how kind of you! but I would rather not.’

‘Why not, dear Maggie?’

‘I would rather not. Oh! I would not on any account.’

Scarcely had she said this, when Polly came in.

‘Maggie, you don’t suppose we are going to see you leave this house without some pretty things. Here, Madam.’

(Another lovely trinket—I forget what.)

‘Dearest Polly!’ and Mrs. Russel threw her arms round her sister’s neck. ‘Do you think I am the robber? do you think I am going to carry off all your best and nicest things?’

‘This was one of poor old Cousin Priscilla’s,’ said Polly.

‘What taste she had! it is most perfect.’

‘Well, take it then, dear Maggie.’

‘No, no, I would rather not. I am going to see if I cannot be quite as happy with no single ornament in the world. *As happy*, did I say?’

Polly looked at her sister somewhat puzzled. Perhaps she had never in her life set her heart upon an emerald brooch, had never fought against her convictions, never for anything earthly had longed nor waited: she, with her serene sweet countenance, her gay voice, her many poor: she, with shining gowns uncared for, and no end of pretty things—how could she understand or sympathize with a hankering after a mere trinket?

‘Mary,’ said she, as these thoughts passed through her mind, ‘let me

make a confession to you.' (For they were now alone.) 'I once set my heart upon a certain wedge of gold, and it has burthened me for five years.'

'What wedge of gold do you mean?'

'The emerald brooch.'

'I remember. It was one of Priscilla's. You bought it when all her things were sold.'

'Yes, I bought it. I made believe that it was Frederick's present to me—that it was proper to have some memorial of Priscilla—that it was an heir-loom; all sorts of deceptions did I practise with myself in order to have that brooch, and after a long conflict with something here I bought it. Oh! how many times since then have I wished for courage to give it to God by giving it to His poor! I used sometimes to think, Suppose I took it to church, and dropped it into the offertory bag? and then I used to fancy it poured out on the vestry table with the half-pence and pence, but I never did; and it is gone now, not by my act, and in the worst way it could go; and all the other things are gone with it, not one of which had ever burthened me as that wretched beautiful brooch did, because they were what trinkets and ornaments ought to be, gifts and memorials.'

'But,' broke in Polly, 'you had already given it to Rachel.'

'Yes; which was much the same as keeping it myself.'

'But, Maggie, if I give you this, it will be what you allow a jewel ought to be, a gift and a memorial.'

'Darling Mary,' said Mrs. Russel, rising up, for all this time she had been kneeling on the floor packing her boxes. 'Don't ask me—don't tempt me. I have now the opportunity I lost five years ago. Perhaps by refusing this, which is so beautiful, and so lovingly offered, I shall be helped to rise again to where I was before.'

'Dear Maggie,' said her sister, 'I am sure you are too hard upon yourself, too over-scrupulous.'

'Well, never mind. Take it away, Polly; and tell Ann to take away hers. I would not have either of them for the whole world.'

* * * * *

A few weeks after Mrs. Russel's return home, there came a letter from the lawyer who had settled the affairs of the old lady known in the family as Cousin Priscilla. Sixteen copies of the same letter had been received and rejoicingly read by the sixteen next of kin. They contained information, couched in the driest legal terms, of a sum of £350 accruing to the estate of the late Priscilla Tollmashe, spinster, of Copfield Grange, in the Parish of Harlow, from certain unclaimed dividends of shares in some gas company; and adding, that on personal or other application at so-and-so, the sixteen next of kin would each receive the sixteenth share of the same.

Fortunately, on this occasion Mr. Russel had no scientific correspondent to prevent his replying to Mrs. Russel's eager demand, 'How much is the sixteenth part of £350?'

After a moment's thought Mr. Russel said, 'I am afraid only £21 17s. 6d.'

'What a trumpery sum! Still it is not so bad, is it, Frederick? You are pleased that I have brought you so much money, are you not?'

Mr. Russel looked up, and smiled at his wife. Then remembering the lesson he had learnt five years ago, he said, 'And now, Maggie, this sum comes in very conveniently for you to replace some of the ornaments you lost when you were staying at R——.'

But Mrs. Russel remembered also the lesson she had learnt on the same occasion, and she said firmly, 'Not with one penny of it. If you don't object, dear Frederick, I have already made my plan for laying it out. I should like it divided into three parts. The first seven pounds we will give to the poor dear Robert Carews—I do think poor relations have such a claim upon one; and oh, *how* useful it will be to them! Then the second seven—would it be nice to keep it for pretty things for Rachel when she is a little older? I will if you like.'

'I do like. What is to be done with the last seven? I suppose you mean to fritter it away in paying bills.'

'We have none, or at least only a few; and I am not going to waste my money that way. No; the last seven I should like, if you do not mind, to give to that reformatory for boys that Philip is so interested in. I often think of that miserable thief in my bed-room—perhaps a reformatory might have saved him—anyhow, perhaps it will save others, so let us send Philip the last seven.'

'And nothing for yourself, my Maggie?'

'Nothing but the delight of giving. O Frederick, how true are those precious words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."'

SKETCHES FROM INDIAN LIFE.

BY C. S. I.

No. II.

THE CHOTA SAHIB.

CHOTA means small; and Sahib, gentleman, master, sir—and so forth. Behold me now, then, after dismissing Moonshee to his college at Calcutta, fairly installed as the Chota Sahib, or, in English, the Assistant to the Magistrate and Collector of S——pore. As soon as Moonshee was gone, I began to take interest in my official duties, and instead of being prompted by him, I set to work to puzzle out the right and wrong of cases in my petty court, or cutcherry, for myself. This was at first a struggle, but also a great relief. I was like a young swimmer who has just discarded his corks—now and then

he gets a souse under, and a mouthful of water, but a happy feeling of freedom and self-dependence prevails. I soon found that, by discarding the Bengallee, my Hindostani friends had a better opinion of me. My kind master, the Magistrate and Collector of the District, instead of sending me only cases of quarrels between old women, and abusive language, began to trust me more, and to employ me on work of greater importance.

It was in the early dawn of a morning in July, I was getting on my Arab, when I saw a fine-looking Mahomedan come ambling along inside the grounds which surrounded my bungalow. He had a pistol in his girdle, and a sword by his side. As soon as he saw me he jumped off his pony, (a white, with bright painted red legs and tail,) and made a low salaam. 'Your slave,' said he, 'is Kotwal (head police-officer) of Mudunpoor. There is a "*burra mokudimeh*" there. I came in to see the Magistrate, but he is away in the hills. The Joint-magistrate has got *tup*, (fever,) and ordered me to come to *Hazoor*,'—the presence.

The presence looked very grave, no doubt, and felt the dignity of his position; but he had, as it happened, no idea of the meaning of '*burra mokudimeh*,' great or heavy case—he was rather unwilling to own his ignorance, so began to beat about the bush. Thus—'What did you say was the matter at Mudunpoor?' 'Your honour,' was his reply, 'has no doubt heard of Misree Lal, the great sugar-merchant. Well—in his house a "heavy case" has occurred.' 'But he has locked up his gates, and defies the police to enter.' 'Your slave has three times summoned him to surrender, and three times an arrow has been shot at your slave's head.'

My faithful bearer (valet) had been standing open-mouthed with astonishment during this dialogue. Holding my whip and spurs in his hand, and regardless of all etiquette, he began to tell me to mind what I was about; that the people of Mudunpoor were *haramzadeh mushoor*—'notorious blackguards;' that 'it was the Kotwal's business to catch murderers, and not the magistrate's,' &c. I told him, with some dignity, to hold his tongue, to get ready my tent, to order my table-servants out, and to proceed at once to Mudunpoor. A couple of sowars, (mounted police,) with a note from the Joint-magistrate, now made their appearance.

4 a. m., Monday.

Dear R—

I am seedy. Will you see what is to be done? The Kotwal of Mudunpoor is a great scamp, I believe—but you must hear what he has to say.

Yours,

JOHN BROWN.

I send you a couple of sowars for an escort, if you think of going to the spot, though I fancy that will not be necessary.

We were soon *en route*—the sun was just rising above the horizon, with the brightness peculiar to a fine day in the rainy season of Upper

India. Passing hastily through the town of S——, and causing no small commotion, even at that early hour, amongst the few stragglers in the narrow bazaar, we sallied forth into the *meidan* or plain, through the melon beds, the orchards, the tobacco-gardens, until we came to an entirely open country, splashed everywhere with great pools of water. Luckily for me our course was due west, and as the sun gave me no trouble I rode along, with an occasional glance at my escort, in a state almost of delight. The whole world seemed to be smiling upon me. Heavy dew hung on every spray. There was a chorus of doves, like silver bells in the air; the fox chattered, as he flung himself into his sandy home in the little ravines which crossed our path; the jackal skulked into the young fields of maize in the distance. Far away on the horizon the black buck antelope, with his herd of fallow beauties, moved listlessly about, now feeding, now glancing at the distant cavalcade. Overhead long lines of cranes pursued their noisy flight from one pool to another. All went smoothly, until we came to a *nullah* or river. I had seen this stream some three months before, when out coursing, and had ridden through it, scarcely wetting my horse's feet. Now, to my surprise, it was almost a torrent. We got through, not without difficulty—the red-tailed pony was nearly submerged, and one of the sowars got into a hole, which I really thought, at one time, would have swallowed him up, horse and all. At last, after three hours riding, the distant mosque and minarets, which a zealous Mahomedan had planted in the suburbs of Mudunpoor, came in sight.

We soon found ourselves in the Kotwallee—or police station—an old half-ruined fort. The *mohurrir* (scribe) rushed out obsequiously, with a profusion of salaams. A charpoy—or light bed—was covered with a white sheet—milk, sweetmeats, and such fruit as the place could produce, were soon forthcoming, and everything done to make the Chota Sahib welcome. After a few minutes the Kotwal's deputy, or Jemadar, made his appearance, an old Rajpoot, all hair, eyes, and teeth, with the look of a chained eagle. He had posted four burkundaz, or policemen, over the house of Misree Lal, and was all anxiety to go in at the sugar-merchant, and to drag him to the Kotwallee. Whilst we were discussing the best manner of proceeding, and just as I had decided to go down to call upon Misree Lal to surrender, a scuffle was heard outside, and in rushed the accused, with a *posse* of burkundaz running behind him, and calling out 'mar—mar budzat!'—(beat—beat the rascal!)—as if they were in pursuit of a wild beast.

Misree Lal, a stout fine-looking man, with a clear brown eye, and a tint almost of vermillion under his olive skin, flung himself panting on the ground, and tearing off his turban thrust it under my feet. A moment before I had been boiling with indignation against the hardy offender, but the current of my passion was stayed when I saw him thus humble and prostrate. I ordered the policemen to stand back, and, making Misree Lal over to the custody of the Jemadar, we all proceeded

at once to his house. As we went, the whole town of Mudunpoor turned out to stare at us; and the narrow streets became one sea of turbans, skull-caps, and black shaggy heads. Misree Lal's house was a high red-brick building, surrounded on three sides by a moat full of water, and on the fourth, by the town ditch. Passing over a sort of draw-bridge, and through a heavy gate, we came into a quadrangle. Here were sheds for cows and horses—spinning-wheels for the female servants—cooking-places, and all the marks of easy Hindoo life. It was time now for me to begin some more formal enquiry. The grounds upon which the Kotwal had proceeded against Misree Lal, were shortly as follow. About midnight the town watchman had heard screams and sobs, proceeding from the female apartments of the house. On attempting to enter he had been cut down by the blow of a club, and as soon (to use his own words) as he had recovered his senses, he had run off to report the affair to the Kotwal. The Kotwal, in his turn, had been kept out of the suspected premises, and had reported the matter to the Magistrate, as we have already heard. I now called upon the watchman to point out the spot whence the cries proceeded. Misree Lal sobbed aloud, and protested against any violation of the sanctity of his female apartments. The whole thing, said he, was trumped up by the enmity of the Kotwal; and as for Nunkoo, the watchman, he was a mere creature of the police, and would swear anything to please them. I felt puzzled and anxious. How would it be if Misree Lal's tale were true, and if Nunkoo were—as he looked—a scamp? If I got blundering into the sacred recesses of the merchant's house, might I not injure him and get into trouble? What would my good friend the Magistrate say, if a complaint were made against the Chota Sahib for riding rough-shod over the feelings and prejudices of the people? On the other hand, unless Misree Lal had been guilty of some enormous crime, why had he and his retainers been so violent to the police—why had they driven away Nunkoo with a broken head, and resisted even the Kotwal?

Happy thought! Go bring in two trusty females—let them explore the house. No sooner said than done. One was a plump brown buxom dame; the other a withered old hag with long white locks, a parchment face, but an eye like a hawk. The fat dame trotted off to the left, the other to the right, to explore the recesses of the house. The first soon came back, staring about, winking her great eyes, and shaking her head like a ferret out of an empty burrow. '*Kooch nuheen!*' Nothing. The old crone tarried long, and at last, when she returned, made a movement to call me on one side. My heart beat fast as she led me to the cow-shed, and, lifting up the corner of the *chudder* or sheet, which hung loosely on her withered frame, shewed me a spot of blood. '*Be shuk khoon hoa.*' 'No doubt there has been a murder!' She mumbled this two or three times, and then crouched down panting on the ground.

It was now clearly our duty to search the female apartments. The merchant was led in by the Jemadar, who had pinioned the wretch with

his waist-band. Mussals (torches) were quickly procured. The old hag made a point—a little puddle of blood—and then, under a heap of *boosa*, or chaff, the damning evidence of Misree Lal's crime—the mangled body of a young and beautiful woman!

I had fallen into an uneasy slumber in my tent, when a sound of measured footsteps, and the peculiar grunt of native Indian carriers under a burden, aroused me. I sallied out into the bright moonlight. Never shall I forget the procession.* First came the Kotwal, smoking his hookah, as the red-tailed pony ambled along under the palm trees which skirted Mudunpoor. Then two burkundaz with matchlocks and long swords. Then, on a rude *charpoy* or native bed, the dead body, carried by four peasants, whining and grunting a dull monotone under their burden. Then the wretched Misree Lal, his hands chained and padlocked, the waist-band still clutched by the eagle-eyed Jemadar; and four more burkundaz, blowing the lighted matches of their clumsy guns. A little white dog, with a collar of bells, creeping sadly behind the body of his late mistress, closed the scene. Slowly they vanished, and I returned to my bed. I tried to sleep—I read and read a bundle of letters, which had just reached my camp, from my dear English home. I tried again to sleep. But that murdered girl—the first human being so slashed and bloody, that I had ever seen—that face, so beautiful in death, haunted me. The early dawn found me once more on the banks of the nullah. The procession had, by this time, subsided into a shapeless bivouac. All were in a sound sleep, except the red-tailed pony, Misree Lal, and the Jemadar; the two last cowered by the embers of a fire. Even the little white dog was fast asleep on the body of his mistress.

It came out at the trial, that Misree Lal, a rude domestic tyrant, had, in a fit of jealousy, seized his *tulmar* and cut his young wife almost into shreds, sparing only the beautiful face and bosom of his victim. There were some circumstances, which I need not detail, which might seem to palliate his crime. Griping and sordid, he had refused to pay Nunkoo the usual gratuities due to the village watchman, and this official had been glad enough to throw suspicion upon one whom he considered his oppressor. Such a character was not the subject for much morbid pity. Yet, in my daily visits to the district prison, which, during the illness of the Joint-magistrate, was put under my charge, I could not see Misree Lal without some keen feelings of sorrow for his position. I could not help thinking that the gloomy silence which he maintained, his obstinate refusal to take food, (he would taste nothing until force was threatened,) his constant counting of the beads round his neck, that all this melancholy abstraction told of remorse for the past, rather than fear for the future. I was surprised, too, to find that the well-to-do natives who came to call

* The bodies of persons who have suffered a violent death were sent in to the chief station of a district, for report by the surgeon, to the magistrate, as to the apparent cause of death. I have been in districts where the civil surgeon had often to make two or three such reports in a morning.

upon me, made little secret of their sympathy with the accused. One old Mahomedan gentleman, in particular, who was usually full of moral sayings, and whom I could not suspect of any partiality with a Hindoo malefactor, made very light of the sugar-merchant's crime. 'Women-folk,' said he, stroking his beard, 'women-folk are bad. Misree Lal is, no doubt, a murderer—but women folk are bad.'

The district judge had found the sugar merchant guilty, had sentenced him to death, and sent the proceedings for confirmation to the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut, or high court of criminal judicature. I dreaded every day to receive orders for the execution which it would fall to my lot to see carried into effect. Somebody's *dictum* kept ringing in my ears, 'The worst use to make of a man is to hang him.' It was therefore with a feeling of relief that one morning in my now crowded cutcherry I got the warrant sentencing Misree Lal to imprisonment for life in transportation beyond the seas. The convict was duly brought into court. Silence was proclaimed, and the sentence read. Misree Lal looked me full in the face, and thrice made a formal salaam. He then said, 'Your slave is to go to the Kala Panee.' (Black Water.)* He then stalked off, surrounded by the prison guards; and the ordinary business of the court went on.

I was soon deep in a case of cattle theft, the prosecutor screaming at me, the accused loudly denying his guilt, when a sort of electric shock seemed to pass through the crowd in my front. There was a general rush towards the doors. Outside, a cry of 'Run, run, get a rope!' The head jailer, a punchy Hindoo, rushed in. 'Sahib,' said he, 'the prisoner is gone. Misree Lal has escaped.' In a moment I was out in the cutcherry garden: the *serishtadar*, or head scribe, tumbled off the bench; the *nazir* (sheriff) pulled off his spectacles, and drew his sword. 'Where is he gone?' I cried, as I rushed out amongst the crowd. Nobody answered. There was a general scramble going on under the trees by the road-side. Everybody calling upon everybody else to do something which nobody did. I kicked and fought my way to the spot. Reaching the grove, the truth flashed upon me. Misree Lal had jumped down the well! A path being made for me at last, I could see his turban; there was a gurgle—a movement. 'It is not too late; quick, bring that rope, fasten it round your waist. Fifty rupees for you, Mudaree, if you bring up the merchant alive!'

It was too late. The civil surgeon did his best to restore animation, but Misree Lal had gone to the court of last appeal.

The depositions of all concerned were taken, to be sent up to the Sudder Court. Misree Lal had asked leave to take one drink of water before returning to jail, and on nearing the well had taken his death-plunge and cheated his jailers.

(To be continued.)

* Kala Panee, or the black water, is the term familiarly applied to the 'beyond the sea,' to which Indian convicts are usually banished, if their sentence is one of imprisonment for life. It has singular terrors to the Hindoo mind in general.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XIII. (*continued.*)

NORTH TIROL—THE INNTHAL.

(RIGHT INN-BANK.)

UNTER-PERFUSS—SELRAINTHAL—THE MELACH—ROTHENBRUNN—FATSCHERTHAL—THE HOHE VILLERSPITZ—SONNENBERG—MAGDALENENBRÜNDL—CHARACTER OF THE SELRAINERTHALERS—OBER-PERFUSS, PETER ANICH—KEMATEN—VÖLS, THE BLASIENBERG, S. JODOK—THE GALWIESE—THE SCHWARZE-KREUZKAPELLE, HÖLZL'S VOW—FERNECK—BERG ISEL—NOISE OF THE RIFLE PRACTICE—COUNT V. STACHEL—NATTERS AND MUTTERS—WAIDBURG—THE NORKSPITZE—GÖTZENS—SCHLOSS VÖLLENBERG, OSWALD V. WOLKENSTEIN—BIRGITZ—AXAMS—THE SENDERSTHAL.

IN returning from Zirl to Innsbruck, you should cross the bridge, and take the road bordering the river; you come thus to Unter-Perfuss, another bourne of frequent excursion from Innsbruck, the inn there having the reputation of possessing a good cellar, and the views over the neighbourhood being most romantic, the *Château* of Ferklehen giving interest to the natural beauties around. Hence, instead of pursuing the return journey at once, a digression may be made through the Selrain, which in the dialect of the neighbourhood means the edge of a mountain; and it is indeed but a narrow strip bordering the stream—the Melach or Malk, so called from its milk-white waters—which pours itself out by three mouths into the Inn at the debouchure of the valley. There is many a 'cluster of houses,' as German expresses* a settlement too small to be dignified with the name of village, perched on the heights around, but all reached by somewhat rugged paths. The first and prettiest is Selrain, which is always locally called Rothenbrunn, because the iron in the waters, which form an attraction to valetudinarian visitors, has covered the soil over which they flow with a red deposit; small as it is, it boasts two churches, that to S. Quirinus being one of the most ancient in Tirol. The mountain paths through the Fatscherthal, though much sought by Innsbruckers, is too rough travelling for the ordinary tourist, but affords a fine mountain view, including the magnificent *Fernerwand*, or glacier-wall, which closes it in, and the three shining and beautifully graduated peaks of the Hohe Villerspitz. At a short distance from Selrain may be found a pretty cascade, one of the six falls of the Saigesbach. Some four or five miles further along the valley is one of the numerous villages

* *Häusergruppe*.

named Gries; and about five miles more of mountain foot-path leads to the coquettishly perched sanctuary of S. Sigismund, the highest inhabited point of the Selrainthal. It is one of the many high-peaked buildings with which the Archduke Sigismund, who seems to have had a wonderful eye for the picturesque, loved to set off the heaven-pointing cones of the Tirolese mountains. Another opening in the mountains, which runs out from Gries, and is provided with a somewhat easier path, is the Lisenthal, in the midst of which rises the Sonnenberg, with the summer villa of the monastery of Wilten, serving as a dairy for the produce of their pastures in the neighbourhood, a hospitable place of refreshment for the traveller and alpine climber, and with its chapel constituting a grateful object both to the pilgrim and the artist. Before reaching this, there is by the wayside a striking fountain, founded for the weary, called the Magdalenenbründl, because adorned with a statue of S. Magdalen, the image of whose penitence was thought appropriate to this stern solitude by the pious founder.

The Selrainthalers are behind none in maintaining the noble national character. When the law of conscription, one of the most obnoxious results of cession to Bavaria, was propounded, the youths of the Selrain were the first to shew that though ever ready to devote their lives to the defence of the fatherland, they would never be enrolled in an army in whose ranks they might be sent to fight in they knew not what cause—perhaps against their own brethren. The generous stand they made against the measure constituted their valley the rendezvous of all who would escape from it for miles round, and soon their band numbered some five hundred. During the whole of the Bavarian occupation they maintained their independence, and were among the first to raise the standard of the year 1809. A strong force was sent out on the 14th of March to reduce them to obedience, when the Selrainers gave good proof that it was not cowardice which had made them refuse to join the army; they repulsed the Bavarian regulars with such signal success, that the men of the neighbourhood were proud to range themselves under their banner, which as long as the campaign lasted was always found in the thickest of the fight. No less than eleven of their number received decorations for personal bravery. In peace, too, they have shewn they know how to value the independence for which they fought, though their labours in the field are so greatly enhanced by the steepness of the ground which is their portion, that the men yoke themselves to the plough, and carry burdens over places where no oxen could be guided. Their industry and perseverance provides them so well with enough to make them contented, if not prosperous, that '*in Selrain hat jeder zu arbeiten und zu essen*' (in Selrain there is work and meat enough for all) is a common proverb. The women, who are unable for the reason above noted to take so much part in field-labours as in some other parts, have found an industry for themselves in bleaching linen, and enliven the landscape by the cheerful zest with which they ply their thrifty toil.

The path for the return journey from Selrain to Ober-perfuss—or foot of the upper height—is as rugged as the other paths we have been traversing, but is even more picturesque. The church is newly restored, and contains a monument, with high-sounding Latin epitaph, to one Peter Anich, of whose labours in overcoming the difficulties of the survey and mensuration of his country, which has nowhere three square miles of plain, his co-villagers are justly proud; he was an entirely self-taught man, but most accurate in his observations, and he induced other peasants of Ober-perfuss to emulate his studies. Ober-perfuss also has a mineral spring. A pleasant path over hills and fields leads in about an hour to Kematen, a very similar village; but the remains of the ruined hunting-seat of Pirschenheim, now used as an ordinary lodging-house, adds to its picturesqueness; near by it may also be visited the pretty waterfall of the Sendersbach. A shorter and easier stage is the next, through the fields to Völs or Vels, which clusters at the foot of the Blasienberg, once the dwelling of a hermit, and still a place of pilgrimage and the residence of the priest of the village. The parish church of Vels is dedicated in honour of S. Jodok, the English saint, whose statue we saw keeping watch over Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck. Another hour across the level ground of the Galwiese, luxuriantly covered with '*grano turco*,' brings us back to Innsbruck through the Innrain; the Galwiese has its name from the echo of the hills, which close in the plain as it nears the capital; *wiese* being a meadow, and *gal* the same form of *Schall*—resonance, which we have in *Nachtigall*, whence our own 'nightingale.' At the cross-road (to Axams) we passed some twenty minutes out of Völs, where the way is still wild, the so-called *Schwarze Kreuz-kapelle*; one Blasius Hölzl, ranger of the neighbouring forest, was once overtaken by a terrible storm; the Geroldsbach, rushing down from the Götzneralp, had obliterated the path with its torrents; the reflection of each lightning flash in the waste of waters around seemed like a sword pointed at the breast of his horse, who shied and reared, and threatened to plunge his rider in the ungoverned flood. Hölzl was a bold forester, but he had never known a night like this; and as the rapidly succeeding flashes almost drove him to distraction, he vowed to record the deliverance on the spot by a cross of iron, of equal weight to himself and his mount, if he reached his fire-side in safety; then suddenly the noisy wind subsided, the clouds owned themselves spent, and in place of the angry forks of flame which had bewildered him before, only soft and friendly sheets of light played over the country, and enabled him to steer his homeward way. Hölzl kept his promise, and a black metal cross of the full weight promised long marked the spot, and gave it its present name; the accompanying figures of our Lady and S. John having subsequently been thrown down, it was removed to the chapel on Blasienberg. Ferneck, a pleasant bathing establishment, is prettily situated on the Innsbruck side of the Galwiese, and the church there was also once a favourite sanctuary with the

people; but when the neighbouring land was taken from the monks of Wilten, who had had it ever since the days of the penitent giant Haymon, it ceased to be remembered.

Starting from Innsbruck again in a southerly direction, a little beyond Wilten, already described,* Berg Isel is reached; though invaded in part by the railway, it is still a worthy bourne of pilgrimage, by reason of the three heroic victories of the patriots under Hofer. On Sunday and holiday afternoons, parties of Innsbruckers may always be found refreshing these memories of their traditional prowess. It is also precious on less frequented occasions for the splendid view it affords of the whole Innthal. Two columns in the *Schiess-stand* record the honours of the 13th of April, 29th of May, and 13th of August, 1809, with the inscription, '*Donec erunt montes et saxa, et pectora nostra Austriacæ domni mænia semper erunt.*' I must confess, however, that the noise of the perpetual rifle-practice is a great vexation, and prevents one from preserving an unruffled memory of the patriotism of which it is the exponent; but this holds good all over Germany. Here, on the 29th of May, fell Graf Johan v. Stachelburg, the last of his noble family, a martyr to his country's cause. The peasants among whom he was fighting begged him not to expose his life so recklessly, but he would not listen; 'I shall die but once,' he replied to all their warnings; 'and where could it befall me better than when fighting for the cause of God and Austria?' He was mortally wounded, and carried in a litter improvised from the brushwood around to Mutters, where he lies buried. A little beyond the southern incline of Berg Isel, a path strikes out to the right, and ascends the heights to the two villages of Natters and Mutters, the people of which were only in 1786 released from the obligation of going to Wilten for their Mass of obligation. Natters has some remains of one of Archduke Sigismund's high-perched hunting-seats, named Waidburg; he also instituted in 1466 a foundation for saying five Masses weekly in its chapel.

There are several picturesque mountain walks to be found in the neighbourhood, under the grandly towering Nockspitze; and from either Mutters or Natters there is a path leading down to Götzens, Birgitz, Axams, and Grintzens, across westwards to the southern end of the Selrainthal. Götzens,† like the Hundskapelle, received its name for having retained its heathen worship longer than the rest of the district around; the ruins, which you see on a detached peak as you leave Götzens again, are the two towers of Liebenberger and Vellenberger, the poor remains of Schloss Völlenberg, the seat of an ancient Tirolean family of that name, who were very powerful in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It fell in to the Crown during the reign of Friedrich *mit der Leeren Tasche*, by the death of its last male heir. Frederick converted it into a state-prison. The noblest person it ever harboured was the poet Oswald von Wolkenstein, himself a knight of

* See Part X., vol. viii. p. 596-8.

† From *Götze*, an idol.

noble lineage; he had been inclined in the early part of Frederick's reign to join his influence with the rest of the nobility against him, because he took alarm at his familiarity with the common people. Frederick's sudden establishment of his power, and the energetic proceedings he immediately adopted for consolidating it, took many by surprise, Oswald von Wolkenstein among the rest. He was a bard of too sweet song, however, to be shut up in a cage, and Friedl was not the man to keep the minstrel in durance when it was safe to let him be at large. He had no sooner established himself firmly on the throne, than he not only released the poet, but forgetting all cause of animosity against him, placed him at his court, and delighted his leisure hours with listening to his warbling. Oswald's wild and adventurous career had stored his mind with such subjects as the Friedl would love to hear sung. But we shall have more to say of Oswald when we come to his home in the Grödnerthal.

The next village is Birgitz; and the next, after crossing the torrent which rushes down from the Alpe Lizum, is Axams, one of the most ancient in the neighbourhood, after passing the opening to the lonesome but richly pastured Senderthal, the slopes of which meet those of the Selrainthal.

(To be continued.)

R. H. B.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUMINATION.

(IN SIX PARTS.)

PART V.—ANGLO-CELTIC ILLUMINATION.

WHATEVER uncertainty there may be regarding the period in which Christianity was first preached in Ireland, there is no doubt that in the fifth century St. Patrick was the true founder of a Christian Church among the Celtic barbarians, and that by him were sown the seeds of which the harvest in the succeeding century was so rich in saints and missionaries, as to win for the almost unknown little island the distinctive name of the Island of Saints. It is a peculiarity of Irish Christianity in those early centuries, that it consisted almost entirely of great monastic institutions; and that the ascetic side of Catholicism seems to have won the hearts of the wild lawless Celts far more than its tenderness and love. Monasticism seems to have been an established thing in Ireland by the latter end of the sixth century, though in a peculiar form. The ties of clanship were strong; and the first large monasteries were but portions of the clans, who, following perhaps the example of a chief, had chosen a conventual life, and were organized into something like a disciplined monastic life. Thus it came to pass

that sometimes a whole population would embrace monastic life, and consequently that a vast number of writers and painters were trained in the service of the Church. And the numerous missionaries, who travelled and preached the Gospel all over Europe, had almost all been trained in these primitive monasteries.

St. Columba, the 'Apostle of Caledonia,' as he is called, founded one of the first great monasteries of Ireland, having torn himself away from ties of kindred and native land, and thinking that he could serve God better on the bleak and lonely shores of the little island of Iona. There, it is said, after toiling in the day-time to cultivate the soil, he spent all the rest of his time not necessary for sleep, in transcribing the Holy Books. In this labour of love he continued till the last days of his life, and three hundred copies of the Gospels are attributed to him. Columba had, it is said, a peculiar passion for fine MSS.; and a story is recorded of a visit which he paid to a hermit, of whose collection of books Columba had heard. The hermit refused to let him copy any of his books, on which the fiery Columba cursed him in these words—'May thy books no longer do thee any good, neither to thee nor to those who come after thee, since thou takest occasion by them to shew thy inhospitality.' After his death, says the legend, his books became unintelligible to any reader. Of the same St. Columba there is another and more authentic legend. While on a visit to his old master, the Abbot Finnian, he shut himself up by stealth at night in the church, in order to make a hurried copy of the abbot's Psalter. Finnian found it out through a wanderer who had been attracted by the strange light, and angrily claimed the copy made without his leave. Columba refused to give it up, on which King Diarmid was appealed to, and Columba was required to give up the MS. This book still exists. It belongs to the O'Donnell clan, and for more than a thousand years was carried by them to battle as a talisman; but only one free from mortal sin was allowed to bear the precious relic.

The singular style of ornamentation known as the Celtic was indigenous to Ireland, and was for several centuries free from foreign influence. Here are a few of its peculiarities.

1. Narrow ribbons of colour, plaited, and twisting in and out in an endless variety of patterns.

2. A wonderful variety of birds and animals, hideously attenuated, and coiled one within another; their tails, tongues, and top-knots, forming long narrow ribbons, which again interlace.

3. A series of lines, forming varieties of Chinese-like patterns.

This curious style of ornament was executed generally with a delicacy and precision of hand, and with a versatility of design and arrangement quite wonderful in such a barbarous condition of art. Mr. Ruskin somewhere notices the peculiar love which the human eye has for interwoven mysteries of pattern. From the rude architecture of the Egyptians, down to the braided capitals of the incomparable Venetian

palaces, we find tokens of the same delight in this, the simplest of all forms which the early art of nations has taken. Possibly the Celtic Art originated in remote ages, in the imitation of some such ancient carvings with which they had come in contact; and so, possessing great mechanical skill and power of design, and but little share of the powers of thought, it grew into a national style. The strange and hideous monsters, which form such an essential part of the decoration, tend to prove the great age of Celtic Art, being no doubt the expression of the wild faith of their ancestors, and shewing the prominence which the weird heathen legends had in the minds of the half-barbarous though Christianized, Irish. This power of design among the Celts was associated with the grossest ignorance and barbarity of drawing, as regards natural objects. There is not the slightest attempt to express any emotion or character in the faces, which are uniformly hideous, and remind one more of Hindoo idols than anything else. The 'symmetrical angel,' which Mr. Ruskin has described and drawn in one of his books as a contrast to the rude life of early Lombard Art, is a fair type of the complacent way in which the human face is constantly treated in Celtic Art. This angel is drawn in the form of a *pyramid*, the perfectly round head surmounting it, and the face having two perfectly round eyes and a nose; the whole surrounded with red dots. Mr. Ruskin's comment on it is as follows: 'You see the characteristics of this utterly dead school are—first, the wilful closing of the eyes to natural facts; for, however ignorant a person may be, he need only look at a human being to see that it has a mouth as well as eyes: and secondly, the endeavour to adorn or idealize natural fact according to its own notions; it puts red spots in the middle of the hands, and sharpens the thumbs, thinking to improve them.' This is a barbarism quite hopeless, and out of it no living art could possibly arise. The condition of life is growth, and the art of ancient Ireland is a proof that great mechanical skill and singular power of design may exist side by side with utter vacuity of thought and feeling. The experience of centuries in the modern history of India and China has shewn how hopelessly paralyzed may become the art of nations, possessing the gifts of design and colour in a very singular degree, yet refusing to express a natural fact, or to teach a moral truth.

The most remarkable Celtic MS. remaining at this day is the celebrated book of Kells, which is supposed to have belonged to St. Columba, or Columbkille, as he is sometimes called, and from whom probably the book derived its name. The old Irish tradition said that it was written by angels, so miraculous did the intricacy of the ornament seem to the simple-minded Celts. Mr. Digby Wyatt observes, that having made several attempts, he found it impossible to reproduce an exact copy of one of the curious borders in this book.

The style of the Celtic MSS. was probably first carried into the Continent by the Irish monks of the seventh century, and introduced

into the monasteries which they founded there in various places. From thence it gradually spread through all the European schools of Illumination, and was in a greater or less degree adopted by them all.

Very little is known of the primitive art of England after the departure of the Romans until the mission of St. Augustine. No doubt the Romans, who left such vast memorials of their superior cultivation on the outward surface of the country during their four hundred years sojourn, must have bequeathed some of their knowledge and skill to the Britons. But whatever their influence might have been, the Saxon invasion effaced the traces of it to a very great extent. It has often been disputed whether the Saxons brought with them their own style of writing, or whether, on settling in England, they adopted the method which they found there. The opinion that they possessed a complete alphabet of their own is generally held at the present day; which alphabet became mingled after a time with the Anglo-Roman letters, and formed the character known as Anglo-Saxon. Astle thinks that writing was very little practised in England until after St. Augustine's mission in the end of the sixth century: it seems probable, therefore, that the Irish missionaries of the seventh century first introduced illuminated writing into England; for it is to that period that the earliest existing MSS. belong, and they closely resemble Celtic MSS. of the same date. This similarity, however, only belongs to the earliest examples of English Illumination. For, like the Gothic hordes which swept over southern Europe, the Saxon tribes brought with them the elements of a vigorous intellectual life, which, though as yet only in the germ, expanded under the influences of Christianity, and gave fresh life to the barbarous British Art. The mission of St. Augustine was perhaps the chief cause of the rapid development of Illumination in England; for many Anglo-Saxon MSS. bear token of having been the production of more than one hand—the borders being evidently the work of native artists, while the figures seem to have been painted by more experienced hands.

The Psalter of King Athelstane, which was executed early in the eighth century, is one of the earliest Saxon MSS. in which we may perceive a more advanced degree of knowledge. Possibly the figures may have been copied from a foreign book, for some of the sacred subjects are represented in the traditional manner of the Roman Church. In early British MSS., drapery is usually expressed by stripes of different colours, which by their waving lines indicate the form of the folds. In time the idea of drapery was developed into the peculiar 'fluttering' outlines, which were characteristic of early English Illumination, and were such a contrast to the conventional yet graceful folds of the foreign schools.

The invasions of the Danes and the Norman Conquest hindered the progress of Art in England for many years. To the destruction of libraries and pillaging of monasteries the Saxon Chronicle bears mournful

witness; and it is not until the accession of the Plantagenets that there is much marked advance in English Illumination. The intercourse with the Continent, especially with France, which the Plantagenet kings opened, tended to the development of Art in every branch, and the English schools of Illumination very soon became parallel with those of France, and kept pace with them through the succeeding centuries.

(*To be continued.*)

A MONTH IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. CANON BRIGHT, D.D.

My dear —,

You are kind enough to think that some readers of *The Monthly Packet*, who may be forming their plans for a summer expedition to the Continent, would be interested in some recollections of a short tour which gave great enjoyment to myself and three other friends in the summer of 1869.

We were four Oxford men, who intended to spend a few weeks in the north of France, with a special view to the great churches of Normandy, but with the hope of seeing something of Brittany, and of extending our tour so as to include Le Mans and Chartres. It was about seven p.m. on Tuesday, the 22nd of June, when our steamer passed between the two crucifixes which preside over the entrance to the harbour of Dieppe. The sight of them reminded one of the change which had taken place since the wild times of the sixteenth century, when Dieppe, which had been remarkable for energetic naval enterprise, became not less conspicuous for the intensity of its Protestantism. This effect, we are told, was originally produced by the arrival of a cargo of French Bibles and Marot's Psalters from Geneva; and when Francis II. closed his joyless life at the end of 1560, the whole population of Dieppe embraced what was called '*The Religion.*' We hear of the Dieppoises as devastating their parish churches, making forays on neighbouring towns for the same 'religious' purpose, melting down sacred vessels, dragging Catholic clergy at horses' tails into their town, drowning some in their sacred vestments, and half-burying others alive so that their heads and shoulders might be a mark for wooden balls. There may be exaggeration in these traditions; but there is no doubt that the French Huguenots, in 1562 and afterwards, did too often exhibit an amount of barbarity, not to speak of sacrilegiousness, which appear like an anticipation of the horrors of 1792. At the same time it must be remembered, that the fierce fanatics of the party, who were guilty of these atrocities, had for long years been lashed into the intensest hatred of the whole national Church system by

its association with a profligate and tyrannous court. When the first Huguenot war broke out after the 'Massacre of Vassy,' thirty years had been maturing the forces of evil which for thirty years more were to scourge and lacerate France.

The great Church of St. Jacques at Dieppe, which suffered so much at this outbreak, is remarkable for its stately transepts, and the rich Flamboyant work in its later portions. We saw a chapel which contained a box to receive contributions 'for the burial of the drowned.' In St. Rémi, which has fine Norman piers in its nave, we saw, on Wednesday morning, a 'churching' service, in which the priest laid his stole on the face of the child. Our time in Dieppe was necessarily brief, and we were unable to visit the neighbouring scene of Henri Quatre's victory at Arques; we hastened on to Rouen, passing through the lovely valley of Clères, with its English-looking landscape, and established ourselves in the old Norman capital, at the Hotel d' Albion, early in the afternoon of June 23rd. We spent the hours until five p.m. in visiting the Cathedral, St. Maclou, and St. Ouen, which I had seen some years before, but which were new to my friends. In the Cathedral, at the altar of the 'Trépassés,' three priests, one of whom appeared to be a dignitary, were hearing some children their catechism. St. Maclou, 'the Archbishop's eldest daughter,' has gained a new spire since 1863. St. Ouen's is almost perfect in its loveliness, but its interior is deficient in features of interest. Few of the great churches of France have suffered more in times of national convulsion. Its ground has been, indeed, sacred and venerable ever since Clotaire I. founded a church there in the middle of the sixth century, about a hundred years before the episcopate of Audoenus or Ouen, the 'referendary,' or seal-keeper of Dagobert I. I walked in the evening, with one of my companions, H. R——, along the Quai Napoléon, to the Church of St. Paul at the slope of St. Catharine's Hill, and saw the steeples and manufactories of Rouen bathed in the soft rich sunset glow, while several of the former were chiming forth the solemn and plaintive Angelus. The city, so venerable from its past greatness, and so full of interest from its combination of modern activities with ancient stateliness, is indeed a majestic picture gallery, so to speak, of impressive historical associations, extending far back beyond its first connection with the Norman name in the ninth century. It claims bishops of the early part of the fourth century, St. Mello and St. Avician, the latter of whom sat in the Council of Arles; and its prelate at the close of that century, Victricius, was not undistinguished in the Western hierarchy of his time. It witnessed the secret marriage of Brunhilda to the Neustrian heir, Merowic, by the Bishop Prætextatus; and Fredegonda's malice requited him by the dagger of an assassin while he was 'leaning against a form' in his Cathedral—as Gregory of Tours narrates it—during the matin psalms of Easter Day. Some fifty years later, that Cathedral opened its doors to welcome Archbishop Ouen; and under him was held there the first Synod of 'Rothomagus,'

which, while prohibiting the ancient practice of delivering the Holy Eucharist into the communicant's hands, was also zealous against the relics of Paganism still cherished by the Neustrian country-folk, (such as writing 'diabolical verses,' as the Bishops describe the heathenish spells, on leaves or bands, in order to shield the cattle from harm :) and it passed a touchingly earnest canon, exhorting employers of labour to give their herdsmen full opportunities of public worship, for the sake of Him whose Nativity was first proclaimed to shepherds.

On that quiet rural life in the woodlands and villages surrounding Rouen, as well as on the Romanized civilization within its precincts, what a crashing terror must have fallen when, in the early summer of 841, the barks of Osker swept up the Seine, and his three days pillage of Rouen became, as Sir F. Palgrave says, the creation of Normandy! Not, however, until some thirty years later, does Rollo finally secure the city for the Normans; he reigns there as Count or Duke, dies an old man, with little left in him of the 'grim convert,' and leaves to his son of 'the Longsword' the difficulties of a half-assured position. Then comes the time of Richard the Fearless; one seems to watch the face of the jealous Frank over-lord, King Louis 'From-over-sea,' while the Rouen citizens fiercely demand that he shall liberate their boy-duke, and he, despite his vexation and disgust, is fain to yield. The great eleventh century brings glory to Rouen, for 'in the pontificate of Archbishop Maurilius,' as a tablet in the Cathedral still records, 'the Normans won England;' and in a few more years, the Conqueror, removed from the din of the city to die more quietly at St. Gervais, hears the bells of Notre Dame de Rouen sending the summons for Prime across the valley, and passes away with the Virgin's name upon his lips. In ghastly contrast with that scene is 'Conan's Leap,' when Henry Beauclerc, ferociously exultant over a crushed rebellion of Rouen burghers, flings its captured leader from the summit of the great Donjon Tower, without giving him time for prayer or shrift. Next, one sees Louis VII. in the castle, investing Geoffrey of Anjou with the Norman duchy; the tragedy of Arthur follows: Philip Augustus receives the city's submission in 1204; John seizes Charles the Bad of Navarre, at his own son's table in the castle; Charles VI. chastises another civic revolt; our own Henry V. subdues the city, after a fearful seven months' siege; the miserable wickedness of the Maid's trial and execution leaves a brand of shame on the English rule in Normandy. But again the scene shifts; Charles VII. enters Rouen in gorgeous triumph, as Monstrelet tells us, on the afternoon of an All Saints' Day, the clergy singing *Te Deum*, the citizens 'in blue with red hoods,' a canopy borne over the head of 'le Victorieux' from St. Catharine's Hill to the Cathedral gate; one wonders what he felt as he thought of Joan. His son and successor appeared at Rouen, and reclaimed it from the sway of a younger brother; it had a long tranquil time until the Huguenots became dominant for a brief space in 1562, and, as Thuanus says, 'altars were pulled down, statues shattered;' after

which it yielded to Guise, and became a stronghold of the Leaguers. Yet perhaps, when Henri Quatre gained possession of it in 1596, there were old men whose indignant remembrance of Protestants hung over a fire in the Place de la Pucelle might add warmth to their welcome of the League's triumphant foe.

Many visitors of Rouen, perhaps, fail to visit the inferior churches. Yet St. Vincent's is venerable and interesting; we heard there the 'Salut' and a choir practice, and saw a glowing Resurrection window, with 'Jesus esto mihi Jesus,' at the foot of it, and the figure of a corpse covered with worms. The windows of St. Gotard exhibit, among other objects, St. Augustine and Monica, St. Louis and Queen Blanche, and the proclamation of the 'Immaculate Conception.' In St. Patrice is some very rich glass, given by Rouen citizens of old. St. Gervais, on the spot of the Conqueror's death, has a great treasure, a crypt traditionally connected with ancient bishops, and said to occupy ground on which the Christians of Mello's flock had worshipped during the Diocletian Persecution. The whole spirit of Louis XII.'s time seems embodied in the Palais de Justice; and of all the curiosities in the Musée des Antiquités, nothing struck me more than some 'assiettes du type de la Révolution,' plates belonging, in part, to the Lafayette period, and exhibiting the device of crown and cap, with 'La Nation, la loi, *et le Roy.*' Others displayed a bishop and a nobleman as united by common misfortune, or 'aux mânes de Mirabeau,' or even a guillotine. We saw there some coins of great interest, relating to the old Cardinal, the Leaguers' Charles X.; to Louis XV., as a lovely boy, and as the very image of a haughty sensual French seigneur; to Louis XVI. as 'Roi des Français;' and one, besides, to 'Henri V. Roi de France,' with the explanation, 'Monnaie du Partisan.' The old streets are very curious with their strange names, 'Rue aux Ours, Rue de la Porte aux Rats, Rue des Juifs, Rue du Salamandre,' the last being a curving dark lane near the Haute Vieille Tour, one of the streets, perhaps, along which the Canons of Rouen were permitted to carry the Blessed Sacrament, with lights and all due pomp, for the Maid's last Communion in her dungeon. Near the hideous statue raised to her memory we looked at the Hotel de Bourgtheronde, with its sculptures representing the Cloth of Gold.

All this we saw, for the most part, on St. John Baptist's Day; in the morning we had heard High Mass in the Cathedral, when the Gospel (our own as far as the beginning of Benedictus) was very distinctly sung from a desk at the west end of the choir. The service was well attended and well performed; there are now (no longer fifty-six, but) ten Canons, and five other clergy, attached to this 'Eglise metropolitaine,' which has Cardinal de Bonnechose for its Archbishop. His Lenten 'mandement,' set up on church doors, dwelt, I observed, on the impossibility of acquiescing in a non-religious education, and thus called to mind at least one strong bond of sympathy between English and French Churchmen.

On the morning of June 25th, we drove to St. Georges Boscherville, ascending the long hill west of Rouen to the heights of Canteleu, whence the view was indeed magnificent. At Boscherville, the noble Norman church is all that remains of the great Abbey. There is a spire at the cross, and two smaller spires adorn the west end. The nave has eight bays, the choir two; the transepts are severally divided into two portions by arches across, more richly ornamented than others. In the south transept chapel we saw a 'St. Philomena' side by side with old decaying frescoes; and 'Apprenez de Moi qui suis doux et humble de cœur,' in reference to the worship of 'the Sacred Heart.' The nave has real *pews*, closed and numbered. A tablet of late date tells how by the pious munificence of Raoul de Tancarville, grand chamberlain of 'Guillaume II. dit le Conquérant, duc de Normandie,' this church was raised between 1050 and 1066. The Chapter-house is a beautiful building, with door carvings exhibiting the sacrifice of Isaac and the taking of Jericho. It is, of course, utterly desolate; the church, whose monks, according to the 'Gallia Christiana,' had at one time undertaken more services for the souls of benefactors than they could well get through in a day, is now simply parochial.

I have dwelt too long on Rouen. We left it by steam-boat on that Friday afternoon, and had a most delightful voyage down the Seine, passing many a lovely combination of white cliff and wooded hollow, and gaining a full view, in the evening light, of the three grand towers of Jumièges, rising still, after all shocks of devastation, on the old site of King Dagobert's original Abbey. Soon after seven we reached Caudebec (the name embodies the old north-country word *beck* for brook) and went for the night to the Aigle d' Or. The little town has a beautiful avenue close to the landing place, and a very rich florid church built in the fifteenth century. On the north wall an old stone still exhibits this brief record of the Huguenot sacrileges: 'La desolâon de ceste eglê fut le 12 jo. de May, 1562.' The store of stained glass is abundant, including the favourite legend (from the 'Gospel of the Infancy') of the infant Mary walking up the Temple steps. There is also a destruction of Pharaoh's host in a literally *red* sea. On Saturday morning we found a priest teaching children in the church; morning prayers are said there before the Celebration. The old houses of timber, projecting over the clear rapid stream, are well worth looking at; but we had to hurry to our inn, (a quaint hostel certainly, but tolerable) in order to catch the diligence for Yvetôt. After some misadventures in regard to our transit from Havre to Trouville, we reached Lisieux late on Saturday night.

The Church of St. Pierre of Lisieux (once Cathedral) somewhat reminded me of Sens, although of course it is far inferior. It has two western towers; of these, the one which has no spire is of very light and graceful First-Pointed, with long windows. The arches of the interior are of very early Pointed, with Norman piers. The best view of the whole is from the north-east, as you enter the beautiful Public Garden;

but the steeples were well seen from the garden of the Hotel de France; which on that Sunday morning had its roses in full glow. The Service was carefully and devotionally celebrated. As early as the 'Gloria,' a lad in his common Sunday dress carried round the basket of 'pain béni.' There were several collections; by a tall choir-boy with a pleasant and good face, who said 'Pour charité,'—by a priest, 'pour les pauvres,'—and by a religieuse. The preacher enlarged on the recent and the approaching festivals, and urged the duty of praying for the Church and the Pope, with special reference to the then future Council throughout July, so as to make it a 'mois de St. Pierre.' He ended by dwelling on the 'Sacred Heart' as full of infinite compassion for sinners, &c. The congregation in the nave was mainly female; but we saw three grave looking citizens occupying a dignified seat. Several men were in the choir, and a boys' school in the transept. The church, unfortunately, appears to be a seat of highly developed 'Marianism.' There is not only a chapel to Notre Dame de la Salette, but another set apart to the commemoration of another appearance of 'Mary Immaculate,' February 14th, 1858, the scene being 'a grotto in the Basses Pyrenées.' The Lady Chapel, beyond the apse, was raised by Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, in repentance for his share in the Maid's murder. One recollection connected with this church is the scandalous domination exercised for some time (according to Ordericus Vitalis) at Lisieux by Ranulf Flambard, who had previously disgraced the see of Durham; another, the eventful marriage of our Henry II.; another, the truly 'blessed memory' of De Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux at the time of the St. Bartholomew. This brave good prelate told the royal officers that *he* would resist the execution of the 'barbarous orders' against the Calvinists, who, after all, were his own sheep; the consequence was that Lisieux escaped bloodshed, and its Huguenots, according to M. Barruel's 'Histoire du Clergé pendant la Révolution Française,' were won over to the Church that could boast of such a pastor. We saw some very quaint and picturesque old houses, one especially, called 'Le vieux Manoir,' in the narrow Rue des Fèvres. In the evening we walked along the Pont l' Evêque road, and home by some lovely wooded lanes which reminded us of Devonshire.

Our time in Caen was shortened by a desire to see the Ordination which, as we learned from the sermon at Lisieux, was to be held the next day at Bayeux. The spire of St. Pierre at Caen is truly exquisite; but the church is a good deal marred by Renaissance fineries. A new pulpit exhibits in one of its designs a curious reading of Acts xv.; St. Peter is giving charge to a mitred figure (St. James the Less) who holds a scroll with 'Concil. Hierosol.' and underneath is '*Il exerce la suprématie.*' We visited next the 'Abbaye aux Dames,' which is well restored. The nave is a parish church. The architecture is very pure grand Norman. The choir is used by the Augustinian Sisters in charge of a neighbouring Hotel-Dieu, (which we also visited.) The crypt is

very interesting, having been used for Mass during the storms of the Revolution. We then traversed the city to its opposite end, where the Abbaye aux Hommes rises in signal majesty. Its two western spires, its central semi-spire, and the four large turrets crowning the apse, produce a peculiarly varied appearance; but the austere simplicity and vastness of the west end and the interior give the impression which one most vividly retains. In large letters over the Conqueror's tomb, beside which stands a lofty Paschal taper, his victories are coupled with his title to special remembrance as 'Founder of this House.' And there, one thought, Ascelin's voice was heard, interrupting the obsequies. In the sacristy is a curious report, as to affairs of 'les cultes' in the diocese, given in by 'Charles Bishop of Bayeux' to 'First Consul Bonaparte,' and sanctioned by him, '25 Germinal, an. xi.' We all visited the desecrated churches of St. Nicolas and St. Etienne le Vieux; and W. W—— and I, after exploring two of the 'Cours' by the river side, and the Place Royale with its formal rows of limes, and Louis XIV. as a Roman general, laurel-wreathed, in the front, found our way to the secluded Rue des Carmes, where at No. 44, the Girondins of Caen met to scheme against the Convention, as Carlyle says, 'at Caen in the early July days there is a drumming and parading, staff and army, council, club of Anti-Jacobin friends of freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat.' Out of which 'dim ferment' Charlotte Corday emerged with her definite fell purpose, 'on Tuesday the 9th of July, 1793.'

Caen deserves, at least, two or three days; but we left it on that same afternoon for Bayeux. Historically, this venerable city is more interesting than Caen—specially interesting, says Mr. Freeman, to Englishmen, as having been the seat of a very old Saxon settlement in the third century, and afterwards the centre of the pure Norse element, 'the Danish city' in contrast to civilized Rouen; here the old Norse tongue lingered, when in other parts of Normandy it was extinct. Like Caen, it suffered from English wars. It was the scene of hideous outrages by Huguenot ruffians, who did not spare the bones of the dead, in 1562 and 1569. We went to the comfortable Hotel de Luxembourg: at the table d' hôte, the waitress, who had a pleasant Norman face, told us that as yet they had not had many visitors, 'mais nous vivons dans l'espérance.'

We hastened to the Cathedral. Incongruous as is the central cupola, the general impression is that of a truly noble church, rich in striking features. The grand view as you enter the nave is aided by the descent to the transept and the choir aisles, (for the building stands on a slope,) and by the extremely rich decoration of the Norman arches in the nave, which contrasts with the beautiful First-Pointed work in the choir. The 'restorations' are generally in very good taste. But it is vexatious to see, in one chapel, St. Hilary superseded by the imaginary St. Philomena.

Next morning, St. Peter's Day, we went to the Cathedral about 7.45. The Ordination Service had already begun, but we saw the conferring

of the tonsure. The Bishop, Mgr. Huguenin, who wore a cloth of gold chasuble and gold mitre, sat, with his assistant ecclesiastics around him, on a kind of platform between the nave and the choir. After going out to procure, in a book-shop, a portable edition of the service, I found the minor Orders already conferred; the Litany had begun, with all the 'ordinands' prostrate. This was one very impressive feature of the rite, especially solemn when the Bishop rose, and holding his staff, recited the triple benedictory suffrage, 'That it may please Thee to bless and sanctify these chosen ones.' The ordinands, I should add, wore vestments of various colours, white, purple, gold, and green; and the adjustment of these was an elaborate operation; the chasubles were first worn folded on the left arm, then were put on and pinned up, and finally unfolded so as to hang down the back. Every movement was executed with precision, often at a signal given by the 'cærimonarius.' The rite was extremely varied and complex, and in spite of its magnificence, was certainly, for our taste, overladen with minute ceremonial; and the incomparable superiority of the Exhortation in our Ordinal to anything of the kind in the Roman, came home to one very forcibly. To mention two or three more points in this Service: in the 'Deacons' Preface,' the Bishop stood with his face to the ordinands, and his hands somewhat extended; we, standing some way down the nave, could clearly hear his firm sweet voice repeat the solemn appeal, 'Et nos quidem,'—'We indeed, as men, judge of their lives as best we can; but Thou, Lord, discernest what we know not; no hidden things escape Thee; Thou knowest all secrets, Thou art the Searcher of hearts;' and further on, in the next prayer, the words which our Ordinal renders by 'to observe all spiritual discipline,' and 'stable and strong in Christ.' Again, it was striking to see the priests present, (including many who came within the enclosed space for this purpose, and put on stoles as they entered,) in long succession pass before the candidates for the priesthood, silently laying both hands upon each head, as the Bishop had done before: a most expressive 'laying on of the hands of the presbytery.' Presently came the *Veni Creator*, in the old strain which one had heard at Cuddesdon and in Christ Church, but poured forth with a magnificent fulness of vocal power, while the anointing of the new priests went on; at one point in the hymn, two ecclesiastics passed down the double line of the ordinands, and lighted the taper in the hand of each; and then, while the star-like points were freshly beaming, the voices burst forth, '*Accende lumen sensibus*,' ('Enable with perpetual light.') Then presently, after the delivery of the Paten and Chalice, followed the 'concelebration:' the new priests, kneeling behind the Bishop, some twenty in number, repeated after him aloud, slowly and distinctly, the whole Canon, including the words of Consecration, which in all other Roman celebrations is uttered inaudibly. Afterwards the Bishop gave the kiss of peace to a priest, a deacon, and a subdeacon, and so it was passed down the lines. The new priests, one was sorry to observe, were *not* communicated with the

Chalice, although they had taken part in the Consecration. After their Communion they stood before the Bishop, and recited their confession of faith—the *Apostles' Creed*; then followed the commission to remit and retain sins, which is given last of all, separately from the commission to celebrate. When all was over, *Te Deum* began, the first stanza being sung antiphonally by the whole mass of voices, while the procession streamed out, and, at the end of it, the Bishop (whose aspect was kindly and dignified, and suggested a contrast with that of the terrible Odo,) passed down the church, mitre on head and staff in hand, gently waving the staff as he gave his benediction. While the bells pealed out, the long train swept into the Episcopal palace yard, where the Bishop stood on his door-steps until the last tones of the great canticle died away. We returned into the Cathedral to look round it; saw the crypt, which suffered much from the Huguenots, and the Chapter-house, which has a crucifix that once belonged to the Princess de Lamballe. Near it was a curious picture of the Blessed Virgin's titles in the Litany of Loretto. The next thing, of course, was to see the Tapestry in the Public Library; some of its representations are curiously life-like, as Edward the Confessor's face, the scene of swearing on the relics, with William's subtle look and Harold's evident uneasiness, and 'Odo encouraging the lads' ('*Odo confortans pueros*') before the battle of Hastings. In the same room is one of four original samples of Pope Eugenius IV.'s letter proclaiming the (so-called) union of East and West, as the work of the Council of Florence. But as the union was utterly false, and Eugenius was an unprincipled intriguer, one does not regard such a document with much reverence. At the end of it is the name of the Greek Emperor—'I John, faithful in Christ our God,' &c.

We left Bayeux, after a most interesting visit, the same afternoon, and reached St. Lô, where the line of railroad now ends. We repaired to the Hotel du Soleil Levant, on the top of the hill, in the upper town; a very comfortable house. St. Lô is called after Laudus, fifth bishop of Coutances, in the sixth century. When that see was desolated by the Normans in 875, (and, as the old record said, 'trodden down for seventy-four years by foul idolatry and Pagan robbers,') a Bishop of Coutances established himself at St. Lô, where Laudus himself was buried; and after the restoration of Coutances, this town still retained some episcopal dignity. In the fourteenth century it was a rich cloth-working town, and, in Froissart's opinion, worth three such places as Coutances; Edward III. and the Black Prince, visiting it, found there about one hundred and eighty prosperous traders, and a vast amount of wine and of bales of cloth. Early in the eighteenth century, according to the '*Gallia Christiana*,' it contained not a few 'heretics.' The Church of Notre Dame, with its two western spires, stands nobly on a platform of high ground, with wooded cliffs descending towards the river. As a church it has but little beauty, save in the sculptured west end; but there is some rich glass, with figures of French kings in purple, and a

stone pulpit on the outside of the north wall, something like that at Magdalen College. We had a charming evening walk by the side of the Vire, and through a wood. The Maison Dieu, a noble old house near Notre Dame, has a marvellous wooden sculpture of the face of Christ, all sorrowful and awful, with other sacred figures, all visible from the street. We saw a new Romanesque church of Ste. Croix, on the site of Charles the Great's abbey of that name; it has a rich gilded and coloured altar, and has *not* an apsidal end.

From St. Lô we proceeded to Coutances. The Cathedral is an exquisite uniform First-Pointed church, with two lofty western spires having turrets attached to them on the north and south, and a beautiful octagonal central tower, which W. W—— and I ascended, and from the top of which we saw on one side the broad glistening Atlantic, on another a rich undulating landscape, with the city covering the sides of the hill of which the Cathedral occupies the summit. The Evêché, with its quaint garden and formal lime-tree walks, is near the south-east corner of the church; and looking down, we happened to see the Bishop, Mgr. Bravard, in his purple garb, escorting some visitors to his gate. Our conductor remarked that the Bishop was 'bon pour tous, très aimable' to rich and poor alike. The interior of the Cathedral is remarkable for the lightness and delicacy of the arches, the luxuriant richness of the spandrils, and the mullions, all but actual windows, which divide the nave-chapels from each other. The Lady-chapel has been splendidly 'restored.' The Church of Coutances, which had suffered so much from the Norman invaders, and had had its losses repaired under Godfrey I. its thirty-fifth bishop, by the munificence of the Hauteville family—(who sent 'gold and silver, jewels, and palls,' the spoils of Greeks and Saracens, to enrich the new Cathedral,)—was again severely injured by the Calvinist iconoclasts; and a tablet in the choir commemorates the piety of an Archdeacon and Canon, who restored what their 'impiety, in the preceding century, had destroyed.' The Revolutionists made some havoc in the church, overthrowing several of its altars. An old church of St. Nicolas has an inscription, 'Cette église a été rendue au culte en 1806,' and an altar of a 'Confrérie des Agonisants,' founded in 1703, the members being bound to offer prayers 'quand on sonnera l'agonie,'—as we should say, at the passing-bell. We walked in the Jardin Public, fragrant with roses and orange-blossom, and gently spreading down to the road in terraces and shady walks; then to some huge ivy-covered arches, the remains of a mediæval aqueduct in the valley. A. H—— and W. W—— explored some lanes and copses which reminded them of England; H. R—— and I returned to the town, and procured admission into the Grand Séminaire, where one of the superiors took us to the Chapel, and a student shewed us the library and the lecture-rooms, &c. It was clear enough that a strong Ultramontanism was dominant in the place: Jansenius' name was inscribed on a tablet of 'heresiarchs,' and our young guide disparaged Fleury as a prejudiced

between the ramparts and the rock. On the western shore is a little chapel in memory of St. Aubert, the original founder; nearer to the town gate, an orphanage dedicated to St. Joseph. On the first Sunday in July, the day after our arrival, the Curé preached in the parish church of St. Peter, a sermon on the examples of the Saints, telling his flock stories of St. Leo and St. Ambrose, St. Polycarp's martyrdom, St. Perpetua's vision of the dragon and the ladder, and the white-robed Shepherd who gave her 'une nourriture délicieuse;' concluding with an appeal to the 'infallible council of Trent' on the invocation of Saints, and an address to 'Saint Pierre, glorieux Apôtre, patron de cette eglise.' In the 'grande Messe,' which was for St. Peter and St. Paul's festival, a lad of about seventeen, who had come into church in his Sunday garb, appeared in a yellow cope as one of the chanters; and the singing, although painfully dissonant, was unequivocally congregational, for nearly every voice joined, with all its force, in the 'Dirigatur oratio mea,' and the other choral parts of the service.

On Monday morning, at seven, we left the little hotel, where we had been very comfortable; (the people of the house were kindly and civil) and after breakfasting at Pontorson, proceeded by diligence to Dol, where we spent two hours. This old city, which, Mr. Freeman observes, has been perpetually 'unfortunate,' (Hist. of Norm. Conquest, iii. 233) has a *quondam* Cathedral of very venerable aspect, preserving amid its dilapidations a certain pathetic dignity. The choir is of a type of pointed architecture which reminds one of English cathedrals, and has not, like most of the French churches, an apsidal east end. Real flowers, bright and fragrant, were on the altars; and beside the high altar towered up an immense gilded pastoral staff, in memorial of the by-gone majesty of a church which, though now simply parochial, was once in a sense metropolitical; claiming to be founded by St. Samson, a British-born prelate of the sixth century, who used to be incorrectly described as an archbishop. It contended for some three hundred years, against the Archbishopric of Tours, for independent jurisdiction over Brittany; Rome ultimately, in the person of Innocent III., decided against it, but Boniface VIII. allowed its bishops to take rank above their fellow-suffragans; at one time, no Archbishop of Tours was permitted to visit it more than once; and even after other privileges were withdrawn, the prelates of Dol retained, in provincial Council, a specially elevated and ornamental seat. Its last bishop, De Hersè, was sent back to his diocese by Louis XVI. for declaiming too vehemently at Paris against the abolition of Protestant disabilities; and it is now under the episcopal authority of the see of Rennes, one of the newest Archbishoprics in Western Christendom. The streets of Dol were the scene of a confused struggle, a rally, and an ultimate victory, on the part of the Vendéan troops, in November, 1793. The old walls remain; vines and other trees cling to their huge round bastions. We left Dol after two hours, and drove through some very lovely country, with crosses at intervals;

one 'auberge' had a sign characteristic of Breton faith, a 'Monstrance' between two candles.

Our next station, Dinan, the 'hill-fort,' is too well known to English visitors to need description here. Its situation, enthroned on the green height above the Rance, is magnificent; its great church of St. Sauveur has little to shew except the grave of the *heart* of Du Guesclin, and a chapel dedicated to the Holy Spirit, with the Seven Gifts represented over its altar. The neighbouring Benedictine priory of Lehon, seated in a beautiful valley, deserves a visit. The old woman who shewed the ruins said that at the altar at the east end of the nave 'le bon peuple écoutait la messe.' We went down the Rance by steamer, passing at several points between rich woody purple cliffs, to St. Malo, which Michelet describes correctly enough, as 'dismal and sinister in aspect.' Looked at from outside the walls, it has a curious likeness to a *masked* face; when you enter, you find houses densely crowded together, and the narrow streets seem almost to exclude fresh air. The patron Saint, Malo or Maclou, an Irish missionary, is the Machutus of our own Calendar; he is said to have been Bishop of Aleth, now the suburb called St. Servan. A line of sixty-one prelates was closed at the Revolution. The church, once a Cathedral, has a picture of the battle of Lepanto, with 'Auxilium Christianorum' inscribed under it; the Virgin appears in heaven, looking down upon the sea-fight, and the Pope and Charles IX. are gazing heavenwards. It is curious to think of the lively indignation excited among the common people of England by the raising of the siege of St. Malo in 1378, and of the welcome given soon afterwards to the returning Duke John of Montfort, while Du Guesclin, shut up in the castle, watched the scene. One of the hotels was the birth-place of Chateaubriand.

From this unlovely 'town of pirates' we proceeded to Le Mans, which is historically memorable as a Gaulish and Roman fortress, as having struggled obstinately against the Conqueror and William Rufus, as the birth-place of our Henry II., the scene of poor Charles VI.'s first outbreak of frenzy, and the final slaughter-place of the unhappy Vendéans. Ecclesiastically, too, it is remarkable for having witnessed, in the twelfth century, an outbreak of hostility to the Church system, caused by the preaching of the deacon Henry of Lausanne, whose adherents insulted the good poet-Bishop Hildebert. The Cathedral is one of the most glorious churches in France; among its features are the 'soaring' choir, as Mr. Freeman calls it, with its seven apsidal arches and its store of gorgeous glass, the north transept arcade in fleurs de lis, the tombs of Berengaria and Charles of Anjou, the majestic west front, and the stately Norman nave. Seen in the dim evening light, as when we entered it, after 8 p.m., the effect was quite unearthly. A late bishop is sculptured as receiving, on his death-bed at Rome, a visit from Pius IX.; and the rough old Pope Julius II. is recorded, over the transept's western arch, as a benefactor of the Cathedral. The sacristy has some strange wood-

carving; in the Temptation, the devil is represented in the garb of a monk. Near the Cathedral and the Place des Jacobins are some public walks with beautiful lime-tree avenues; and the old monastic church of Notre Dame de la Coutûre (de Culturâ Dei) has much to repay a visit.

We went on, next day, to Chartres, spending there the Sunday, July 11th. Nothing need be said of the splendour of this famous Cathedral; but its interior is by no means, we thought, as fascinating as that of Le Mans. The stained glass is in itself a study. We noticed the figures of Melchisedec, (bearing a Host and Chalice,) Aaron with his rod, Joseph and his dreams, and our Lord appearing at the bush to Moses; in the nave, farm scenes and a hunting-field, and the signs of the zodiac; in the south transept, the four Evangelists on the shoulders of the four great Prophets! The 'Vierge Noire,' the great object of local veneration, reminds one that Chartres has for ages been a special seat of the Marian 'cultus;' the great local relic, called her garment, was given by Charles the Bald; there is in the nave a painful inscription recording how, when a fire broke out at Chartres in 1836, the guardian Angel of the city 'asked permission from the Virgin to protect it,' and she 'assented.' Underneath, however, is the text, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' We saw, too, the rules of a Confraternity established in 1848 to resist, or make *reparation* for, blasphemies and neglect of Sunday. The delicate wood-carving of the life of St. Mary, which extends around the choir, is a curious work of the time of Louis XIII. The sculptures of the north porch are chiefly devoted to the Virgin; but we noticed there Samson having his hair cut off, and a demon between him and Dalilah. There are figures of martyrdom, as Stephen, Laurence, Sebastian, a martyr drowned, a bishop dragged down some steps with a female figure looking on; in the north porch, a Last Judgment, with monks, nuns, and a bishop, among the condemned. There was a large congregation on this Sunday morning, including a good many *men* of all ranks; the Gospel was read at a desk covered with old tapestry, in the midst of the choir; and somewhat later, a funeral Mass began at a temporary altar, the coffin being followed by an immense train of mourners, who, during a great part of the service, and even during the Consecration, passed in long succession round the catafalque, to sprinkle it with holy water. The black catafalque, with its devices of skulls, cross-bones, and *tears*, was ghastly enough: the tolling of the bells, and the wild wailing music, were particularly solemn. In the afternoon we found a Canon in the pulpit, reciting some French prayers. It was in this Cathedral that the 'patched-up peace' was made between the relatives and the murderers of Louis of Orleans, in 1409; and here too, when Reims was held by the League, Henri IV. received his half-irregular coronation. One thinks of Abbé Sieyes, already infidel at heart, going through his duties as a Canon of this church; and its Dean is said, some years later, to have disarmed the fury of the mob by

placarding 'National Property' over the gate, and politely expressing his confidence that the people would respect what was their own. Chartres is also to be remembered as the scene of a great defeat of Rollo, as having possessed in the eleventh century a great bishop, Fulbert, and an eminent theological school, as the birth-place of Amaury the mediæval Pantheist, and as a meeting-place of St. Louis and our Henry III. We visited a fine old church of St. Pierre, with a beautiful double triforium, and had glimpses of a number of picturesque alleys near the Cloitre de Ste. Foi; over *one* shop we saw, 'Fermè les Dimanches et fêtes.'

I have little else to tell you in the way of recollections. We could not get admission, on Monday, to the Château at Versailles, but saw the front of it from the Avenue de Paris, not far from the Tennis Court—places so famous in 1789. Our visit to St. Denis was also rather disappointing, for we could not see the Abbey church at all thoroughly. Some royal tombs were pointed out; but the graves of the Bourbons are in the crypt, and cannot be seen. A striking picture in the sacristy describes the removal of the profaned royal remains from the Cimetière de Valois by order of Louis XVIII. After this expedition, our party broke up; W. W—— returned to England, A. H—— remained in Paris, and H. R—— and I, after looking at some new Parisian churches (in one of which I read Archbishop Darboy's Pastoral, far more Catholic than Romish,) proceeded to Louviers, once a head-quarters of Charles VII., now a picturesque old town, with a fine church undergoing restoration, and thence to Elbeuf, which is like a small French Leeds. In the Church of St. Etienne is some curious glass, representing apocryphal legends about the Virgin; for instance, at her funeral, a Jewish priest tries to upset the coffin, whereupon his hands are made to stick fast to it. Here, too, is pictured the story of 'Domine, quo vadis?' We went down the Seine by steamer to Rouen, and from the river had a more adequate view of the magnificent proportions of St. Ouen than we had enjoyed during our former visit. That evening, July 14th, brought us to Havre; and the next morning we landed at Southampton, and in a short time had an opportunity of comparing our recollections of French cathedrals with the actual sight of Salisbury, which was, alas! in a fortnight from that time to witness the funeral of one of the truest and holiest pastors that ever occupied an English bishopric—Walter Kerr Hamilton.

Yours sincerely,

W. B.

A ROMAN 'FESTA' AND A FLOWER 'FESTA.'

IN these days, almost everyone knows Rome either from personal observation, or from having seen it with the proxy eyes of friend or kindred. But not everyone has lingered there late enough for the great Festa of Corpus Domini, a moveable feast, which however falls, at its earliest, sometimes late in May, or about the first week in June. Then the great Piazza in front of S. Peter's is crowded with spectators, the soldiers are drawn up in order before the church, the spaces between the two long curved colonnades are covered with a white awning, and the colonnades themselves are gaily festooned with the Pope's colours of white and yellow. The very ground has on its festive robes, for it is strewn with yellow sand and sprigs of box—the sand as a sign that the Pope will pass, and the green box leaves in token of a 'Festa.' On either side the colonnades are thick-set rows of sight-seers, on foot, on chairs and benches, head peering over head; dark sun-burnt contadini, the men in blue jerkins and goat-skin leggings, the women with black braided hair, great gold ear-rings, and scarlet bodices; Romans of every class and type; and here and there a fair *Saxon* face, one of the few 'forestieri' left in Rome. Every inch of window and balcony too is crowded, and displays crimson or scarlet draperies; and there are little tribunes covered with red cloth, and tenanted by select groups of ladies, the wives and daughters of Government officials, or others who have taken tickets for the occasion. All wait patiently during an hour or more before there is the least sign of the procession; or if any betray impatience, it is not the Italians. You ask in despair, 'When *will* it begin?' and some resigned-looking Roman answers with an expressive shrug, and a philosophic 'Chi sa?' (Who knows?) The official notice invites you for eight o'clock, and the procession may perhaps get under weigh about ten; for in this old Rome, all relating to Time is an open question, the heirs of the Cæsars know their dignity, and will not be hurried.

At length, just as the sun has got well overhead, so that all who are not on the shady side of the colonnade must inevitably be roasted, behold a scanty train of little choir-boys, each carrying a lighted taper; they move slowly up the long colonnades in a dawdling sort of way, without any regard to keeping step. Then come countless monks of every order and colour—black, white, brown, and grey cowls; each order preceded by the cross, and by its distinctive banner. There is the kneeling form of S. Francis, the clasped hands of the Capuchins, &c. Every monk carries a burning taper, which, however, has but little effect in the brilliant sunlight. There are comparatively few interesting faces amongst these men, most of whom wear a dull and heavy expression; but here and there, to redeem the order, their ranks display some bright

pure young face, or some patient peaceful old one set in its silver hair and venerable beard. The eye grows weary of watching, and the brain of counting, these interminable monks; it seems as if all the ecclesiastical middle ages were let loose upon us, or as if we were doomed to see parade before us the ghosts of all monkhood since its beginning. At length they are really past, and now follow the Canons of the Basilicas, dressed in their quaint fur tippets, grey or white according to their various orders. Each Basilica has its 'Parasol of the Blessed Sacrament,' a large conical shaped umbrella, generally in stripes of red and white. This custom had its rise in hot countries, where the Host was obliged to be thus guarded from sun and insects. As these moving tents, untenanted now, come slowly up the long colonnade, they recall some Eastern pageant in our old story-books. But what barbarous chief or king is borne on that strange-looking bier or couch, with waving ostrich fans before it? As it turns the far-off corner of the colonnade, all we see is a mass of yellow and white drapery, with the semblance of a human form amongst it. As it comes nearer, this developes into a real old man, who looks at first as if he were unnaturally foreshortened on a sort of Procrustean bed, and when close at hand, seems to be propped up straight before a wafer, placed in front of him. This is none other than the Pope, who is supposed to be kneeling to adore the Blessed Sacrament, the 'Corpus Domini' of this great procession. Only the sham knees, which are meant to convey this idea, are but indifferently executed, and it is easy on a near view to detect the sitting posture of the real legs. Pio Nono wears a kind and devotional, but withal somewhat weary expression, as is but natural for an old man who has been taken up early, dressed, and carried about on a waving seat in the blazing sun, which makes itself felt even through drapery and canopy. His triple crowns are meekly borne on cushions, for the Pope has laid them by before a Higher Ruler. The Guardia Nobile, in their brilliant red uniform, prance around their master on their high-mettled steeds; and venerable ecclesiastics, in gorgeous purple and scarlet raiment, pace slowly on in stately order, their jewels shining at every step. When the Church has exhausted its splendours, the State begins. Long rows of soldiers march past, tall stalwart Sappers and Miners, with their great white leather aprons and huge pick-axes, looking well-fitted to 'prepare the way;' soldiers on foot and on horse-back, handsome officers, sparkling with stars and orders, mounted on high-stepping horses, trained to prance and curvet and shew off themselves and their riders. Truly, the Church Militant doth not disdain in her warfare the carnal and secular arm, for the various soldiers last so long, that one is apt to mistake this Church ceremony for a review. At last, however, they end; the crowd disperses; the Church dignitaries drive off in their crimson and gilded carriages; and as we find that the show has lasted two hours and a half, we too take our leave of the Piazza.

The Feast of Corpus Domini is prolonged for some time after this

great demonstration; every day the Host is borne in procession through a quarter of the city, which displays, in honour of the event, all its hoarded decorations of bright carpets and tapestries. Every little town and village, too, is reached by the spreading wave of this far-reaching Catholic sea, and mimics, as best it may, the sacred show. In one little nook, however, the Octave of Corpus Domini is celebrated with such quaint and romantic adjuncts, that strangers flock from far and wide to see with their own eyes the Flower Feast of Genzano.

Formerly the 'Inflorita' took place every year; now it happens only once in every three or four years. As it is always after the great Roman procession, which, as we have seen, is late in the spring, many strangers never see it at all. This year, the last Sunday in May was the date fixed for the '*fiesta*,' and many eager visitors, both Roman and foreign, were up betimes on that morning. The day was cloudy, and there was a sharp sprinkling of rain, just enough to rouse one's anxiety, and quicken one's joy when the sun broke out. In the Corso we met a band of labourers on their way home to the Campagna—the men with swarthy sun-burnt faces, clad in coarse blue woollen jackets generally dangling loose from their shoulders, and the women in scarlet bodices, with white kerchiefs folded square on their heads; all were carrying long wooden staves.

When we passed Porta S. Giovanni, we could scarcely see more than the forms of the mountains; but after another brisk little shower, the weather finally cleared up, and we had a perfect drive, passing the long broken aqueducts, and drawing every moment nearer to the purple mountains which guard the wide desolate Campagna. We found Albano bright with gay banners and draperies in honour of the Festa and of the Pope, who must pass through the town on his way to Genzano. A gorgeous scarlet arch was ready to greet him at the gate, and from every window and balcony in the long narrow main street fluttered flags and carpets. When an Italian village is thus '*imbandierata*,' it presents an air of boundless festivity such as our colder climes never reach in their gayest moments. We whirled past these rainbow splendours, over the bridges and the long graceful Viaduct of La Riccia, with its glorious view, where the long sea of Campagna melts into the Mediterranean, and the misty olives seem to blend with the air, and soon arrived at Genzano. Just before reaching it, we had a foretaste of the fair things in store for us; some children had made a miniature carpet of bright-hued flowers, and were putting the finishing touches to their pretty work as we passed.

On entering Genzano, we found as yet no signs of preparation for the flower-carpet in the Corso, the chief street of the little town, where the procession takes place. Formerly two streets were decorated, but now those palmy days are over; and probably the whole flower festa may soon become a thing of the past, like so many other fair and graceful customs.

The day was spent in the cool shade of the Villa Cesarini, with its

steep winding walks, and the strange volcanic Lake Nemi, lying deep down in its dark hollow, as Hans Andersen has described it in 'The Improvisatore.' From that charming book we had always supposed that the designs for the Flower Festa were made in whole flowers, but we now found that only the detached petals were used. The work began about two o'clock. A wooden railing, festooned with garlands of box-leaves, divided the space destined for the flowers from the crowd, which moved up and down the sides of the street, watching the progress of the decorations. First, the designs were traced in chalk on boards laid between the railings, then the spaces between the outlines were filled in with dust; sometimes, in the more elaborate patterns, a string was stretched over the chalk line, to keep the edges even and exact. There were rosettes, prisms, circles, geometrical figures, of every size and shape, all ready to be painted in nature's own living colours. The work went on wonderfully fast, considering its delicacy. All about stood baskets, each up-heaped with its own colour of sorted flower-petals; there was red, blue, purple, grey, yellow, and white, of every imaginable shade and tint. And all these flowers were arranged, not by dainty-fingered maidens, but by great stalwart sun-burnt men, who looked a strange contrast to their fairy handiwork. No words can describe the delicate shading and artistic colouring shewn in these designs. There were coats-of-arms, also the Pope's cross-keys and triple crown, exquisitely delineated in various coloured *seeds*, which gave the effect of the finest tapestry. The spaces were filled in with green leaves, and bright flower-petals formed the jewels, which seemed to stand out in relief. There, too, shaded in brown seeds on a ground of dazzling blue, ramped Antonelli's paternal wild beast—lion, wolf, or leopard, it were hard to say which. Two rows of box-leaves were laid on either side of the designs, yellow flower-petals filled the spaces between the box edging; and it was strange to watch these poor bronzed labourers thus, as it were, flinging gold broadcast. The flowers were thrown on rapidly and skilfully; doubtless the hands which showered them had often sown the seeds of a more nourishing, though less brilliant harvest, than that which now bloomed beneath their magic touch.

By half-past four all was ready; and looking from the top of the long steep Corso, it seemed as though a number of the brightest Turkey carpets were spread out; the slope of the hill increased the effect by its artful foreshortening. From a raised space in front of a church on one side the street, we looked down directly upon the flowers and the waiting and moving crowd. All round us, too, they stood or sat on the low wall or on rush-bottomed chairs; the women with snow-white kerchiefs lying square on their heads, and sometimes in scarlet bodices; though there was, on the whole, *less* distinctive costume than one expected. The men were a fine bronzed race, their blue jerkins and brown faces set off each other to great advantage. Many of both sexes wore gold ear-rings, and many of the women had their dirty brown fingers quite stiff with gold

rings. Here and there one recognized a bride by her stiff full silk skirt and the dainty white shawl, pinned back to display the rows of thick gold necklaces; pins of silver filagree in her dark hair from under the folded head-kerchief. Just opposite us was a piazzetta, (a little square,) and there sat a grinning brown urchin, comfortably astride on the Pope's cross-keys, carved in stone over a fountain. Presently there was a great cheering, and the Pope arrived and took his seat in a balcony near us, but not in sight. When anything interested the crowd, and they all looked up as they did now, it was curious to see what a sudden brownness filled the air from all these contadini faces. Otherwise, the women's kerchiefs made it a very *white* crowd.

After a little more waiting, there came a herald of the procession, that inevitable dog which never fails either in an English or Italian pageant of any kind. After the wretched beast had been hissed all down the street, and the disordered flowers put to rights, there was another pause, and then the procession began.

First marched, all alone, a man in a long black cloak, trimmed with scarlet. His ecclesiastical function is unknown to me, but his obvious business now was to open the procession with his staff of office. And never, surely, was man so deeply penetrated with a sense of the vast dignity and importance of his position as was he. Everything depended on him for the procession, and the procession, *that* was everything. After another interval, a few acolytes in white albs, carrying lighted candles, straggled slowly down the street. Next came a huge crucifix, treading underfoot the flowers, which yielded their bright flower-lives a sacrifice to the great Self-sacrificer. Behind walked bands of ecclesiastics, in scarlet, crimson, blue, capes or tunics, over white under-robcs. Each company had its own banner and cross. The banners were suspended by cords, which let them float down the middle of the street, whilst the black-robed bearers walked at the sides. The crosses were of twisted rustic work, some brown, with painted green leaves turned round them; others of reddish or yellowish hue. And ever and anon the image of the pale dying Christ was borne over the bright flowers. Perhaps the most picturesque moment was when the crimson-caped men were just disappearing at one end, as the banner of the Cappucini swung slowly down the street, followed by the brown cowed brotherhood of monks, keeping close together and moving on steadily like Fate itself. In strong contrast to this dark chord of colour, were the priests with richly-gilded vestments who came next. Some of the 'contadini' who assisted in the sacred show, made rather wild work of their rôles. One poor fellow carried off his cross to the wrong side of the street, where, being rebuked, he gravely shouldered the sacred object and brought it back to its place.

There were plenty of piquant little pauses too, in one of which a second enterprising dog started off to make the tour of the street. Driven half mad by the cheers and hooting of the populace, he would have seriously damaged the flowers, had not a young English artist dragged him forth

at great risk to his own legs from the frightened dog and the exasperated Italians.

Soon after this little episode, a canopy moved slowly down the Corso. Beneath it was the Host, carried by a priest and followed by a long train of devotees of every rank, including all the Romanists present. Hitherto the carpet had been so daintily trodden as scarcely to injure the flowers, especially as the procession had come down the sides and not the middle of the street. But now, after a hurried glance at the pretty bright flower tapestry, one involuntarily turned away from the work of destruction going on. The words of the Prophet were literally fulfilled:

‘The land was as the Garden of Eden *before* them,
And *behind* them a desolate wilderness;
Yea, and nothing shall escape them,’

not a single leaf or flower. On swept the crowd, the women's gowns trailing pitilessly over the delicate flowers, and the men's boots crushing out every vestige of form and colour, till nothing was left but the native dust.

Midway the crowd paused in front of a little altar, decorated with flowers, which stood opposite the Pope's balcony. The Host was elevated, the people kneeling the while. After this silent adoration, and a sudden flush of colour from all the uplifted faces of the rising devotees, the people moved on to the end of the street, finishing the work of devastation. The Pope had previously given his blessing; so now that the procession was over, the crowd dispersed, and we too started on our way home.

We had the honour of sharing the cheers and military salutes meant for the Pope, for our carriage was close behind his; and as we drove through Albano, it was amusing to see how eagerly the little town was trying to illuminate itself in honour of Pio Nono. The first half of the village managed pretty well, but the Holy Father drove so fast, that the second was sadly behind-hand; and by the road-side stood groups of staring ‘contadini,’ open-mouthed at such rapid proceedings.

‘Il Santo Padre’s’ outrider was somewhat unique. A stalwart peasant, mounted on a swift donkey, kept pace side by side with the Pope's carriage, till it turned off to Castel Gandolfo, close by the huge shapeless mass called Pompey's Tomb. We found that this festa had its *dust*, like all days of gala and glory. But our brisk young driver soon distanced all the other carriages, and we were far on our homeward way before the sun set, suddenly, as it always does in Italy. Directly after, the miasma began to rise dank and thick from the desolate Campagna, which at night seems to hold in solution all the vegetation ever grown there since Genesis, with a relishing whiff of old Romans' bones. Then sleep laid in wait for his victims, like a lurking demon; but we tore each other ruthlessly from his grasp, for at this hour and in this place, he is all too closely ‘Death's twin-brother.’ Presently we crossed the savoury sulphur stream close by the railway, and ere long the great ‘aqueducts strode

along' beside us. The fire-flies flitted and sparkled around us. Picturesque as they were, it was a welcome moment when their light was exchanged for those of the city, and that night we nestled with grateful feelings under the shadow of the wall which Attila once attacked close to the very gate by which we entered Rome.

All the little 'osterie' shewed signs of the festa, and talking and laughter resounded from groups sitting at 'Cena' in the dingy arched rooms. The Colosseum looked vague and grand, as we passed close beside its gloomy arches, deserted by all save the sentinel, for to-night there was no moon, and consequently it had no Byronic visitors. There was plenty of life, however, in the streets, for Rome seems never to go to bed in the summer weather. But we felt weary of very enjoyment, and so would you too, after so much enjoyment in one day. May you all live to see Rome, and may you have the double pleasure of being present also at the Flower Feast of Genzano !

ROMA.

JOPPA :

OR, THE TWO MISSIONARIES.

WHO posts through ancient Joppa
 In mists of evening grey,
 Hastily down by the terraced town
 For a sail dim-seen on the bay ?
 Haggard and soiled with travel,
 Gaunt like a ghost, is he ;
 As with eager lip he hails the ship
 Fresh-freighted for the sea.

What ails the whispering seamen,
 Who eye that brow of steel,
 The hair-cloth garb, the hand firm-clenched
 To dare and not to feel ?
 Ill might they brook that weird man's look,
 As he sullenly paid his fare,
 Then darkly hied to the vessel's side
 For sleep unblessed by prayer.

Lo ! peacefully as the wavelets
 Glance over yon fabled reef,
 Whence streams the hair,* as of maiden fair
 Rock-chained and wild in grief ;

* The Rock of Andromeda, a local feature.

So rippling on by cape and cliff
 The good ship seaward crept ;
 So, stretched below, come weal or woe,
 Calmly the stranger slept.

But ha ! why moaneth Ocean,
 Breaking his trance so still ?
 God's voice is on the waters,
 The winds have heard His Will.
 ' What meanest thou, O Sleeper ?
 For danger is abroad ;
 Up, if so be His Eye doth see,
 Up, call upon thy God !'

Then prophet-like that lone one
 Rose 'mid the shrinking crew ;
He knew the storm-wind's message,
 The Sender well he knew.
 Needs question none of craft or home,
 No lot was needed then :
 Guilty he stood, yet calm of mood
 To die for other men.

He bade ; and to the angry surge
 They cast him out, as dead :
 The tangled weeds for winding-sheet
 Were wrapt about his head.
 Down plunging 'neath Earth's hidden bars,
 Dark waters o'er him poured :
 Yet lo ! e'en there his fainting prayer
 Made wings to seek her Lord.

No tongue can tell His mercy,
 His world-compelling plan,
 Whose Word amid his pastime
 Heard then Leviathan.
 Strange wallowing home, that monstrous womb,
 Strange shrine for suppliant seer !
 Yet David's lays of Temple praise
 Did find far echoing here.

O lost in sin and found by grace !
 Dead but alive again !
 The mystery of Life through Death
 Tell *now* to dying men.
 That breathing womb, thy three days' tomb,
Their sign, *thy* warning be :
 Go, teach God's love to Gentile souls,
 Taught by God's love to thee !

He rose ; nor yet the vision
Full o'er his spirit dawned,
Of Gentile myriads pressing in
To Israel's banquet scorned :
As who, new-roused from mid-night trance,
Spells not for blank surprise
His vision sealed, but roams a-field,
Waiting the calm sunrise.

It dawned at last, that glory—
Lit by God's orient Hand ;
Nor once alone far streaming shone
From Joppa's hallowed strand.
Hence, wayward Seer, Apostle here
First caught its mystic flame,
Then marvelling took their pastoral crook,
God's long-lost sheep to claim.

Where gaze they now and wonder,
Those men of Galilee ?
Ages apart, now one in heart,
One by the Crystal Sea !
There, Joppa, thy memorials dear,
Soul after soul they greet—
Each alien waif from Sin's tide safe,
Gathered to Jesus' feet.

O great and harmonizing Hand,
That ' binds and blends in one '
The morning of man's blood-bought race,
Its noon, its westering sun !
Alpha and Omega ! to Thee
We turn and we adore :
Gentiles, we hail the glorious tale,
Twice told on Joppa's shore !

We bless Thee, and in awe believe
Not yet Thy charge doth cease
To rear the Resurrection-Sign,
To wear the holy keys.
Our Priests, *our* champions of the Cross,
So keep, so shield from harm,
Till o'er Thy world one banner furled
Sleeps in eternal calm.

J. M.

HINTS ON GERMAN READING.

I.

'*Goldelse*; Roman von E Marltt.' Leipzig: Verlag von Ernest Kell. 1868.

THERE is no scarcity of books for recreative reading in German, as in Italian; nevertheless, one must wade through many before reaching *one* worthy of recommendation. The subject of the present notice is interesting for shewing us something of the feeling in Germany towards a school of religious teaching somewhat akin to that which for the last forty years has so deeply stirred our own country, but about which we have not heard so much as might be wished. Unfortunately, however, it is from the pen of a hostile observer, and its criticisms are unfair—so unfair, however, that no one need fear being biased by them. His examples are all exceptions, and therefore the warnings he deduces from them are the warnings of isolated instances, not of the system from which they are supposed to spring. He cannot certainly mean that *every* woman who makes use of high social position to endeavour to spread the love of God among her acquaintance and dependents is necessarily arrogant, purse-proud, selfish, and unfeeling; he cannot mean that *every* earnest young Lutheran pastor who labours to promote a more fervent devotion among those to whom he has to preach, is necessarily harsh, coarse-minded, revengeful, and wanting in tact and taste; or that every child of gentle birth is necessarily red-haired and rude. He cannot mean that *every* cashiered soldier and unsuccessful shopman is necessarily the most fitting guide to train the mind of his young daughter in the nicest appreciation of her duty to God and her neighbour; or that every young girl who is born to poverty, and the neglect of her relations, will necessarily have a threefold share of golden hair, a sylph-like form, a Mozart-like genius for music, and a faultless artistic taste. And yet, if he does not mean this, his story means nothing, as a moral lesson, in the direction in which he points. Had Baronin von Lessen been really a devout-minded woman, had she been as pious as might ordinarily have been expected from her frequent prayer-meetings and Bible-readings, none of the evils which are predicated of her system would have come to pass; had Goldelse been less exceptionally gifted, had she been more like what nature, and less like what the novel-writer evolves from such very ordinary progenitors as hers, she would have had no pretension to exercise the influence ascribed to her. Had she been endowed with less abundance of hair and that of a less golden hue, a less faultless face and form, she had—despite all her homely heroism and the stern common-sense education which forbade her being taken to hear sermons till she was old enough to understand them—never won the heart nor risen to be the guiding-star of existence to a man like Herr von Walde. The moral lesson which, if we look deep enough, the writer's examples teach us, without being that he intended, is simply this: That those who really desire to benefit others and teach them, must take care to avoid such faults as those of Baronin von Lessen and Candidat Möhring, must be charitable, and in a word, consistent, or instead of doing good they will repel and give scandal.

Nor is it in the religious part of his moral lesson alone that the writer is destined to contradict his own arguments; the political part is equally at fault. Gold-Else, who throughout the story has been held up as the example of the thesis, that the child of the people may come into the world ready gifted with graces usually found to be the heritage of rank and the result of high cultivation, turns out towards the end to be herself the descendant of a hundred ancestors, and ceases thereby to be any example of the author's 'Liberal' proposition.

It is fair, however, to add that the moral lesson is but slightly worked in. Setting it aside, 'Gold-Else' will be found to be a very pretty romance, and the heroine the model of an amiable and sensible girl, while the unfailing German traditions of forests and ruins are well worked in to the tale of family life. It has had an immense success in Germany, and bids fair to become popular in a translated form also in France, as 'Elisabeth aux cheveux d'or.'

R. H. B.